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TREASURY

OF

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE

IN

NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA, EUROPE, ASIA AND AFRICA.

1865.

New York: D. Appleton & Co.

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PREFACE.

Blessed is the stay-at-home traveller. Happy is he who can sit in his easy-chair, and roam in imagination all over the world; who can take a pleasurable part in Indian fights, in encounters with lions, tigers, and rhinoceroses, in dreary mountain climbings, in passages of parching deserts, in dreadful months of midnight in the Arctic zone; who can dive into the depths of the sea or wing an aëronautic flight five miles above the earth; who can do all this without suffering from cold or heat, or thirst, or hunger, or fatigue, or sorrow of any kind; who can be summoned at any moment from his farthest wanderings by the pleasant sound of the dinner-bell!

This is to have the seven-league boots of the fable. This is to possess the Persian carpet which could carry its owner, at his will, to any part of the earth.

Not lost is the magic power of the carpet and the

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boots. We have it all here in this book. Whosoever buys it can set off at any hour that he likes, and journey and explore with scores of intrepid adventurers for company, in Mexico; in the Fiji Islands; in Africa; in China, Japan, and the Lew Chew Islands; in the regions of eternal ice; among the ruined empires and perished glories of the East; in every portion of the globe where wonders worth the gathering are to be found.

For these excursions, no carpet-bag of spare clothing —not even a tooth-brush and collar—is required; not a sandwich, nor a caraway biscuit; not a medicine chest of vest-pocket proportions; nothing but a light heart, and a spirit of sympathy with the zeal and courage of the brave pioneers and explorers who have starved and thirsted and worn the shoes off their feet, that the world might be wiser and better.

To all such stay-at-home travellers, young and old, the editor of this volume commends it, and shakes them by the hand, and wishes them a pleasant journey through its pages.

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NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA.

ADVENTURES WITH BEARS.

Every traveller in California hears more or less of "grislies," and many and wonderful are the "stiff yarns" told by old hunters and trappers up at the mines; but I am not now going to repeat what I have heard. This is a true narrative, and I purpose simply to relate my own unvarnished experiences.

In California, which is a strange country, one is often obliged to take to strange and unusual pursuits to earn a liv-

ing. I know that I had to do so. One of my occupations, during the time I dwelt there, was that of a boatman in the harbor. In conjunction with another young adventurer, I owned a large boat; and when not engaged with freight or passengers, we often used to take a trip across the bay, some twelve miles in distance, load with timber, which we procured by felling trees in the wood that fringed the shore, transport it to San Francisco, and dispose of it to the shopkeepers there. At that time wood was the only fuel to be obtained in the city. As these expeditions often consumed a couple of days and a night, we had constructed a rude shanty in the wood, close to the shore, under which we slept. This shanty, or hut, was formed simply of boughs of trees, etc., and only boasted of three walls, the fourth being supplied by our fire, which we regularly lighted at night and kept burning till morning. One night, about nine o'clock, we were extended on our blankets in the shanty, just on the point of dropping into that deep and dreamless sleep which labor alone earns, when our ears were suddenly saluted by a deep and prolonged roar, evidently proceeding from some distance in the woods.

"That's a bear," said my mate.

"It is," said I.

With this short dialogue our conversation ceased, and my companion turned over and seemed to go to sleep, but I could not. All the terrible stories of grisly bears which I had ever heard began to catalogue themselves in my imagination with most unpleasant vividness, and I reflected moodily on the trifling defence we could offer, should a bear attack us. His rush would bring down the walls of our poor little shanty about our ears, and our only arms were two short guns and a brace of bowie knives—poor weapons of defence in such a serious encounter.

Thus an hour passed away, and I lay glancing alternately at the fire and out in the woods through the chinks of our shanty (for it was a lovely moonlight night), when again

presently a roar, deeper, and certainly nearer, rang upon the silent night air, and my companion suddenly sat up. Like me, he had only been pretending sleep, and had not cared to explain his fears. Now he spoke, and said, "Do you think it's safe here?"

"No, I don't," I rejoined; and, the ice being broken, we simultaneously sprang to our feet and looked around. Nothing living was in sight; but again a roar unpleasantly near made itself heard to our listening ears. We took the hint, and in two minutes we had packed up our traps, and were racing down to the boat, some two hundred yards distant. Hastily launching her, we put a good hundred yards between us and the shore, and anchored. Throwing ourselves under the thwart of the boat, we made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit, and snoringly emulated the growlings of the bear, soon after we had stretched ourselves on the hard planks.

We were awakened in a few hours by a fresh alarm. All in a moment, as it seemed, though it must have taken place gradually, my mate rolled violently on the top of me. As, I suppose, my mind had been filled all night with dreamy visions of grisly bears, I concluded, on being thus abruptly awakened, that I was assaulted by one of them, and instantly I grappled with my foe, who grappled with me in return. It took a minute or two to satisfy each of us that the hug in which we found ourselves locked was human instead of ursine. With a laugh we released each other, and then discovered the cause of the accident. The fact was, while we slept, the tide had run out, and we were high and dry. Of course, as the water left us, our boat heeled over, till at last she lay on her side, and, as I was to leeward of my companion, he rolled down upon me. With no good feelings toward the bear tribe in general, we propped up our boat again to a level keel, and betook ourselves once more to slumber, not awaking till the sun rose bright and cheerful in the blue unclouded Californian sky.

Such was my first distant introduction to a grisly bear. At a later period, I was cruising about the bay of San Francisco, in a ship's long-boat, with three or four sailors, in search of any "wreck" (or "flotsam," as our old statutes would call it), such as building-piles or spars of vessels, that we might chance to come across. Sometimes these expeditions were successful, at other times a failure. I remember once, after a severe easterly gale, we picked up a number of valuable articles, evidently from the wreck of some unfortunate vessel. Amongst the spoil was a cask of lime juice, and another cask of preserved eggs, for which we obtained the several prices of fifty and one hundred and thirty dollars—sums which, in English money, are together equivalent to about £38. The latter may seem a large price; but it is necessary to remember that at that time—namely, in 1849—provisions of all kinds were fearfully expensive, especially eggs, which were very scarce.

But to continue my narrative. I have said that we were sailing about the harbor in search of wreck, and, as often happened, night closed upon us when we were a long way from home. I believe the Bay of San Francisco is some thirty miles in length; so, according to our custom, we made for the nearest land, anchored our boat, and went ashore. In what particular portion of the bay we were situated, none of us knew or cared. It seemed a somewhat desolate spot, as far as we could discern through the dark and drear autumn night. However, our requisites for camping—namely, wood and water—were easily procured, and in a few minutes a capital fire sent forth its cheerful blaze and genial heat. Then our blankets, fryingpan, kettle, etc., were brought ashore, and in a short time our preparations for supper were complete. The kettle was singing on the embers, the fryingpan was spluttering away with the rashers, and the wave-worn wreckers were seated in a row, gazing with hungry and anxious faces on the approaching "feed;" when suddenly a dark and formidable-looking object

emerged from the gloom of night in the landward direction, and advanced slowly toward our fire.

"A bear, and a grisly one," shouted the American we had with us, as we all started to our feet. That was enough. *Sauve qui peut* was the order of the day. Resistance was not for a moment thought of. Supper and our traps were in an instant abandoned, and pell-mell we rushed down to the beach, and never looked behind till we were fairly in the boat and getting the anchor up. Then, what a sight greeted us! There sat our grisly enemy on his haunches, gazing with the greatest nonchalance into the glowing embers of the fire—our fire—and evidently enjoying the pleasant warmth, while we were shivering in the cold. Slowly and sadly we got up our anchor; more slowly and more sadly still, we placed our oars in the rowlocks and "gave way," in a very melancholy mood; but as our boat struck out on her course, our eyes were still fixed on the receding shore, where the fire still blazed brightly, where the bear still sat on his haunches gazing into the blaze, and where our supper was by this time nearly ready for his hungry maw, by us uneaten.

Now, perhaps, some gallant volunteer reading this, would consider that in this last affair, like the former one, the white feather was shown by the writer and his companions; but our volunteer would be mistaken. To cope with a grisly bear a good rifle and a good rifleman are absolutely essential. The rifleman must also be a first-rate hunter, accustomed to kill large game; for the sport is intensely dangerous, as it is only in one or two places that a wound can be inflicted which would prove instantaneously mortal on this toughest of monsters; and, should the shot fail, the hunter would have no time to load again ere the beast would be upon him. Hardy trappers and hunters in the prairie shrink alone from a conflict with the grisly bear; and the Indian brave who prevails over him advances a greater step in the estimation of Indian chivalry, than if he had taken three scalps from human foes in a fair stand-up fight.

After I had been a denizen of California for some two years, business compelled me to take my departure for the neighboring State of Oregon. When my affairs in that State were arranged, I determined to travel back overland to San Francisco, in company with a mule train proceeding there—no slight journey, as it embraced a distance of some thousand miles, not exactly over a macadamized road. On the contrary, mounted on good horses, we followed a slight Indian "trail," scarcely ever of more importance than a sheep track, and oftimes quite obliterated. I shall, however, avoid a long digression of describing how we climbed mountains, forded rivers, and skirted precipices, and how we more than once had perilous skirmishes with Indians. The grisly bear is my theme, and it devolves upon me now simply to relate how a third time I came into juxtaposition with this formidable foe.

After travelling very hard for a week or so, we found ourselves one night camped on the banks of the Roque River, one of the rivers of Oregon, where gold has since been discovered; and, as our cattle were rather in a poor condition, we resolved to give them a rest by camping all the next day. Feeling myself, in the course of that day, inclined for a gentle ride, toward the afternoon I saddled my horse, a good specimen of Indian breed, which I had bought from a Pawnee chief. Taking my rifle across my saddle-bags, I set off to see whether I could get a shot at an elk—a species of deer commonly called wapiti, which abound in that region. I rode out from camp, and, after cantering some four or five miles, came to the end of the little prairie on which we were camped, and got into broken ground, well wooded, and with a thick growth of "chapparal," that is, "underwood."

Moving along at a slow amble, and keeping a good look-out for game, and also for any lurking Indian—for we were now on hostile ground—I suddenly felt my horse tremble under me, and rapidly quicken his pace to a slashing gallop. Looking to my right hand, to my intense astonishment, and I may say

fear, I beheld a monstrous bear, evidently an old grisly, rising from his lair beneath a tree.

In a moment I knew he would pursue me, for I had "crossed his wind." This requires explanation; but I had often been told by hunters of experience that this species of

A BEAR AT BAY.

bear does not attack men if they pass sideways or in his rear; but should they, on the other hand, pass to windward, he is instantly exasperated and gives chase. Whether this statement is fanciful or not, I am sorry to say that in my case it proved too true; for in another instant the grisly seemed to have made up his mind, and was advancing toward us in full pursuit.

Now, had I been upon the prairie, I should have cared little for my foe. I knew my horse, and though he was of Indian breed, as I have said before, he was remarkably fleet in his gallop; and the grisly bear, though his speed, especially for a short time, is not to be despised, is certainly no match

for a fleet horse on a level; but then, in this case the brush-wood was very heavy, and only to be passed by a succession of small leaps, fearfully delaying at a time like this, while my pursuer's heavy body crushed indifferently through bush and briar. With the end of my lasso, my spur, and voice, I urged on my terrified horse. The rein with Indian horses is of little avail; they do not understand the bit, and in a case of emergency it is better not to make much use of it. My poor horse, however, required neither of these inducements to do his best. His Indian instincts had told him that a dreaded foe was at hand, and nobly did he strain every nerve to save himself and his rider. With one eye upon our course, I regarded at intervals our dreadful pursuer. Infinitely quicker than it takes to write it, I at once appreciated the desperate nature of the situation. In the first place, I saw that in our relative speed my horse was much inferior to our enemy, and that he was nearing us fast, owing, as I said before, to the broken ground. Unless, then, I could gain the edge of the prairie in a comparatively short period, a death struggle must inevitably ensue. But then I calculated, in the second place, that I must be at least a mile from the prairie, that wished-for refuge, and at less than half that distance I should be overtaken. True, I had my rifle in my hand, and my revolver in my belt, both loaded. I might fire at our foe. A moment's reflection convinced me that at present it would be a useless attempt. Even were I standing on firm footing, I might not succeed in sending a ball into any vulnerable part of the bear. But a flying shot from the saddle—it was simply absurd to attempt it. A thousand to one it would have proved a failure. I determined, then, to reserve my fire till we should be at close quarters, a contingency that, sad to say, appeared most unpleasantly imminent; for in spite of all my horsemanship, and the gallant efforts of my Indian steed, a space of hardly twenty yards now intervened between pursuer and pursued. The moment, then, was approaching for action. Dropping my useless reins on

my horse's neck, I examined carefully the cap of my rifle, opened the flap of the case of my revolver, and by a glance assured myself that my "Green River Knife" (the best make of bowie knives) was in its usual place—my boot. Then I carefully threw back the heavy folds of the Mexican poncho I wore, to leave my arms free to hold my rifle. As I did so, an idea struck me. In a moment I had slipped my head out of the poncho, and had it in my hands, allowing it to flutter to the full extent of its folds. Then I released it from my grasp, and it fell, as I designed, between my horse and our enemy.

My stratagem was successful; in the midst of his wild career the bear suddenly pulled up at the sight of the fallen mantle, and stood over it examining it curiously. Well was it for me that in my younger days I had been a keen reader of travels and adventures, and by that means become possessor of the little stratagem that had perhaps saved my life. I again seized my abandoned reins, and with voice and spur urged on my panting steed. It was well I did so. After a few second's delay, which, however, enabled me to put an interval of perhaps a hundred yards between us, my ruthless foe again resumed his pursuit. Again he had the advantage in speed. In vain was all my horsemanship; in vain did I sacrifice my Mexican sombrero, by throwing it to mother earth, devoutly hoping it would have the same effect as the poncho. It was useless. Bruin passed it with contempt; he was not to be "done" a second time.

On went the chase, and again did I have the mortification of seeing the space between us gradually diminish, and my fate but a question of minutes. As this direful conviction forced itself with irresistible power on my mind, even at the very next moment a ray of hope burst upon me. I cast a despairing glance ahead, and to my intense relief saw the ground was getting clearer. I was close to the edge of the prairie. I shouted aloud in exultation; for, as the ground got more and

more unencumbered, my horse drew gradually ahead. A few seconds sufficed to double the space that intervened between us and our foe. A few minutes, and we had gained a full hundred yards. Hurrah! A few hundred yards more, and we shall be safe—safe on the prairie. At this moment a stumble and a crash ensued. A thousand lights danced before my eyes. My sorely-pressed Indian steed had lost his foothold on the polished surface of a prostrate barked pine tree, and together we had come headlong to the ground. Half stunned by the fall, nevertheless I scrambled to my feet in a second, and seized my rifle, which lay uninjured close at hand, and looked around. My poor horse still lay where he fell, snorting piteously with fear. Intuitively I felt there was not time to raise him and mount ere our enemy would be upon us. There was but one hope now remaining: it was to fight for it. Sternly and gloomily I mentally accepted the alternative, and with a throbbing heart but a steady eye and firm wrist, with my rifle at my shoulder, with my back against a tree, I waited for my foe. I had not to wait long. On he came; for a moment I thought he hesitated which to attack—my steed or myself. I confess, in that moment of peril I sincerely wished he would single out the former, who lay some ten yards distant from me; but it was not to be. Slightly diverging, the bear charged full upon me. I knew my life depended upon the accuracy of my first shot; if it failed, I should hardly have time to draw forth my revolver for another.

When but ten yards lay between us, and he was gathering himself up for the final spring, I took careful aim between the eyes, and fired. A crash, a hideous growl, a second of intense suspense, the smoke lifted, and I alone stood erect. The hideous, gigantic form of my adversary lay prostrate on the ground, a nervous twitching of the limbs alone betraying that life had not yet departed. With a cry of triumph I rushed upon him to administer the *coup de grace*. Madman that I

was! in that moment of exultation I lost my presence of mind and neglected to reload my trusty rifle. I did not even draw my revolver, but with insensate wildness clubbed my rifle, and struck the monster over his adamantine head. Contemptible idea! the stock of my rifle was shattered by the blow, and but the barrel remained in my hand. The blow I had directed on the head of my adversary was simply reviving. It had the effect that a dose of hartshorn has in a fainting fit—it brought him to. He had been only stunned by the ball. Grim, ghastly, and bleeding, he rose to his feet and confronted me. A pang of surprise and remorse at my own gross stupidity shot painfully across my heart. Fortunately, in that moment of horror I remained cool. With the speed of thought, I had drawn and cocked my revolver and ensconsed myself behind a tree. With weak and faltering steps, but still with fast renewing strength, my opponent charged down to my tree. I stepped aside, which caused him to make a slight detour; and at this instant I fired a chamber of my revolver. He did not drop, but, raising himself on his hind legs, he threw himself upon me. I awaited him in desperate calmness, though at this moment he presented a terrific spectacle, with glaring eyes, grinning tusks, and tongue dropping foam and blood. Almost I felt his hot breath on my cheek, when I again fired point-blank at his head. The next instant a blow from his fore paw knocked the weapon from my hand; that effort, however, was his last. With trembling joy I saw his huge carcass sink to the earth, and his life departed in one indescribable growl of rage and pain.

With a thankful heart for so wonderful a deliverance, I now went to raise my poor steed to his feet, and rode into camp, where, amid many an ejaculation of astonishment, I told my tale, and exhibited my trophy in the shape of the skin, of which I had denuded my dead antagonist.

Such was my last interview with the tribe of grislies. When I say my *last* interview, I cannot quite literally make

the assertion. "Again we met," but in a much more pleasant fashion for myself. Dining one day at Delmonico's, in Montgomery street, San Francisco, I observed on the table, in company with several comestibles unknown to civilized gourmands of the old country—such as flying squirrel, raccoon, etc.—a portion of my ancient enemy; and I must confess that I ate a piece of him with a certain peculiar gusto. My vindictive feeling, however, was punished, for I had a most unpleasant attack of indigestion afterwards. I lay down my pen, and conclude with the parting remark, that I should advise any one who places a due and proper value on his life, to avoid the least intimacy, unless caged, or stuffed, with the far-famed monster of the far West—the grisly bear.

THE WAR-TRAIL.

The band was mounted by earliest dawn; and as the notes of the bugle died away, our horses plashed through the river, crossing to the other side. We soon debouched from the timbered bottom, coming out upon sandy plains that stretched westward to the Mimbres Mountains. We rode over these plains in a southerly direction, climbing long ridges of sand

that traversed them from east to west. The drift lay in deep furrows; and our horses sunk above the fetlocks as we journeyed. We were crossing the western section of the "Jornada."

We travelled in Indian file. Habit has formed this disposition among Indians and hunters on the march. The tangled paths of the forests, and the narrow defiles of the mountains, admit of no other. Even when passing a plain, our cavalcade was strung out for a quarter of a mile. The *atajo* followed in charge of the "arrieros."

For the first day of our march we kept on without "nooning." There was neither grass nor water on the route; and a halt under the hot sun would not have refreshed us.

Early in the afternoon a dark line became visible, stretching across the plain. As we drew nearer, a green wall rose before us; and we distinguished the groves of cottonwood. The hunters knew it to be the timbers on the Paloma. We were soon passing under the shade of its quivering canopy; and reaching the banks of a clear stream, we halted for the night.

Our camp was formed without either tents or lodges. Those used on the Del Norte had been left behind in *cache*. An expedition like ours could not be cumbered with camp baggage. Each man's blanket was his house, his bed, and his cloak.

Fires were kindled, and ribs roasted; and, fatigued with our journey—the first day's ride has always this effect—we were soon wrapped in our blankets, and sleeping soundly.

We were summoned, next morning, by the call of the bugle sounding "reveille." The band partook somewhat of a military organization; and every one knew the signals of the light cavalry.

Our breakfast was soon cooked and eaten; our horses were drawn from the pickets, saddled, and mounted; and, at another signal, we moved forward on the route.

The incidents of our first journey were repeated, with but little variety, for several days in succession. We travelled through a desert country, here and there covered with wild sage and mezquite.

We passed on our route clumps of cacti, and thickets of creosote bushes, that emitted their foul odors as we rode through them. On the fourth evening we camped at a spring, the "Ojo de Vaca," lying on the eastern borders of the Llanos.

Over the western section of this great prairie passes the Apaché war-trail, running southward into Sonora. Near the trail, and overlooking it, a high mountain rises out of the plain. It is called the Pinon.

It was our design to reach this mountain, and caché among the rocks, near a well known spring, until our enemies should pass; but to effect this we would have to cross the war-trail, and our own tracks would betray us! Here was a difficulty, which had not occurred to Seguin. There was no other point except the Pinon, from which we could so certainly see the enemy on their route, and be ourselves hidden. This mountain then must be reached; and how were we to effect it without crossing the trail?

After our arrival at Ojo de Vaca, Seguin drew the men together to deliberate on this matter.

"Let us spread," said a hunter, "and keep wide over the prairie, till we've got clar past the Apash trail. They wont notice a single track hyar and thar, I reckin."

"Ay, but they will though," rejoined another. "Do ye think an Injun's agoin' to pass a shod horse-track 'ithout follerin it up? No, siree!"

"We kin muffle the hoofs, as far as that goes," suggested the first speaker.

"Wagh! That ud only make it worse. I tried that dodge once afore, an' nearly lost my har for it. He's a blind Injun can be fooled that away. 'Twont do nohow."

"They're not goin' to be so partickler when they're on the

war-trail, I warrant ye. I don't see why it shouldn't do well enough."

Most of the hunters agreed with the former speaker. The Indians would not fail to notice so many muffled tracks: and suspect there was "something in the wind." The idea of "muffling" was therefore abandoned. What next?

The trapper Rube—who, up to this time, had said nothing—now drew the attention of all by abruptly exclaiming, "Pish!"

"Well!—what have you to say, old hoss?" inquired one of the hunters.

"That yur a set o' cussed fools, one and all o'ee. I kud take the full o' that parairy o' horses acrosst the Pash-trail, 'ithout making a sign that any Injun's a gwine to foller—particklerly an Injun on the war beat like them is now."

"How?" asked Seguin.

"I'll tell yur how, Cap, av yur'll tell me what'ee want to cross the trail for?"

"Why—to conceal ourselves in the Pinon range—what else?"

"An' how are 'ee gwine to caché in the Peenyun 'ithout water?"

"There is a spring on the side of it, at the foot of the mountain."

"That's true as Scripter. I know that, but at that very spring the Injuns 'll cool thur lappers as they go down south'ard. How are 'ee gwine to get at it with this cavayard 'thout makin' sign? This child don't see this very clur."

"You are right, Rube. We cannot touch the Pinon spring without leaving our marks too plainly; and it is the place where the war-party may make a halt."

"I sees no confounded use in the hul on us crossin' the parairy now. We kant hunt buffler till they've passed anyways. So its this child's idea that a dozen o' us 'll be enough to caché in the Peenyun, and watch for the niggurs agoin'

south. A dozen mout do it safe enough, but not the whole cavayard."

"And would you have the rest remain here?"

"Not hyar. Let them go northart from hyar, and then strike west through the Musquite hills. Thur's a crick runs thur, about twenty miles or so this side the trail. They kin get water and grass and caché thur till we sends for em."

"But why not remain by this spring, where we have both in plenty?"

"Cap'n, jest because some o' the Injun party may take a notion in thur heads to kum this way themselves. I reckin' we had better make blind tracks afore leavin' hyur."

The force of Rube's reasoning was apparent to all; and to none more than Seguin himself. It was resolved to follow his advice at once. The vidette party was detailed; and the rest of the band, with the atajo—after blinding the tracks around the spring—struck off in a north-westerly direction.

They were to travel on to the Mezquite hills, that lay some ten or twelve miles to the northwest of the stream—well known to several of them—and wait until warned to join us.

The vidette party—of whom I was one—moved westward across the prairie.

Rube, Garey, El Sol, and his sister, with Sanchez—a *ci-devant* bull-fighter—and half a dozen others, composed the party. Seguin himself was our head and guide.

Before leaving the Ojo de Vaca, we had stripped the shoes off our horses—filling the nail holes with clay—so that their tracks would be taken for wild mustangs! Such were the precautions of men who knew that their lives might be the forfeit of a single footprint.

As we approached the point where the war-trail intersected the prairie, we separated and deployed to distances of a half mile each. In this manner we rode forward to the Pinon mountain, where we came together again and turned northward along the foot of the range.

It was sundown when we reached the spring—having ridden all day across the plain. We descried it, as we approached, close in to the mountain foot, and marked by a grove of cotton-wood and willows. We did not take our horses near the water; but, having reached the defile in the mountain, we rode into it, and cachéd them in a thicket of nut-pine. In this thicket we spent the night.

With the first light of morning we made a reconnoissance of our caché.

In front of us was a low ridge covered with loose rocks and straggling trees of the nut-pine. This ridge separated the defile from the plain; and from its top, screened by a thicket of the pines, we commanded a view of the water, as well as the trail, and the Llanos stretching away to the north, south, and east. It was just the sort of hiding-place we required for our object.

In the morning it became necessary to descend for water. For this purpose we had provided ourselves with a mule, bucket, and extra *xuages*. We visited the springs, and filled our vessels—taking care to leave no traces of our footsteps in the mud.

We kept constant watch during the first day, but no Indians appeared. Deer and antelopes, with a small gang of buffaloes, came to the spring branch to drink; and then roamed off again over the great meadows. It was a tempting sight, for we could easily have crept within shot; but we dared not touch them. We knew that the Indian dogs would scent their slaughter.

In the evening we went again for water—making the journey twice—as the animals began to suffer from thirst. We adopted the same precautions as before.

Next day we again watched the horizon to the north with eager eyes. Seguin had a small pocket glass, and we could see the prairie with it for a distance of nearly thirty miles; but as yet no enemy could be descried.

The third day passed with a like result; and we began to fear that the warriors had taken some other trail.

Another circumstance rendered us uneasy. We had eaten nearly the whole of our provisions, and were now chewing the raw nuts of the pinon. We dared not kindle a fire to roast them. Indians can "read" the smoke at a great distance.

The fourth day arrived, and still no "signs" on the horizon to the north. Our tasajo was all eaten, and we began to hunger. The nuts did not satisfy us. The game was in plenty at the spring, and mottling the grassy plain. One proposed to lie among the willows, and shoot an antelope or a black-tailed deer—of which there were troops.

"We dare not," said Seguin, "their dogs would find the blood. It would betray us."

"I can procure one without letting a drop," rejoined a Mexican hunter.

"How?" inquired several in a breath.

The man pointed to his lasso.

"But your tracks—you would make deep footmarks in the struggle?"

"We can blind them, Captain," rejoined the man.

"You may try, then," assented the chief.

The Mexican unfastened the lasso from his saddle; and, taking a companion, proceeded to the spring. They crept in among the willows, and lay in wait. We watched them from the ride.

They had not remained more than a quarter of an hour when a herd of antelopes was seen approaching from the plain. These walked directly from the spring—one following the other, in Indian file. They were soon close in to the willows, where the hunters had concealed themselves. Here they suddenly halted, throwing up their heads, and snuffing the air. They had scented danger, but it was too late for the foremost to turn and lope off.

"Yonder goes the lasso?" cried one.

We saw the noose flying in the air, and settling over his head. The herd suddenly wheeled; but the loop was around the neck of the leader; and after three or four skips, he sprang up, and falling upon his back, lay motionless!

The hunter came out from the willows, and, taking up the animal—now choked dead—carried him towards the entrance of the defile. His companion followed, blinding the tracks of

INDIAN.

both. In a few minutes they had reached us. The antelope was skinned, and eaten raw, in the blood!

Our horses grew thin with hunger and thirst. We feared to go too often to the water, though we become less cautious

as the hours pass. Two more antelopes are lassoed by the expert hunter.

The night of the fourth day is a clear moonlight. The Indians often march by moonlight—particularly when on the war-trail. We keep our vidette stationed during the night, as in the day. On this night we looked with more hopes than usual. It is such a lovely night—a full moon, clear and calm.

We are not disappointed. Near midnight the vidette awakes us. There are dark forms on the sky, away to the north. It may be buffaloes, but we see that they are approaching.

We stand, one and all, straining our eyes through the white air, and away over the silvery sward. There are glancing objects—arms, it must be. "Horses! horsemen! They are Indians!"

"O God! comrades, we are mad! Our horses—*they may neigh!*"

We bound after our leader down the hill, over the rocks, and through the trees. We run for the thicket where the animals are tied. We may be too late, for horses can hear each other for miles off; and the slightest concussion vibrates afar through the elastic atmosphere of these high plateaus. We reach the caballada. What is Seguin doing? He has torn the blanket from under his saddle, and is muffling the head of his horse!

We follow his example—without exchanging a word—for we know this is the only plan to pursue.

In a few minutes we feel secure again, and return to our watch station on the height.

We had shaved our time closely; for, on reaching the hill-top, we could hear the exclamations of Indians, the "thump, thump" of hoofs on the hard plain, and an occasional neigh as their horses scented the water. The foremost were advancing to the spring; and we could see the long line of mounted men, stretching in their deployment, to the far horizon!

Closer they came, and we could distinguish the pennons and glittering points of their spears. We could see their half naked bodies gleaming in the clear moonlight!

In a short time the foremost of them had ridden up to the bushes—halting as they came, and giving their animals to drink. Then one by one wheeled out of the water; and, trotting a short distance over the prairie, flung themselves to the ground, and commenced unharnessing their horses!

It was evidently their intention to camp for the night.

For nearly an hour they came filing forward—until two thousand warriors, with their horses, dotted the plain below us!

We stood observing their movements. We had no fear of being seen ourselves. We were lying with our bodies behind the rocks, and our faces partially screened by the foliage of the pinon trees. We could see and hear with distinctness all that was passing—for the savages were not over three hundred yards from our position!

They proceed to picket their horses in a wide circle, far out on the plain. There the grama grass is long and more luxuriant than in the immediate neighborhood of the spring. They strip the animals, and bring away their horse-furniture—consisting of hair-bridles, buffalo robes, and skins of the grisly bear. Few have saddles. Indians do not generally use them on a war expedition.

Each man strikes his spear into the ground, and rests against it his shield, bow, and quiver. He places his robe or skin beside it. That is his tent and bed.

The spears are soon aligned upon the prairie—forming a front of several hundred yards—and thus they have pitched their camp with a quickness and regularity far outstripping the chasseurs of Vincennes.

They are encamped in two parties. There are two bands—the Apaché and Navajo. The latter is much the smaller, and rests farther off from our position.

We hear them cutting and chopping with their tomahawks among the thickets at the foot of the mountain. We can see them carrying fagots out upon the plain, piling them together, and setting them on fire.

Many fires are soon blazing brightly. The savages squat around them, cooking their suppers. We can see the paint glittering on their faces and naked breasts. They are of many hues. Some are red, as though they were smeared with blood. Some appear of a jetty blackness. Some black on one side of the face, and red or white on the other. Some are mottled, like hounds; and some striped and chequered. Their cheeks and breasts are tattooed with the forms of animals—wolves, panthers, bears, buffaloes—and other hideous devices, plainly discernible under the blaze of the pine-wood fires. Some have a red hand painted on their bosoms; and not a few exhibit as their device the death's head and cross-bones!

All these are their "coats" of arms, symbolical of the "medicine" of the wearer; adopted, no doubt, from like silly fancies as those which put the crest upon the carriage, on the lacquey's button, or brass seal-stamp of the merchant's clerk.

There is vanity in the wilderness. In savage, as in civilized life, there is a snobdom.

"What do we see? Bright helmets—brazen and steel—with nodding plumes of the ostrich! These upon savages! Whence came these?"

"From the cuirassiers of Chihuahua. Poor devils! They were roughly handled upon one occasion by these savage lancers."

We see the red meat sputtering over the fires upon the spits of willow rods. We see the Indians fling the pinon nuts into the cinders, and then draw them forth again, parched and smoking. We see them light their claystone pipes, and send forth clouds of blue vapor. We see them gesticulate as they relate their red adventures to one another. We hear them shout, and chatter, and laugh like mountebanks! How unlike the *forest* Indian!

For two hours we watch their movements, and listen to their voices. Then the horse-guard is detailed, and marches off to the caballada; and the Indians, one after another, spread their skins, roll themselves in their blankets, and sleep.

The fires cease to blaze, but by the moonlight we can distinguish the prostrate bodies of the savages. White objects are moving among them. They are the dogs, prowling after the debris of their supper. These run from point to point, snarling at one another, and barking at the coyotés that sneak around the skirts of the camp.

Out upon the prairie, the horses are still awake and busy. We can hear them stamping their hoofs, and cropping the rich pasture. Erect forms are seen standing at intervals along the line. These are the guards of the cabdallana.

Our attention was now turned to our own situation. Dangers and difficulties suddenly presented themselves to our minds.

"What if they should stay here to hunt?"

The thought seemed to occur to all of us at the same instant; and we faced each other with looks of apprehension and dismay.

"It is not improbable," said Seguin, in a low and emphatic voice. "It is plain they have no supply of meat, and how are they to pass to the south without it? They must hunt here, or elsewhere. Why not here?"

"If so, we're in a nice trap!" interrupted a hunter, pointing first to the embouchure of the defile, and then to the mountain. "How are we to get out? I'd like to know that."

Our eyes followed the direction indicated by the speaker. In front of the ravine, in which we were, extended the line of the Indian camp—not a hundred yards distant from the rocks that lay around its entrance! There was an Indian sentinel still nearer; but it would be impossible to pass out—even if he were asleep—without encountering the dogs that prowled in numbers around the camp.

Behind us the mountain rose vertically like a wall. It was plainly impassable. We were fairly "in the trap."

"Carrai!" exclaimed one of the men, "we will die of hunger and thirst if they stay to hunt!"

"We may die sooner," rejoined another, "if they take a notion in their heads to wander up the gully!"

This was not improbable, though it was but little likely.

The ravine was a sort of *cul de sac*, that entered the mountain in a slanting direction, and ended at the bottom of the cliff. There was no object to attract our enemies into it—unless indeed they might come up in search of pinon nuts. Some of their dogs, too, might wander up, hunting for food, or attracted by the scent of our horses. These were probabilities; and we trembled as each of them was suggested.

"If they do not find us," said Seguin, encouragingly, "we may live for a day or two on the pinons. When these fail us, one of our horses must be killed. How much water have we?"

"Thank our luck, Captain, the gourds are nearly full."

"But our poor animals must suffer."

"There is no danger of thirst," said El Sol, looking downward, "while these last;" and he struck with his foot a large round mass that grew among the rocks. It was the spheroidal cactus. "See!" continued he, "there are hundreds of them!"

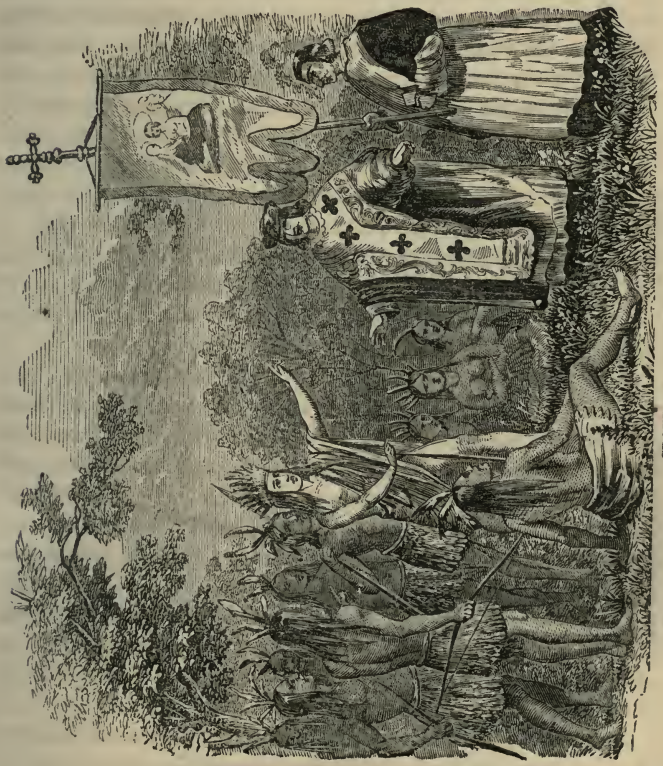
All present knew the meaning of this, and regarded the cacti with a murmur of satisfaction.

"Comrades!" said Seguin, "it is of no use to weary ourselves. Let those sleep who can. One can keep watch yonder, while another stays up here. Go, Sanchez!" and the chief pointed down the ravine to a spot that commanded a view of its mouth.

The sentinel walked off and took his stand in silence. The rest of us descended, and after looking to the muffling of our horses, returned to the station of the vidette upon the hill. Here we rolled ourselves in our blankets; and lying down among the rocks, slept out the night.

We are awake before dawn, and peering through the leaves with feelings of keen solicitude.

There is no movement in the Indian camp! It is a bad indication. Had they intended to travel on, they would have



GROUP OF INDIANS.

been stirring before this. They are always on the route before daybreak. These signs strengthen our feelings of apprehension.

The gray light begins to spread over the prairie. There is a white band along the eastern sky. There are noises in the camp. There are voices. Dark forms move about among the spears. Tall savages stride over the plain. The robes of skins are wrapped around their shoulders to protect them from the raw air of the morning. They carry fagots. They are rekindling the fires!

Our men talk in whispers, as we lie straining our eyes to catch every movement.

"It's plain they intend to make a stay of it."

"Ay! we're in for it, that's sartin. Wagh! I wonder how long thar agoin' to squat hyar anyhow."

"Three days at least—may be four or five."

"Great Gollys! we will be froze in half the time."

"What would they be doin' here so long? I'll warrant ye they'll clear out as soon as they can."

"So they will. But how can they in less time?"

"They can get all the meat they want in a day. See! yonder's buffalo a plenty; look! away—yonder!" and the speaker points to several black objects outlined against the brightening sky. It is a gang of buffaloes.

"That's true enough. In half a day I warrant they can get all the meat they want. But how are they to jerk in less than three? That's what I want to know."

"*Es verdad!*" says one of the Mexicans, a cibolero. *Tres dias, al menos!*" (it is true, three days at least!)

"Ay, hombré; an' with a smart chance o' sunshine at that, I guess."

This conversation is carried on by two or three of the men in a low tone, but loud enough for the rest of us to overhear it.

It reveals a new phase of our dilemma on which we have not before reflected. Should the Indians stay to "jerk" their

meat we will be in extreme danger from thirst, as well as of being discovered in our caché.

We know that the process of jerking buffalo beef takes three days, and that with a hot sun, as the hunter has intimated. This, with the first day required for hunting, will keep us four days in the ravine!

The prospect is appalling. We feel that death or the extreme torture of thirst is before us. We have no fear of hunger. Our horses are in the grove, our knives in our belts. We can live for weeks upon them; but will the cacti assuage the thirst of men and horses for a period of three or four days? This is a question no one can answer. It has often relieved the hunter for a short period, enabling him to crawl on to the water; but four days?

The trail will soon commence. The day has fairly broken. The Indians spring to their feet. About one-half of them draw the pickets of their horses, and lead them to the water. They adjust their bridles, pluck up their spears, snatch their bows, shoulder their quivers, and leap on horseback.

After a short consultation they gallop off to the eastward. In half an hour's time we can see them "running" the buffalo far out upon the prairie—piercing them with their arrows, and impaling them on their long lances!

Those who have remained behind, lead their horses down to the spring-branch and back again to the grass. Now they chop down young trees, and carry fagots to the fires See! they are driving long stakes into the ground, and stretching ropes from one to the other! For what purpose? We know too well.

"Ha! look yonder," mutters one of the hunters, as this is first noticed; "yonder goes the jerking lines! Now we're caged in airnest, I reckon."

"Por todos santos, es verdad!"

"Carrambo! carajo! chingaro!" growls the cibolero, who well knows the meaning of those stakes and lines.

We watch with a fearful interest the movements of the savages.

We have now no longer any doubt of their intention to remain for several days.

The stakes are soon erected, running for a hundred yards or more along the front of the encampment. The savages await the return of the hunters. Some mount and scour off towards the scene of the buffalo battue, still going on, far out upon the plain.

INDIAN WOMAN LAMENTING HER CHILD.

We peer through the leaves with great caution, for the day is bright, and the eyes of our enemies are quick, and scan every object. We speak only in whispers—though our voices could not be heard if we conversed a little louder, but fear makes us fancy that they might. We are all concealed except our eyes. These glance through small loopholes in the foliage.

The Indian hunters have been gone about two hours.

We now see them returning over the prairie in straggling parties.

They ride slowly back. Each brings his load before him on the withers of his horse. They had large masses of red flesh, freshly skinned and smoking. Some carry the sides of the quarters; others the hump-ribs, the tongue, heart, and liver—*the petites morceaux*—wrapped up in the skins of the slaughtered animals.

They arrive in camp and fling their loads to the ground.

Now begins a scene of noise and confusion. The savages run to and fro, whooping, chattering, laughing, and dancing. They draw their long scalping knives and hew off broad steaks. They spit them over the blazing fires. They cut out the hump-ribs. They tear off the white fat and stuff the *baudins*. They split the brown liver, eating it raw! They break their shanks with their tomahawks, and delve out the savory marrow; and through all these operations they whoop, and chatter, and laugh, and dance over the ground like so many madmen!

This scene lasts for more than an hour.

Fresh parties of hunters mount and ride off. Those who remain cut the meat into long thin strips, and hang it over the lines—already prepared for this purpose. It is thus left to be baked by the sun into *tasajo*.

We know part of what is before us. It is a fearful prospect; but men, like those that compose the band of Seguin, do not despond while the shadow of a hope remains. It is a barren spot indeed where they cannot find resources.

"We needn't holler till we're hurt," says one of the hunters.

"If yer call an empty belly a hurt," rejoins another, "I've got it already. I kud jest eat a raw jackass 'ithout skinnin' him."

"Come, fellers!" cried a third, "let's gramble for a wheen o' these peenyuns."

Following this suggestion, we commence searching for the nuts of the pine. We find to our dismay, that there is but a

limited supply of this precious fruit—not enough, either on the trees or the ground, to sustain us for two days!

"By Gosh!" exclaims one, "we'll have to draw for our critters.

"Well; an' if we have to—time enough yet a bit, I guess. We'll bite our claws awhile first."

The water is distributed in a small cup. There is still a little left in the xuages; but our poor horses suffer.

"Let us look to them," said Seguin; and drawing his knife, he commences skinning one of the cacti. We follow his example.

We carefully pare off the volutes and spikelets. A cool gummy liquid exudes from the opened vessels. We break the short stems: and lifting the green globe-like masses, carry them to the thicket, and place them before our animals. These seize the succulent plant greedily, crunch them between their teeth, and swallow both sap and fibres. It is food and drink to them. Thank heaven! we may yet save them!

This act is repeated several times, until they have had enough.

We kept two videttes constantly on the lookout—one upon the hill; the other commanding the defile. The rest of us go through the ravine, along the sides of the ridge, in search of the cones of the pinon.

Thus our first day is spent.

The Indian hunters keep coming into their camp until a late hour, bringing with them their burdens of buffalo flesh. Fires blaze over the ground, and the savages sit around them, cooking and eating all the night!

On the day following, they do not rouse themselves until a late hour. It is a day of lassitude and idleness, for the meat is hanging over the strings, and they can only wait upon it. They lounge around the camp, mending their bridles and lassoes, or looking to their weapons. They lead their horses to the water, and then picket them on the fresh ground. They

cut large pieces of meat, and broil them over the fires. Hundreds of them are at all times engaged in this last occupation. They seem to eat continually!

Their dogs are busy too, growling over the knife-stripped bones. They are not likely to leave their feast. They will not stray up the ravine while it lasts. In this thought we find consolation.

The sun is hot all the second day, and scorches us in the dry defile. It adds to our thirst—but we do not regret this as much, knowing it will hasten the departure of the savages. Towards evening, the tassajo begins to look brown and shrivelled. Another such day, and it will be ready for packing!

Our water is out; and we chew the succulent slices of the cactus. It relieves our thirst without quenching it!

Our appetite of hunger is growing stronger. We have eaten all the pinons, and nothing remains but to slaughter one of our horses.

"Let us hold out till to-morrow," suggests one. "Give the poor brutes a chance. Who knows but that they may flit in the morning?"

This proposition is voted in the affirmative. No hunter cares to risk losing his horse—especially when out on the prairies.

Gnawed by hunger, we lie waiting for the third day.

Morning breaks at last, and we crawl forward as usual, to watch the movements of the camp. And the savages sleep late, as on yesterday; but they arouse themselves at length; and, after watering their animals, commenced cooking. We see the crimson steaks and juicy ribs, smoking over the fires; and the savory odors are wafted to us on the breeze. Our appetites are whetted to a painful keenness. We can endure no longer. A horse must die!

Whose? Mountain law will soon decide.

Eleven white pebbles and a black one are thrown into the water bucket, and, one by one, we are blinded and led forward.

I tremble as I place my hand in the vessel. It is like throwing the die for my own life.

"Thank Heaven! My Moro is safe!"

One of the Mexicans has drawn the black.

"Thar's luck in that," exclaims a hunter. "Good fat mustang better than poor bull any day!"

The devoted horse is in fact a well-conditioned animal; and placing our videttes again we proceeded to the thicket to slaughter him.

We set about it with great caution. We tie him to a tree and hopple his fore and hind feet, lest he might struggle. We purpose bleeding him to death.

The cibolero has unsheathed his long knife, while a man stands by, holding the bucket to catch the precious fluid—the blood! Some have cups in their hands, ready to drink it as it flows!

We are startled by an unusual sound. We look through the leaves. A large gray animal is standing by the edge of the thicket, gazing in at us. It is wolfish-looking. Is it a wolf? No. *It is an Indian dog!*

The knife is stayed. Each man draws his own. We approach the animal and endeavor to coax it nearer. But no. It suspects our intentions, utters a low growl, and runs away down the defile.

We follow it with our eyes. The owner of the doomed horse is the vidette. The dog must pass him to go out; and he stands with his long lance ready to receive it.

The animal sees himself intercepted, turns and runs back and again turning makes a desperate rush to pass the vidette. As he nears the latter he utters a loud howl. The next moment he is impaled upon the lance!

Several of us rush up the hill to ascertain if the howling has attracted the attention of the savages. There is no unusual movement among them. They have not heard it.

The dog is divided and devoured—before his quivering flesh has time to get cold! The horse is reprieved!

Again we feed our animals on the cooling cactus. This occupies us for some time. When we return to the hill, a glad sight is before us. We see the warriors seated around their fires, renewing the paint upon their bodies! We know the meaning of this.

The tasajo is nearly black. Thanks to the hot sun, it will soon be ready for packing.

Some of the Indians are engaged in poisoning the points of their arrows! All these "signs" inspire us with new courage. They will soon march; if not to-night, by daybreak on the morrow.

We lie congratulating ourselves, and watching every movement of their camp. Our hopes continue rising as the day falls.

Ha! there is an unusual stir. Some order has been issued.

"Voila!" "Mira! Mira!" "See!" "Look, look!" are the half-whispered ejaculations that break from the hunters as this is observed.

"By the livin' catamount, thar a goin' to mizzle!"

We see the savages pull down the tasajo, and tie it in bunches. Then every man runs out for his horse. The pickets are drawn; the animals are led in, and watered; they are bridled; the robes are thrown over them and girted. The warriors pluck up their lances, sling their quivers, seize their shields and bows, and leap lightly upon horseback. The next moment they form, with the rapidity of thought; and wheeling in their tracks, ride off in single file, heading to the south.

The larger band has passed. The smaller—the Navajoes—following the same trail. No! The latter has suddenly filed to the left; and is crossing the prairie to the east—towards the spring of the Ojo de Vaca!

Our first impulse was to rush down the ravine, satisfy our thirst at the spring, and our hunger on the half-polished bones that were strewed over the prairie. Prudence, however, restrained us.

SUMMER HUTS OF INDIANS.

"Wait till they're clar gone," said Garey. "They'll be out o' sight in three skips o' a goat."

"Yes! stay where we are a bit," added another; "some of them may ride back—something may be forgotten."

This was not improbable; and, in spite of the promptings of our appetites, we resolved to remain a while longer in the defile.

We descended straightway into the thicket to make preparations for moving—to saddle our horses, and take off their mufflings; which by this, had nearly blinded them. Poor brutes! they seemed to know that relief was at hand.

While we were engaged in these operations, our vidette was kept at the top of the hill; to watch both bands, and warn us when their heads should sink to the prairie level.

"I wonder why the Navajoes have gone by the Ojo de Vaca," remarked our chief, with an apparent anxiety in his manner. "It is well our comrades did not remain there."

"They'll be tired o' waitin' on us whar they are," rejoined Garey; "unless black-tails is plentier among them musquits than I think for."

"Vaya," exclaimed Sanchez; "they may thank the Santissima they were not in our company. I'm spent to a skeleton—*Mira! Carrai!*"

Our horses were at length bridled and saddled, and our lassos coiled up. Still the vidette had not warned us! We grew every moment more impatient.

"Come!" cried one; "hang it! they're far enough now. They're not agoin' to be gapin' back all the way. They're lookin' ahead, I'm bound. Golly! Thar's fine shines afore them."

We could resist no longer. We called out to the vidette. He could just see the heads of the hindmost.

"That will do," cried Seguin. "Come! take your horses!"

The men obeyed with alacrity; and we all moved down the ravine, leading our animals.

We pressed forward to the opening. A young man, the Pueblo servant of Seguin, was ahead of the rest. He was impatient to reach the water. He had gained the mouth of the defile, when we saw him fall back with frightened looks, dragging at his horse, and exclaiming:

"Mi amo! mi amo! todavia son!" (Master, master, they are here yet!)

"Who?" inquired Seguin, running forward in haste.

"The Indians, master—the Indians!"

"You are mad. Where did you see them?"

"In the camp, master—look yonder!"

I pressed forward, with Seguin, to the rocks that lay along the entrance of the defile. We looked cautiously over. A singular sight met our eyes.

The camp ground was lying as the Indians had left it. The stakes were still standing. The shaggy hides of buffaloes, and piles of their bones, were strewn upon the plain. Hundreds of Coyotes were loping back and forward, snarling at one another, or pursuing one of their number who had picked up a nicer morsel than his companions. The fires were still smouldering; and the wolves galloped through the ashes, raising them in yellow clouds.

But there was a sight stranger than all this—a startling sight to me. Five or six forms—*almost* human—were moving about among the fires, collecting the debris of the skins and bones, and quarrelling with the wolves that barked around them in troops. Five or six others—similar forms—were seated around a pile of burning wood, silently gnawing at half-roasted ribs! "Can they—yes—they are human beings."

I was, for a moment, awe-struck, as I gazed at the shrivelled and dwarfy bodies: the long ape-like arms, and huge disproportioned heads, from which fell their hair in snaky tangles, black and matted!

But one or two appeared to have any article of dress; and that was a ragged breech-clout. The others were naked as the wild beasts around them; naked from head to foot!

It was a horrid sight to look upon these fiend-like dwarfs squatted around the fires, holding up half-naked bones in their long wrinkled arms, and tearing off the flesh with their glistening teeth! It was a horrid sight indeed; and it was some moments before I could recover sufficiently from my amazement to inquire who or what they are. I did so at length.

"Los Yamparicos," answered the cibolero.

"Who?" I asked again.

"Los Indios Yamparicos, senor."

"The Diggers, the Diggers," said a hunter, thinking that would better explain the strange apparitions.

"Yes, they are Digger Indians," added Seguin. "Come on—we have nothing to fear from them."

"But we have somethin' to *git* from them," rejoined one of the hunters, with a significant look. "Digger plew good as any other; worth jest as much as Pash chief."

"There must no one fire," said Seguin in a firm tone. "It is too soon yet; look yonder!" and he pointed over the plain, where two or three glancing objects—the helmets of the retreating warriors—could still be seen above the grass.

"How are we goin' to get them, then, Captain?" inquired the hunter. "They'll beat us to the rocks—they kin run like scared dogs."

"Better let them go, poor devils!" said Seguin, seemingly unwilling that blood should be spilled so wantonly.

"No, Captain," rejoined the same speaker, "we won't fire, but we'll *git* them, if we kin, 'ithout it. Boys, follow me down this way!"

And the man was about guiding his horse in among the loose rock, so as to pass unperceived between the dwarfs and the mountain.

But the brutal fellow was frustrated in his design, for at that moment El Sol and his sister appeared in the opening, and their brilliant habiliments caught the eyes of the Diggers. Like startled deer, they sprang to their feet and ran, or rather flew, toward the foot of the mountain. The hunters galloped to intercept them; but they were too late. Before they could come up, the Diggers had dived into the crevices of the rocks, or were seen climbing like chamois along the cliffs, far out of reach!

One of the hunters only, Sanchez, succeeded in making a capture. His victim had reached a high ledge, and was scrambling along it, when the lasso of the bull-fighter settled around his neck. The next moment he was plucked out into the air, and fell with a "cranch" upon the rocks.

I rode forward to look at him. He was dead. He had been crushed by the fall—in fact, mangled to a shapeless mass —and exhibited a most loathsome and hideous sight!

The unfeeling hunter recked not of this. With a coarse jest, he stooped over the body, and severing the scalp, stuck it, reeking and bloody, behind the waist of his calzoneros!

The following additional information about the Digger Indians is taken from Bartlett's "New Mexico, &c.":

An Indian village stood a few hundred yards from the house where I lodged; and at my request Mr. Knight went out and brought me three of the most intelligent among them, from whom I obtained a full vocabulary of their language. Like many other tribes of the country, and of this region in particular, they appeared to have no name for themselves as a people. By the white people, these and all other Indians between the Sacramento and the coast, and thence through the central parts of the State, are called "Diggers," or "Digger Indians," from the fact that they live chiefly on roots, which they collect by digging. I therefore set them down as Indians of Napa Valley. We had met with several small bands, and passed a few villages on our way up; but from none could I learn that they had any name for their tribe. This fact will account for the great diversity in the names of the California Indians as given by travellers. In examining the various books on this country and articles in scientific journals, I find tribes mentioned by names which are not elsewhere to be found; and in my own inquiries I have found tribes who called themselves by names which I never heard of before. This

has induced me to believe that the small tribes or bands, which abound here more than in any other part of North America, when asked to what tribe they belong, give the name of their chief, which is misunderstood by the inquirer to be that of the tribe itself.

Their houses are circular, and from twelve to thirty feet in diameter, the interior usually excavated about three feet below the surface of the ground. Within this circle posts are planted, forked at the top, upon which rest poles reaching from one to the other. The spaces between the posts are filled in with sticks or tules, against which the earth is firmly banked up outside. The roofs are dome-shaped, and, in the smaller houses, supported by a single post in the centre, on the forked top of which rest two main rafters, with their outer ends planted in the ground. From these are stretched stout poles about a foot apart and thatched with sticks and tules, or rushes closely interwoven, and covered with a solidly pressed layer of earth about a foot thick, making a roof completely water proof in the heaviest rains. In some villages the houses have but one aperture, which is on the top of the roof, and serves for both door and chimney. This is entered by a sort of rude ladder, or by notches cut in the centre-post. Others have an opening at the side, so small as not to be entered except by crawling on the hands and knees. Around the sides of the interior are wide shelves, formed of poles and rushes resting on forked posts, which serve for beds.

In the view of the interior of one of their dwellings is seen a number of decoy ducks, which they use to good advantage. Although the California tribes exhibit much skill in fishing and in trapping game, and the erection of their dwellings, they show little ingenuity in the arts of design. The accompanying rude figure in wood, of a woman and child, which was found on the coast, is all that I have seen of their carving.

The Indians dwelling near the great rivers of California make much dependence upon the salmon and sturgeon which

they can take. For this purpose they use both nets and spears. When the river is wide, the nets are stretched by means of booms projecting from the banks, sometimes a hundred feet into the stream. These booms are made of the trunks of trees, fastened together at the ends, and kept at a right angle with the shore by stays of grapevine, stretching from the boom to trees or stakes. Beneath the outer end of the boom is a float or raft of tulé, upon which is stuck a branch gaily trimmed with feathers and other ornaments, as a charm to secure success. Other charms, usually made of bunches of feathers

FIGURE CUT IN WOOD BY INDIANS.

raised upon poles, are displayed along the bank, where are also one or two huts for the party in attendance. One of the party holds constantly in his hand a line attached to the net, by means of which he can feel when a large fish is entangled, whereupon the net is hauled in and the prize secured.

When a sturgeon is caught, the spinal marrow, which is considered a delicacy, is drawn out whole, through a cut made in the back, and devoured raw, with a rapidity quite startling to one not aware of the strength of an Indian's stomach.

The spear is a very ingenious and effective contrivance. When thrown into a fish, the head, which is of bone with a

line attached toward the point, detaches itself from the pole, which serves as a drag to weary out the fish. As soon as the pole can be seized, nothing remains but to haul the prey in.

The men either go naked or wear a simple breech-cloth. The women wear a cloth or strips of leather around their loins. A basket pointed at the lower end, is in universal use among them, for gathering the roots and seeds which form

GROUP OF INDIANS.

their chief subsistence. This is carried on their backs, supported by a band across the forehead. Their arms of defence are bows and arrows. Some tribes, however, make use of the spear or lance. In one respect the California Indians differ from all others. I allude to their beards, which are generally permitted to grow. It is true they are not as thick and bushy as in the white race, but short, thin, and stiff. I have never seen them extend beyond the upper lip and the chin. The hair of all the California Indians I have seen is cut short.

PRAIRIE DOG TOWN.

One of the most interesting animals met with on the prairies and high table-lands, is the "prairie dog," which is in fact no other than a marmot, having no character in common with dogs. Its look and habits are totally different. The Canadian trappers used to call it "petit chien;" and this, together with the noise it makes, which, however, is more of a chirp or yelp than a bark, has caused it to receive the name of "prairie dog."

The first community of these little creatures we met with was in Texas, near Brady's Creek, a branch of the Colorado of the east. This was the largest we ever saw, nor have I ever heard of one as extensive. For three days we travelled through this colony, during which time we did not lose sight of them. On either side, as far as we could see over the plain, their habitations extended, standing out in bold relief in the little hillocks they had raised with the earth brought from their subterranean abodes. Their habitations are usually about ten yards apart, and the hillocks contain from one to two cartloads of earth each. Some have one entrance, others two, which incline at an angle of about forty-five degrees. To what depth they extend I could never learn, and only know that the frequent attempts to drown the animals out by pouring large quantities of water in them, have rarely succeeded.*

A well-beaten track extends from one to the other of these hillocks, showing that a close intimacy exists between their occupants, or perhaps family connection. We supposed this community or "dog town," as it is called, extended at least sixty miles, as we travelled at that time twenty miles a day. As to its width, we could not form a decided opinion; but pre-

* Lieutenant Abert mentions an instance where several were obtained by pouring water into their burrows. They afterwards became quite tame.—*Report*, p. 421.

suming it to have been only half as wide as it was long, an idea may be formed of the vast number of animals it contains.*

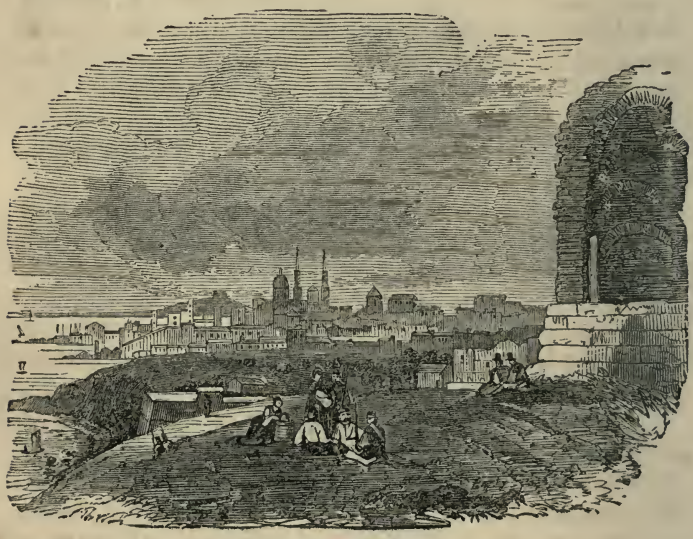
For the greater part of this distance the country was flat, and covered with short grass, kept so probably by these animals feeding on it. A few scattered mezquit trees also grew among them. Rivers did not limit the colony; for they were found on both sides of several streams. In several places I noticed a colony on the summit of elevated plateaus or hills, where the country was exceedingly barren, and the herbage so scant as to appear entirely inadequate to their subsistence. In this case it was evident that the colony was not in a flourishing condition, as many of the habitations were deserted.

Of the habits of these animals I can say little from observation, although I saw thousands of them. I would gladly have taken a day to conceal myself near them for the purpose of watching their actions, but when in the most interesting places we were moving forward. Major Long, in his Expedition to the Rocky Mountains, says they pass the winter in a lethargic state. Other travellers deny this, and say that they come from their holes during the winter whenever the weather is mild. I saw them out on some pretty cold days in November. Even in the plains further to the north, where snow lies on the ground for weeks, and where the cold is severe, they are seen out during the winter.

Where they obtain water has puzzled naturalists. Some travellers say that they dig down until they find it. This cannot be the case; for I have seen them on dry elevated plains, twenty miles from water, and where there was no dew.

* If we suppose that this community extended fifty miles in one direction and but ten in another, we have a superficies of five hundred square miles; and allowing them to be thirty feet apart, or nine hundred square feet for each (a large allowance), it would give about thirty thousand habitations to the square mile, or 15,000,000 in the five hundred miles. Estimating but two of these little creatures, which is the smallest supposable number to a habitation, we have a total of thirty millions in this community. I think it would be quite safe to reckon three or perhaps four animals to each hillock.

The color of the prairie dog is light brown. The lower part of its body, with the face and neck, are of a whitish yellow. Its size varies from that of a gray squirrel to that of a northern woodchuck, which it resembles in form more than any other animal. The body of a full-grown specimen is about twelve inches in length; its tail, which is bushy, between three and four. It stands erect like a squirrel, with its tail in



TRAVELLERS REPOSING.

constant motion, particularly when seated upon the top of its hillock chirping to its companions. As we drew near their villages, an alarm seemed to be given by one placed as a sentinel on a hillock in the outskirts. As soon as the signal was made, a general scampering to get home took place among them, some running in one direction, some in another. When they reached their habitations they would stand erect at their

entrances, with their heads just peeping above, and keep up an incessant chirping and frisking of their tails until we passed. As we drew quite near, some of them would turn a somerset into their holes and disappear.

We found it difficult to secure them; for they always stood at the entrance of their burrows, so that, if shot, they fell within. I do not think that out of twenty shots sometimes fired at these creatures, more than one specimen was obtained.

This marmot is said to be good food; but at the time we killed those referred to, our provisions were abundant, and no one could be induced to try them. Subsequently, when we got on short allowance, I do not think any one would have hesitated to eat them.

Rabbits often burrow with these animals, or, what is more probable, they occupy habitations made by the latter. The habits of a rabbit lead him to places where there are more shrubs, and not a bare plain. It is probable, therefore, that the rabbits seen among the prairie dogs are merely wanderers, who have strayed away from their proper abodes, and finding comfortable quarters already provided, without the labor of burrowing themselves, have driven away the weaker animals and taken possession of their dwellings.

A small brown owl also resides with the prairie dogs, and is almost always found standing on their hillocks, acting perhaps as a sentinel, for which the community has to pay dear. He is undoubtedly an interloper; as, from the known habits of this bird, one of which is its fondness for ground mice, moles, and other small quadrupeds, it doubtless seeks the habitations of the prairie dogs to feed on their young. The parent dogs can have little courage to permit a diminutive bird like this to prey upon their offspring.

But the most serious interloper in the dog-towns is the rattlesnake. I had often heard that this reptile was found among them, and thought it must be accidental until I witnessed how frequently it occurs. On one occasion I saw sev-

eral of those revolting creatures enter a single hole in the very midst of a dog-town. No one can believe that any friendship exists between animals of such opposite natures; and it cannot be doubted that the rattlesnake takes up his abode among them for sinister purposes. They cannot drive him away, and are therefore compelled to give him quiet possession of any habitation he may enter, and allow him occasionally to feed upon the junior members of the fraternity.

I have seen the Prairie dogs in Texas, New Mexico, Chihuahua, Sonora, and California.

THE CALIFORNIA GEYSERS.

Pluton river or creek was from thirty to forty feet wide where we crossed it, about half up the horses' middle, and very rapid. On either side, the banks were rocky and steep, rendering it somewhat difficult, though with steady animals not a dangerous passage. About a quarter of a mile from the opposite bank we dismounted, unsaddled our animals, and staked them out to feast themselves on the rich clover which there abounded, and then completed our journey on foot. A few hundred yards brought us to the first of the geysers, or "volcanoes," as they were called by our guide. I should not forget to remark, that we saw in several ravines, as we passed along, traces of former volcanic action. The rocks were bare, and in a decomposed state, showing the effects of heat or fire, although no heat was then perceptible.

At the first place we stopped, there was a show of about half an acre of decomposed granite, and other rocks, from cavities in which issued fumes of sulphur and small quantities of steam. At these places were beds of crystallized sulphur; and in others, sulphur was exposed on turning up with a stick the exterior crust. There was every appearance around us

that the rocks had been subjected to an intense heat, which was now gradually abating. After collecting specimens of the sulphur and adjacent rocks, we continued further up.

Another quarter of a mile, over steep hills and across deep ravines, brought us to the principal "geysers." Here was truly a grand prospect, and difficult to describe by one unacquainted with such scenes; for to speak with scientific precision of such a remarkable spot as this, the writer should be familiar with volcanic regions and know something of similar phenomena. The action here was confined within a narrow ravine, in the mountain side, running nearly at right angles with Pluton River, which we had crossed. The banks were from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty feet in height, breaking in from the mountain, which rose up from ten to fifteen hundred feet above, and were wholly composed of decomposed rocks. In the chasm beneath us, columns of steam were spouting out on every side; while deep at the bottom ran a small rivulet. Vegetation of luxuriant growth crowded close upon the crumbling rocks, consisting of various kinds of shrubbery, pines, oaks, firs, &c.

We clambered down to the spot where the *scoria* or burnt rock first appeared, and seated ourselves under the shade of a pine tree. From this point I took a sketch looking down the gorge. On each side of where we sat, some twenty or thirty feet below, a small stream came tumbling down, concealed from view by dense foliage, and united at the base of a jutting mass of rocks, as seen in the sketch. I thrust a staff, which I carried with me, some three or four feet into the crumbled granite beneath; which led us to think it not quite safe to remain where we were. From this place, we got down with some difficulty to the bottom of the gorge, where the main stream ran. The water was here cold and pure, exhibiting no unpleasant taste. A few yards further brought us into the midst of the puffing geysers, or steam-jets; for I knew not by what other name to call them. Fumes of sulphur here met

our nostrils at every step, while the rustling steam, as it spouted from a hundred cavities, completely enveloped us. The latter did not issue in one continuous column, but at short intervals, as from the pipe of a high-pressure engine. It was with some difficulty that we could breathe here among the fumes of sulphur and the steam; and we crouched low in the bed of the rocky stream to avoid them. In cavities along both banks, and near the running brook, was boiling water, which rose and fell, accompanied by a loud gurgling noise, resembling that of a gigantic steam condenser. In one of these cavities, stones as large as an egg were in a state of commotion, presenting a curious resemblance to a pot of boiling potatoes. I held my hand fifteen inches above this boiling pot, at which distance the water scalded it. From this cavity to the running stream, was just the width of my hand; though the surface of the boiling water in the cavity was about a foot above the running water. The whole of this violent commotion was accompanied by a tremendous noise beneath the earth's surface, quite equal to and resembling that made by several ocean steamers, letting off their steam through their large pipes, loud, deep, and harsh. There was no cessation to this awful roar, but one continued noise, as though a vast workshop beneath was in full operation.

The banks of the gorge were now too steep to attempt to ascend, nor would it have been safe to do so among so many jets of steam, boiling caldrons, and fumes of sulphur; so we made our way down the gorge in the very bed of the stream, jumping from rock to rock, first on one side and then on the other, and occasionally, where the stream took a leap, letting ourselves down in the best way we could. Thus we worked our way along for about an hour, filled with admiration and wonder at the mysterious workings of nature around us. The water, as we advanced, grew warmer, in consequence of accessions from the boiling cavities along its margin, until the stream became quite hot. We had here an opportunity to se-

lect a bath of any temperature, from one of icy coldness to that of one hundred and fifty degrees; and we did not fail to improve it in some of the deeper basins of the stream, which seemed prepared by nature for such a purpose.

Having thus refreshed ourselves, we clambered up the opposite bank; and as we had now passed through that portion of the gorge which had been affected by the heat, we lay down awhile under the shade of a tree on the bank of Pluton River. Looking up here, we saw before us at a distance of a few hundred yards, another of these volcanic wonders. This was directly on the northeast bank of the stream, and was marked by a patch of decomposed rock of a whitish cast, covering about an acre. Here also jets of steam issued forth, but not in so many places, nor with as much force as within the gorge just described. Dr. Webb and Mr. Thurber examined it, and afterwards visited several others, further up the river; but none of them were found to equal the first in grandeur.

I am not aware that this interesting spot has been visited by any man of science, except Professor Shepherd, of Western Reserve College, Ohio; and as his experience and profession better fitted him for investigations in such phenomena than mine, I quote a portion of his remarks, which will convey a fuller and clearer idea than my feeble description. My time while there was short, and mostly spent in making sketches, and in collecting a few specimens of sulphur and of the contiguous rocks; nor had I the means of testing or examining the waters.

"You may here find sulphur water," says Professor Shepherd,* "precisely similar to the celebrated *White Sulphur* of Green Brier County, Virginia, except its icy coldness. Also red, blue, and even black sulphur water, both cold and hot. Also pure limpid hot water, without any sulphur or chlorine salts; calcareous hot waters, magnesian, chalybeate, etc., in almost endless variety. Every natural facility is afforded for

* Silliman's Journal for November, 1851, p. 156.

either vapor, shower, or plunging baths. Where the heated sulphuretted hydrogen gas is evolved, water appears to be suddenly formed, beautiful crystals of sulphur deposited (not sublimated as by fire), and more or less sulphuric acid generated. In some places the acid was found so strong as to turn black kid gloves almost immediately to a deep red. * * From numerous experiments made here and in the mountains of Virginia, I am confident that all sulphur springs possess a high temperature, after descending below the cold surface water. Notwithstanding the rocks are so hot as to burn your feet through the soles of your boots, there is no appearance of a volcano in this extraordinary spot. There is no appearance of lava. You find yourself standing not in a solfatara, nor one of the salses described by the illustrious Humboldt. The rocks around you are rapidly dissolving under the powerful metamorphic action going on. Porphyry and jasper are transformed into a kind of potter's clay. Pseudo-trappean rocks are consumed much like wood in a slow fire, and go to form sulphate of magnesia and other products. Granite is rendered so soft that you may crush it between your fingers, and cut it as easily as unbaked bread. The feldspar appears to be converted partly into alum. In the mean time the boulders and angular fragments brought down the ravines and river by floods are being cemented into a firm conglomerate; so that it is difficult to dislodge even a small pebble, the pebble itself breaking before the conglomerate yields.

"The thermal action on wood in this place is also highly interesting. In one mound I discovered the stump of a large tree silicified; in another, a log changed to lignite or brown coal. Other fragments appeared midway between petrification and carbonization. In this connection, finding some drops of a very dense fluid, and also highly refractive, I was led to believe that pure carbon might, under such circumstances, crystalize and form the diamond. Unfortunately for me, however, I lost the precious drop in attempting to secure it.

"A green tree cut down and obliquely inserted in one of the conical mounds, was so changed in thirty-six hours that its species would not have been recognized except from the portion projecting outside, around which beautiful crystals of sulphur had already formed."

According to the statement of MacDonald, our guide, who had made several visits to the geysers, their activity has greatly diminished, or we saw them under less favorable auspices than usual. He said that when last here the water spouted up from five to ten feet in height; that the jets of steam were much larger and more steady; and furthermore, that a day often exhibited a material difference. That the action has lessened, and nearly ceased, is certain as respects the first one we visited; for it now appears like an expiring fire.

When Professor Shepherd visited this place, a year before us, he says that within the space of half a mile square he "discovered from one to two hundred openings, through which steam issued with violence, sending up columns of steam to the height of one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet," * * * and again, "throwing out jets or volumes of hot scalding water some twenty or thirty feet, endangering the lives of those who stood near. In some places the steam and water came in contact, so as to produce a constant *jet d'eau*, or spouting fountain, with a dense cloud above the spray, affording vivid prismatic hues in the sunshine." With such jets of water and steam as these, the grandeur of this extraordinary spot would be greatly enhanced.

ADVENTURE AMONG THE HUDSON'S BAY FUR HUNTERS.

Our brigade of four boats lay moored on the banks of the great Saskatchewan; which river, taking its rise amid the rugged steeps of the Rocky Mountains, flows through the great prairies and woodlands of the interior of Rupert's Land, and discharges into Lake Winipeg.

The men were ashore at breakfast. On a low gravelly point that jutted out into the stream, smoked three large fires, over which stood three rudely constructed tripods, from which depended three enormous tin kettles. Robbiboo was the delectable substance contained in these kettles. Pemmican is a compound of dried Buffalo meat, melted fat and hair—the latter being an accidental ingredient. Mix pemmican with flour and water, boil and stir till it thickens, and the result will be "robbiboo."

Around these kettles stood, and sat, and reclined, and smoked, about thirty of the wildest and heartiest fellows that ever trod the wilderness. Most of them were French Canadians; many were half-breeds; some were Orkneymen; and

BEAVERS.

one or two were the copper-colored natives of the soil. But Canadians, Scotch, and savages alike, were servants of the Hudson's Bay Fur Company; they were all burned to the same degree of brownness by the summer sun; they all laughed and talked, and ate robbiboo more or less—generally more; and they were all clad in the picturesque habiliments of the northwest *voyageur*. A loose-fitting capote, with a hood hanging down the back; a broad scarlet or parti-colored worsted sash round the waist; a pair of cloth leggings, some-

times blue, sometimes scarlet, occasionally ornamented with bright silk or bead-work, and gartered at the knees; a pair of chamois leather-like moccasins made of deer skins; a round bonnet, or a red night-cap, or a nondescript hat, or nothing; such is the outward man of the *voyageur*.

"Ho! ho!" shouted the gruff voice of the guide, as the men, having emptied the kettles, were hastily filling and lighting their pipes—"embark, my lads, embark."

In five minutes the boats were afloat, and the crews were about to shove off, when the cry was raised, "Mr. Berry! hold on: where's Mr. Berry?"

"Poor Berry! he was always late, always missing, always in the wrong place at the right time and in the right place at the wrong time. His companions—of whom there were two in charge of the boats along with himself—called him an "old wife," but qualified the title with the remark that he was a "good soul," nevertheless. And so he was—a beardless youth of twenty-two summers, with a strong tendency to scientific pursuits, but wofully incompetent to use his muscles aright. He was forever falling into the water, constantly cutting his fingers with his knife, and frequently breaking the trigger of his fowling-piece in his attempt to discharge it at half-cock. Yet he was incomparably superior to his more "knowing" comrades in all the higher qualities of manhood. At the moment his name was called, he sprang from the bushes, laden with botannical specimens, and crying, "Stop! stop! I'm coming," he rushed down to the boat of which he had the special charge, and leaped in. Five minutes more, and the brigade was sweeping down the Saskatchewan, while the men bent hastily to their oars, and filled the shrubbery on the river's bank and the wide prairies beyond with the ringing tones of one of their characteristic and beautiful canoe songs.

The sun was flooding the horizon with gold, as it sank to rest. The chorus of the boatmen had ceased, and the only sound that broke the stillness of the quiet evening was the

slow and regular stroke of the heavy oars, which the men plied unceasingly. On turning one of the bends of the river, which disclosed a somewhat extended vista ahead, several black objects were observed near the water's edge.

"Hist!" exclaimed the foremost guide, "they are buffaloes."

"À terre, à terre!" cried the men, in a hoarse whisper.

A powerful sweep of the steering oar sent the boat into a little bay, where it was quickly joined by the others.

"Now, then, let the crack shots be off into the bush, cried the gentleman in charge of the brigade. "Away with you, Gaspard, Antoine, Jacques. Mind you don't waste powder and shot on old bulls. Hallo! Mr. Berry, not so fast; let the hunters to the front."

"Ah! Misser Berry him berry bad shot," remarked a middle-aged Indian, regarding the youth somewhat contemptuously. Berry armed for the chase with frantic haste, dashing about and tumbling over every thing in search of his powder-horn and shot-pouch, which were always mislaid, and moving the muzzle of his gun hither and thither in such a way as to place the lives of his men in constant and deadly peril. He started at last, with the speed of a hunted deer, and made a bold sweep into the woods in order to head the buffaloes. Here he squatted down behind a bush to await their coming.

A short time sufficed to bring the stealthy hunters within range. Three shots were fired, and two animals fell to the ground; while a third staggered with difficulty after its companions, as they bounded through the woods toward the prairies, headed by the patriarchal bull of the herd. This majestic animal had a magnificently shaggy mane and a pair of wild glittering eyes, that would have struck terror into the stoutest heart; but Berry was short-sighted; moreover he had concealed himself behind a shrub, through which, as he afterwards remarked, he "could see nicely." No doubt of it; but the bush was such a scraggy and ill-conditioned shrub that the

buffalo bull could see through it just as nicely, and charged, with a hideous bellow, at the unfortunate youth as it came up the hill. Berry prepared to receive him. For once he remembered to cock his piece; for once his aim was true, and he hit the huge animal on the forehead at a distance of ten yards; but he might as well have fired against the side of a house; the thick skull, covered with its dense matting of coarse hair, was thoroughly ball-proof. The bull still came on. Just at this moment another shot was fired, and the animal hurled forward in a complete somersault; the bush was crushed to atoms, and Berry was knocked head-over-heels to the ground, where he lay extended at full length beside his slaughtered foe.

"Ah! pauvre enfant," cried Antoine, running up and lifting Berry's head from the ground. "Is you hurt ver' moch? Dat bull him break de ribs I 'fraid."

Antoine's fears were groundless. In half an hour the youth was as well as ever, though somewhat shaken by the fall. The choice morsels of the dead buffaloes were cut off by the men with an adroit celerity that was quite marvellous, and in a very short time the boats were again rapidly descending the stream.

The bivouac that night resounded with more vigorous mirth than usual. The camp fires blazed with unwonted power and brilliancy. The cook's office—no sinecure at any time—became a post of absolute slavery; for there was a glorious feast held beneath the spreading trees of the forest, and the bill of fare was "buffalo-steaks and marrowbones." But if the feast was noisy, the hours that succeeded it were steeped in profound silence. Each man, having smoked his pipe, selected for his couch the softest spot of ground he could find, and, wrapping himself in his blanket, laid him down to rest. The deep breathing of untroubled slumber was the only sound that floated from the land and mingled with the rippling of the river; and not a hand or foot was moved until, at day-

break, the loud halloo of the guide aroused the sleepers to their daily toil.

A week or two passed, and we had left the lands of the buffalo far behind us, and were sailing over the broad bosom of Lake Winipeg. It was calm and polished as a sheet of glass when we entered it, but it did not remain long thus. A breeze arose, the sails were hoisted, and away we went out into the wide ocean of fresh water. Lake Winipeg is a veritable ocean. Its waves rival those of the salt sea in magnitude, and they break upon a shore composed in many places of sand and pebbles. If we sail straight out upon it, the shore behind us sinks into the horizon; but no opposite shore rises to view, and the unbroken circle of sky and water is presented to our gaze, as it appears on the great ocean itself.

The wind rose almost to a gale as we careered over the billows, and the men had to keep up incessant bailing. It was almost too much for us; but no one murmured, for, had the wind been ahead, we might have been obliged to put ashore and remain there inactive for many days. As it was, we made a rapid run across the lake and entered the river, or rather the system of lakes and rivers, which convey its waters to the ocean. Hudson's Bay was our goal.

Many days passed, and we were still pushing onward toward the sea-coast; but not so rapidly now. The character of the navigation had changed very considerably, and our progress was much slower. Now we were sweeping over a small lake, anon dashing down the course of a turbulent stream, and at other times dragging boats and cargoes over the land.

One afternoon we came to a part of the river which presented a very terrible appearance. As far as the eye could reach, the entire stream was a boiling turmoil of rocks and rapids, down which a boat could have gone with as much safety as it could have leaped over the falls of Niagara. Our advance was most effectually stopped, as far as appearance

went. But nothing checks the onward progress of a northwest *voyageur* except the want of food. The boats ran successively into a small bay, the men leaped out, the bales of furs were tossed upon the banks of the river, and the boats hauled up. Then every man produced a long leathern strap, with which he fastened a bale weighing upwards of 90 lbs. to his back; above this he placed a bale of similar weight, and trotted off into the woods as lightly as if he had only been laden with two pillows. The second bale is placed above the first by a sleight-of-hand movement which is difficult to acquire. Poor Berry well-nigh broke his neck several times in attempting this feat, and eventually gave it up in despair.

In an hour the packs were carried over the "portage," and deposited beside the still water at the foot of the rapids. Then the men returned for the boats. One was taken in hand at a time. The united crews seized the heavy craft with their strong hands, and shoved against it with their lusty shoulders; a merry song was struck up, and thus the boat was dragged through the forest for nearly a mile. The others quickly followed, and before evening all was carried over, and we were again rowing down stream.

Not long after this we came to a rapid, in the midst of which was a slight waterfall. The water was deep here, and the rocks not numerous; and it was the custom to run the boats down the rapids and over the fall, in order to save the labor of a portage. Three of the boats ran down in grand style, and reached the foot in safety. Berry and I were in the last boat. The steersman stood up in the stern with his hands resting on the long heavy sweep, while his gaze was directed anxiously toward the boiling flood into which we were just entering. The bowman, an immensely powerful man, stood up in front, with a long strong pole grasped in both hands, ready to fend off from the sunken rocks. The men sat in their places, with their oars ready for action.

"Now, boys, look out," cried the guide, as we plunged

into the first billow of the rapids. The boat flew like an arrow straight toward a rock, which was crested with white as the water burst against its ragged front. To all appearance our doom was sealed. The bowman regarded it with a complacent smile, and stood quite motionless, merely casting a glance backward. The steersman acknowledged the glance with a nod; one long stroke of the great oar—the boat turned sharply aside, and swept past in safety. There was no danger in such a big blustering rock as that!

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

"Prenez garde!" cried the bowman, in a warning tone, pointing to a spot where lay a sunken rock. The steersman's quick hand turned the boat aside; but the bowman had to lend his aid, and the strong pole bent like a willow as he forced the boat's head away from the hidden danger. And now the fall appeared. It was not high, perhaps four feet, but there was a mighty gush of water there, and it was a bold leap for a heavy boat.

"Prenez garde, mes garçons—hurrah!—lads, give way—well done!" The boat plunged almost bows under, but she rose again like a duck on the foaming water. The worst of it

was passed now; but there was still a ticklish bit below—a bend in the river, where the sunken rocks were numerous, and the surface of the water so white with foam that it was difficult to detect the channel. The bowman's duty now became more arduous. With knitted brows and compressed lips he stood, every nerve and muscle strung for instant action. The steersman watched his movements with intense earnestness, in order to second them promptly. Ever and anon the stout pole was plunged into the flood, first on one side, then on the other; the two guides acted as if they had been one man, and the obedient craft sprang from surge to surge in safety. Suddenly the bowman uttered a loud shout, as the pole jammed between two rocks, and was wrenched from his grasp.

"Another! another! vîte! vîte!"

One of the crew thrust a fresh pole into his hand. Plunging it into the water, he exerted his giant strength with such violence as nearly to upset the boat, but it was too late. The planks crashed like an egg-shell as the boat dashed upon a rock, and the water began to rush in, while the stern was swept round, and the blade of the steering oar was smashed to atoms. Almost before we had time to think we were swept down, stern foremost, and floated safely into an eddy at the foot of the rapids. A few strokes of the oars brought us to the land; but, short although the interval was between our striking the rock and running ashore, it was sufficient to half-fill the boat with water.

The danger was barely past, and the intense feeling of it was still strong upon my mind, yet these light-hearted *voyageurs* were jesting and laughing loudly as they tossed the packs of furs out of the water-logged boat; so little did they realize the imminence of the peril from which they had been delivered—the shortness of the step that had separated them from the immediate presence of God.

The remainder of that day was spent in drying the furs that had been wetted, and in repairing the damaged boat.

Afterwards we continued our voyage, which, without further accident, terminated at length on the shores of Hudson's Bay.

MUSTANGS ON THE "RAMPAGE."

A PORTION of our journey was over the prairie, where there was no trace of a road. To-day continued the same; yet the man who pretended to guide us seemed familiarly acquainted with it. A few hours after leaving, the prairie near the horizon seemed to be moving, with long undulations, like the waves of the ocean. Unable to account for this singular appearance, I looked with my telescope, when, to my surprise, I discovered the whole prairie toward the horizon alive with mustangs. Soon after they could be seen coming toward the train.

Major Emory at this time was in advance of me about half a mile with his portion of the wagons. We saw the long line of mustangs approach him, and soon after pass before, the whole herd following after, and extending as far as the eye could reach across the prairie. The mules became restive, and we could see the teamsters hurrying forward the wagons for protection behind each other. On went the great stream, and the next moment one of the mule teams in advance sprang from the train and dashed off at full speed after and among the wild horses. The teamster in vain tried to restrain them. It was all to no purpose. Away they went, John Gilpin like, the wagon with six mules, followed by all the loose animals that were driven with the train, which had also partaken of the stampede. The herdsmen, in order to check the runaways, left the train and went in pursuit, making altogether the most exciting spectacle we had yet witnessed. The chase continued for a mile; for the mules in the wagon had become perfectly frantic with fear, surrounded as they were by equally fright-

ened mustangs, and all bounded over the prairie at their utmost speed. Seeing the danger, our men put on the lash, and we hurried forward to render such aid as lay in our power. The men of the other party fired at the herd, which had the effect of breaking the line, and turning it in another direction.

The frightened herd made directly for us, in the same long line, the termination of which we could not see, as it lost itself far in the distance. I now became alarmed, fearing a general stampede among our mules; for nothing can restrain these timid creatures when frightened. If they cannot take their wagon with them, they become so frantic that they will tear themselves from their harness and flee away. Our first precaution was to close up the wagons, so that only those in the first one would see the mustangs. The mules of the second were placed alongside of the foremost wagon, the next by the side of the second, and so on to the last, each wagon thus protecting the team that followed it. We now locked the wheels of all, and men stood by the leaders to restrain and quiet them. As I had no inclination to be carried off against my will among a herd of frantic wild horses after the fashion of Mazeppa, I dismounted and hitched my mule to a wagon, and with several others ran with my firearms to meet the advancing steeds, which were now nearly upon us, led off by a fearless stallion. We discharged our arms at them as they approached, and fortunately with good effect. The leader was turned, and the avalanche of wild animals swept by us like a tornado, much to our relief. We held in for a few minutes until the herd had passed, when we unlocked our wheels and hastened forward to the first of the train, which had halted.

By the time we reached it, the runaway wagon and mules, with those who had been in pursuit, were just coming up after a most exciting chase. Fortunately no one was injured, and our animals were all captured and brought back, except one, and that one of the most valuable horses belonging to the party. This animal was ridden by the wagon-master, and

when in full pursuit of the runaways, he stepped into one of the burrowing places which abound on the prairies, fell, and threw his rider over his head. Thus freed from restraint, he joined his wild brethren and disappeared on the prairie, with his saddle, bridle, and trappings.

As we continued our journey other herds of mustangs were seen coming from the east, but none approached us. Large numbers of deer and antelope were also perceived as we jogged along. In the afternoon we crossed a deep ravine, the dry bed of the *Escondida*, which bore the traces of recent water; and just beyond this the great prairie was on fire.

PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

We had for hours noticed the huge volumes of smoke as they ascended from the plain, and attributed the flight of animals toward us, which we had seen during the day, to this fire. It stretched for miles in both directions, and was sweeping directly toward us. Whenever it reached a patch of high grass,

volumes of dense smoke rose up, while the vivid flames leaped with greater rapidity over the plain. We rode up and down for some distance, but could find no opening through. At length a place was seen where the fire raged with less fury. Here the horsemen led the way; whereupon the teamsters put the whips to their animals, and uttering a loud whoop dashed through the flames.

A FIGHT WITH THE APACHES.

About a mile from camp (says Mr. Bartlett) we passed a small arroyo, or ravine, pretty well filled with bushes. This arroyo was no sooner passed by the foremost wagon in the train, than we were startled by the most terrific yells and shouting; and on turning our heads, to our horror we saw a band of Indians issuing from the arroyo we had passed, and charging upon the train. We immediately turned about, put spurs to our animals, and rode back with all speed toward the train. The savages, who numbered between thirty and forty (as stated to me by those in the rear), were rushing at full speed with their lances poised, screaming and yelling, endeavoring to break the line and stampede the mules, as they crossed from one side to the other. Others followed, discharging their arrows at the teamsters as they passed; but the teamsters remained each by his team, keeping the mules in their places, and closing up the line. At the same time they kept the enemy at bay by levelling their pistols at them. These men had the presence of mind to keep their seats in the saddle and to hold their fire, which the savages wanted to draw. Had they fired and missed their mark (and the chances were ten to one against their hitting), they would have been pierced by a lance or an arrow the next moment.

The men who were riding by the side of the wagons sprang

to the aid of the teamsters, and held the leading mules, which kept them in their places.

Failing in their attempt to frighten the mules and throw the train into disorder, the Indians dashed on toward the rear, and made a furious charge on the party there who were driving the spare mules and horses. Two Mexicans, herdsmen, were unhorsed by the charge; and a third, being wounded, fell from his animal. He, however, held on to his bridle, when an Indian rushed at him and pierced him to the heart with his lance. The momentary pause of this man made him a good mark for the rifle, and sealed his fate. Several were discharged at once, which brought the fellow to the ground. His companions seeing him fall, ran to his rescue, raised him up, and threw his bleeding body across a mule ridden by another Indian, when they rode off at full speed.

The firing now became general; but the constant motion of the enemy enabled them to escape. The five Mexican soldiers, who were on foot, stood up to the fight manfully, and were in the thickest of it. They did much, too, toward saving the last wagon, which had got separated, and was one hundred and fifty yards in the rear. The driver of this team, when he saw the Indians between him and the rest of the train, jumped from his mule, and, bringing the leaders around, fastened their heads to the wagon. He then took out his rifle and stood on the defensive, levelling it at each Indian as he approached, and thus keeping them at bay.

The Indians next made for Mr. Thurber, who was still further in the rear, and at the moment engaged in putting some plants into his portfolio. They dashed at him with their lances, and he had barely time to seize his revolver, with which he kept them off. Our men were now close at the enemy's heels; so that, finding themselves in rather a tight place, they made for the adjoining hills, pursued by six or eight of our party. The fleetness of their horses and their knowledge of the ground, gave them the advantage; so that after a pursuit of a

mile or two, we gave up the chase, fearing the train might encounter a larger body of Indians in ambush, for they scattered in all directions, and concealed themselves among the rocks or ravines of the hills.

The spare animals were all stampeded and lost. They became frightened at the first charge, and, not being fastened, were rushing at the top of their speed over the plain, driven by a portion of the enemy, before we who were in advance could reach them. We lost ten mules and a valuable horse—and secured the horse, saddle, and arms of the Indian that was shot. Two of the wagons were pierced with bullets, and several arrows were found sticking in the wagons near the teamsters.

We dug a grave by the side of the road, and deposited in it the body of the unfortunate Mexican who was killed. This being done, we hastened away from the sad scene, the first and only occurrence of the kind that had befallen the Commission since it entered the field, now more than two years.

We had proceeded but a few hundred yards when we noticed several heaps of stones, some of them surmounted by small crosses, to mark the spots where murders had been committed but a short time before, as appeared by their freshness. Fragments of clothing also lay around, showing that a severe contest had taken place. Fearing that the Indians might rally in larger numbers and renew the attack, two soldiers were sent ahead, while the others kept at a distance on the right and left, to give us early notice of the approach of danger.

Eight or ten miles brought us to a point opposite the *Ojo de Callego* (Spring of the Mountain Pass), a ravine in the mountain on our left, where there was a fine spring in a thick grove of cotton-woods. It seemed a likely place for Indians to conceal themselves in, and, with an enemy at our heels, we had no desire to stop there. We therefore filled our water kegs from a pool near at hand, without entering the ravine. A couple of miles further on we passed the *Ojo de Callecito*, marked by

a few cotton-woods on the mountain side. Soon after this, we met a body of about twenty Mexican soldiers in charge of a lieutenant from Chihuahua, bound for El Paso. They were the men who had escorted the merchant train from El Paso, to which I have before alluded. From them we learned that Armijo's train of empty wagons, which left that place the day before us by way of the Sand-hills, had been attacked by the Apaches near the place of our encounter with them, and had lost six men and thirty mules.

The Apaches must rank below the Indian tribes east of the

INDIAN AMUSEMENTS.

Rocky Mountains, dwelling on the tributaries of the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers. They are without that dignified

bearing, and those noble traits of character, which characterize the latter; and as they perform no labor, not even that of hunting, their physical developments are greatly inferior. Mangus Colorado, and a few other prominent chiefs, who live pretty well, and have the lion's share of their plunder, are rather good looking; and a finer set of children than those of Mangus, of Dalgadito, and Poncé, are not often seen. But beyond these few exceptions the Apaches are an ill-formed, emaciated, and miserable-looking race. As those we saw did not cultivate the earth, they depend upon what they can steal from the Mexicans and Americans on the frontier for a subsistence. The supply thus obtained consists almost exclusively of mules; and when this fails they resort to the bulb of the maguay. In fact, this may be said to constitute at all times the food of the majority; for the chiefs take good care that *they* at least shall have mule meat when there is any.

In saying that certain individuals were fine looking, I speak of mere physical development. I do not think I ever saw a mild or amiable face among them; on the contrary, they had all a treacherous, fiendish look, which well expressed their true character. They are in general poorly clothed, a majority wearing deer skins tied about them, without any attempt to fashion them into garments. If a man could get a shirt, he seemed quite content without any other garment. Many, and I should think most of them, wore long deer-skin boots, with stout soles, turned up at the toes, the legs being either fastened around the loins or turned over at the knees. These were well made, and exhibited more taste and care than any other garment about them. It is not, however, on account of their beauty that they wear these fine long boots, but from necessity; as they require them to protect their legs when riding among the thorny chapparal of the plains, as well as from the venomous reptiles which abound there. The Apaches have their dandies as well as their civilized brethren; in fact I have found among every tribe of Indians men of this class, whose

minds seem to dwell more on their personal appearance than on any thing else. They are fond of remaining at home, associate more than others with the women, and never accompany war parties. They are looked upon as drones by the braves. Those whom we saw among the Apaches were generally dressed in some tawdry manner, and their faces covered with paint. Some, with a truer sense of savage beauty, and who have fine manly forms, wore nothing but a breech cloth and

APACHE DANDIES.

boots. These, mounted on fine animals, and armed with a lance or bow, sometimes made their appearance among the ragged and motley groups which visited our camps. A helmet-shaped cap of deer skin, fitting close to the head, and covered on the top with a bunch of feathers, is worn by many; while others have straw hats, taken from the heads of Mexicans whom they have killed. Another and very picturesque ornament which the hatless and capless have recourse to, is a wreath of grass or leaves, twined around their heads and projecting well over their eyes, to protect them from the sun. The Mexican *serape* is also worn by those who have become the possessors of such a useful article of dress by murdering

its former owner. The women wear jackets or tunics of deer skin, more or less ornamented, a profusion of beads, when they can get them, and deer-skin leggins. Most of them wear unbleached cotton or calico shirts, which they obtain of the Indian traders or at the settlements.

THE PIMO AND COCO-MARICOPA INDIANS.

THE habits of these tribes of California Indians differ somewhat from those of other North American savages.

The people restrict themselves to a single wife. Their ideas of a Supreme Being, in whose existence they believe, are vague. After death, they believe that their souls go to the banks of the Colorado, their ancient dwelling-place, and there take refuge in the great sand hills, where they are metamorphosed into various animals and birds. Their heads, hands, feet, etc., each become owls, bats, wolves, and other animals. They believe, too, that the souls of their enemies, the Yumas, also find a place there; and that the wars which have so long existed between them on earth, will be continued there, after death.

When a man desires to marry, and has made choice of a girl for his wife, he first endeavors to win over her parents by making them presents. The fair one's attention is sought by another process. To do this, he takes his flute, an instrument of cane with four holes, and, seating himself beneath a bush near her dwelling, keeps up a plaintive noise for hours together. This music is continued day after day; and if no notice is at length taken of him by the girl, he may "hang up his flute," as it is tantamount to a rejection. If the proposal is agreeable, the fair one makes it known to the suitor, when the conquest is considered complete. No girl is forced to marry against her will, however eligible her parents may con-

sider the match. Whenever a girl marries, it is expected that her husband will present her parents with as much as his means will permit, to compensate them for the loss of their daughter, whose services are to them a matter of consequence.

INDIAN NOSE FLUTE OF DEER'S HOOFS.

Among both the Coco-Maricopas and the Pimos, the women do the principal part of the work. Besides taking care of the children and attending to the household matters, they grind the corn, make baskets, gather mezquit beans, help till the ground, and sometimes spin and weave.

The men plant and gather the crops, and take care of the animals. This I believe is all they do; and as the performance of these duties is not a very onerous task, they are idle the greater portion of the time. Their implements of husbandry are steel hoes and axes, which they obtain from the Mexicans, harrows, and occasionally a long-handled spade. Grinding corn on the *metates*, or stones, is a work of great labor, and comes hard on the poor women, who are obliged to get upon their knees, and exert the whole strength of their arms and bodies in the task. I have seen women thus em-

ployed when the thermometer stood at 110°, while their lords lay stretched out at length on their backs looking on.

Water is invariably brought by the women in large earthen vessels upon their heads, resting upon a small cushion. Some of these vessels hold six gallons. This mode of carrying burdens, by which the body is kept in a perfectly erect position, tends greatly to develop the chest and add to the general beauty of the figure. Hence we see among the Indians, as well as among the lower class of Mexicans, forms which Walker might well have taken for models in his "Analysis of Beauty in Women."

As the manners and customs of the Pimos and Coco-Maricopas are the same, with the exception of their rites of burial, I shall include both in describing these customs; although there is little doubt but that the knowledge of the arts which they possess originated with the Pimos. Cotton is raised by them, which they spin and weave. Their only manufactures consist of blankets of various textures and sizes; a heavy cloth of the same material used by the women to put around their loins; and an article from three to four inches wide, used as a band for the head, or a girdle for the waist. The blankets are woven with large threads, slightly twisted and without any nap. They are made of white cotton, and are without ornament of colors or figures, save a narrow selvage of buff.

The implements used by these tribes for spinning and weaving are of the most primitive character. A slender stick about two feet long passing through a block of wood which serves to keep up the momentum imparted to it, constitutes the spindle. One end of this rests on a wooden cup inserted between the toes, and the other is held and twirled by the fingers of the right hand; while the left hand is occupied in drawing out the thread from the supply of cotton, which is coiled upon the left arm in loose rolls.

In weaving, the warp is attached to two sticks, and stretched upon the ground by means of stakes. Each alter-

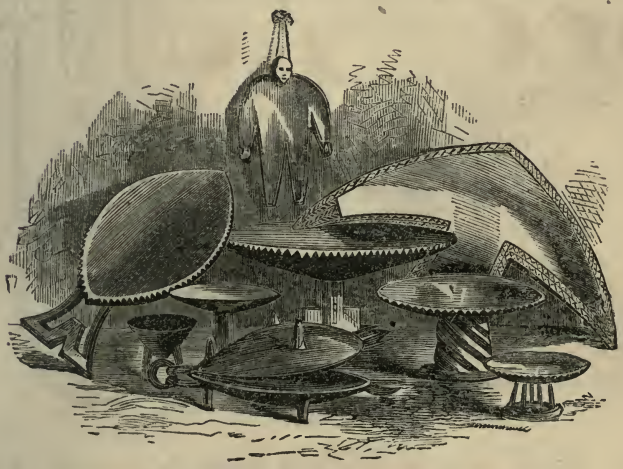
nate thread of the warp is passed round a piece of cane, which, being lifted, opens a passage for the shuttle in the manner of a sley. The operator sits in the fashion of a tailor, and, raising the sley with one hand, with the other passes the shuttle, which is simply a pointed stick with the thread wound

INDIANS RELICS.

upon it, between the threads of the warp. The work is beaten up after the passage of each thread by the use of a sharp smooth-edged instrument made of hard wood. The operation of course progresses slowly; and from the length of time consumed in spinning and weaving, they set a high price upon

their blankets, asking for them ten or twelve dollars in money, or a new woollen blanket of equal size. The weaving is generally done by the old men.

The pottery made by these tribes is all red or dark brown, the latter a blending of black and red. The articles made are very limited, though, perhaps, quite sufficient for their wants. In fact, they are the same as those made and in use by the Mexicans. They consist of ollas, or vases, of every size, the largest holding about two pailfulls, and the smallest half a pint; jars, with small apertures, resembling bottles; basins of different sizes and forms, from that of a milk-pan to a saucer;

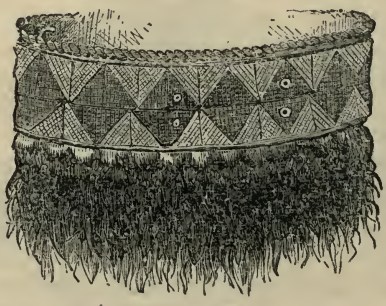


BASKETS AND POTTERY OF THE PIMOS AND COCO-MARICOPAS.

and oblong vessels of small dimensions used as dippers. All these vessels are painted or ornamented with black lines arranged in geometrical figures, and of a character resembling those on the head-bands.

The basket work of this people is remarkably well made of willow twigs, and so close as to be impervious to water. The baskets are of various shapes, and are used for different purposes. Those of a large basin-like form are the most common. These they carry on their heads filled with corn or other articles. Like the pottery, they are ornamented with geometrical figures, arranged with much taste.

The dress of the Coco-Maricopas and the Pimos is the same. The women fold the smaller blankets or other cloths, and pass them around their loins, letting them hang to their knees. They are sometimes fastened with one of the belts before mentioned, but are generally kept in place by simply tucking one end in. Sandals of raw hide are worn on the feet. Nothing is worn on the head, nor is the hair ever tied



BREECH CLOTH.

up. In front it is cut off square across the eyebrows; the rest is suffered to hang loosely over the ears, neck, and about half way down the back, affording a protection to these parts from the intense heat of the sun. It is a universal custom among the women when they arrive at maturity, to draw two lines with some blue colored dye from each corner of the

mouth to the chin. This is pricked in with some pointed instrument, and remains through life. Occasionally a fair one gets a string of beads; but I saw more men and boys with these ornaments than women. One boy in particular, who might pass for a dandy among them, wore some twenty or more strings of beads. The body, arms, and legs of the women are naked. They generally have fine forms; for which they are indebted, as I have before remarked, to their mode of carrying burdens on their heads. In this respect, there is a marked difference between them and the men, who are generally lean and lank, with very small limbs and narrow chests. Their labor is so light, and they keep so closely to their villages or the immediate vicinity, that there is no opportunity for physical development. The men in general go naked, except the breech-cloth. A few, however, are provided with their native blankets of large size, which they fold and throw over their shoulders in the manner of the Mexicans. Some fasten them around their waists in graceful folds, letting the ends fall to their knees; then drawing a cord between their legs and attaching it to their waists, their garment resembles a capacious pair of pantaloons. I suppose that all are provided with cotton blankets; but, owing to the almost incessant heat of the day, they seldom wear them. At night, when cool, these constitute their sole covering. The head-band is worn by nearly all the men gracefully put on in several folds, with the braided ends hanging down to their shoulders. They also have a large woollen cord, from half an inch to an inch in diameter, of different colors, which they use as a head ornament, twining it around the hair. So many Americans have been among these people, that most of them have obtained ragged or cast-off shirts, which they put on on great occasions. By their traffic with the Boundary Commission, they obtained a large number of these garments of a good substantial quality, both cotton and woollen. The bright scarlet shirts gave them quite a picturesque appearance. When they visited our camp,

every man put on his best garments, no matter what was their fashion or how many he had. I remember that on one occasion Francisco made his appearance in a pair of pantaloons, with a white shirt, over which was a checked one, and another of red flannel outside of that. For a short time he strutted about the camp, the envy and admiration of his friends. But he soon got tired of sporting such a dress with the heat at

GROUP OF PIMO INDIANS.

110°; and shortly after we saw him cooling off on the grass, divested of all his finery, which he had carefully tied up in a bundle.

The men wear their hair long, never cutting it except

across the eyebrows, down to which it hangs, and thus partially protects the eyes. When loosed, their hair reaches to their knees; but usually it is clubbed up in a large mass on their backs. Their ear-locks either hang loose, or are braided in several strands, with little ornaments of bone, tin, or red cloth attached to them. But the decoration of their heads with the bands of which I have spoken, forms the most picturesque part of their costume. They have a singular practice of filling their hair with clay; so that when dry it resembles a great turban. I could not imagine their object in adopting so filthy a custom, unless it was to destroy the vermin. The men also wear a profusion of beads when they can obtain them. Some have long strings of sea-shells or parts of shells, which are highly prized. I tried to buy some of them; but the only man at all disposed to sell asked me five dollars or a pair of blankets for a few strings, a price so extravagant that I declined to make the purchase.

The women carry their infants in cradles similar to those of other Indians. I have seen them in camp with a basket of green corn on their heads, and on the top of this the cradle and child. When it gets to be about a year old, it is carried astride on the hip, the mother holding one arm around its body. Although the men and boys go naked, I never saw a girl, however young, without clothes around its hips similar to those worn by the women.

The villages consist of groups of from twenty to fifty habitations, surrounded by gardens and cultivated fields, intersected in every direction by acequias, which lead the water from the Gila. Their mode of irrigation is the same as that practised in various parts of Mexico. Their cultivated fields are generally fenced with crooked stakes, wattled with brush, the thorny mezquit predominating; although I noticed large patches of wheat, a long distance from any village, they were not inclosed.

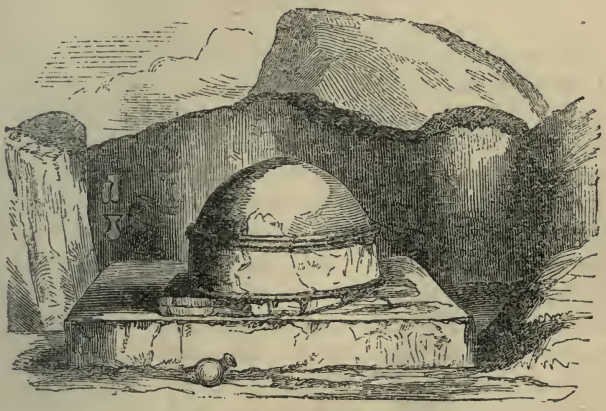
Their houses are built with stakes, poles, corn-shucks, and

straw. For the small houses, four upright stakes forked at one end are inserted in the ground. For the larger dwellings nine are used; two on each side, and one in the centre. Across the tops of these other sticks are laid to support the roof. Next a row of poles is inserted in the ground, a few feet outside the larger upright stakes, bent over toward the

INDIAN VILLAGE.

centre and fastened to the horizontal beams. These are then united in the centre, forming a slightly-rounded top. Smaller poles are now horizontally interlaced with the upright ones, and between them straw, corn-shucks, or rushes are inter

woven in large masses, so as to shed the rain and protect them from the intense heat of the sun; some are then plastered over with mud. An opening for a door is left, about three feet high, to creep in at. These habitations vary in height from five to seven feet; so that in many of them one cannot stand erect. In fact they are chiefly used to sit and sleep in. In diameter they are from fifteen to twenty-five feet.



PIMO STORE-HOUSE.

Besides the dwelling-places, each family is provided with a store-house or granary. These are built like the Mexican *jakals*, i. e., with stakes placed close together and about eight or nine feet high. They are better structures than the dwellings, and are probably made more open, in order to give a free circulation of air through the grain deposited in them. They are wattled with straw and rushes, and are sometimes coated with a thick layer of mud. As this becomes dry, additional layers of mud are added, which render them impervious to water. The wheat and shelled corn (maize) are put into large vases or baskets, from three to five feet high, made out of ropes of wheaten straw. These ropes, which are as

thick as one's arm, are coiled around into graceful forms, and sewed together like some kinds of basket work. The vases so formed contain ten or twelve, and some even fifteen bushels of grain.

THE PETAHAYA.

This curious plant is found on the high table-lands on either side of the Gila, and in various parts of the State of Sonora, growing often in the crevices of rocks, and in other situations where it would seem difficult for any vegetable production to find sustenance. The forms it assumes are various; sometimes rising like a simple fluted column, although more frequently it is furnished with several branches, which, after leaving the main trunk, turn gracefully upward and rise parallel with it. Sometimes the branches are singularly contorted; but usually their disposition is symmetrical, and the appearance of the whole plant has been, not inaptly, compared to that of a giant candelabrum. The stem is from one foot to two feet six inches in diameter, usually smaller near the base, and from twenty to fifty feet in height. This immense column is admirably strengthened by a circle of ribs of strong and elastic wood, which are imbedded in the cellular mass of the plant, several inches within the circumference, and extend to the roots. This woody portion remains after the fleshy substance of the plant decays, looking like a huge skeleton. The stem is marked with longitudinal furrows, which are shallow toward the ground, and deeper and more numerous toward the summit; and above the ribs it is thickly set with clusters of spines or thorns. Of these there are six large and numerous small ones, in each cluster. As the plant increases in age, the larger spines fall off, leaving a ray of smaller ones, which lie close to the stem.

Most travellers who have noticed this cereus, have not been fortunate enough to see the fruit and flower, but have derived their accounts of them from the Indians. On our passage across the country in September, October, November,

INDIAN MISSION.

and December, we saw the tree; and on our return in June and July, we had the satisfaction of beholding the fruit in perfection, and occasional specimens of the flower. The plant probably blooms late in May, or early in June; and the fruit is matured in July and August. The flowers are borne on the summits of the branches, are three inches in diameter, and about the same in length. The petals are stiff and curl-

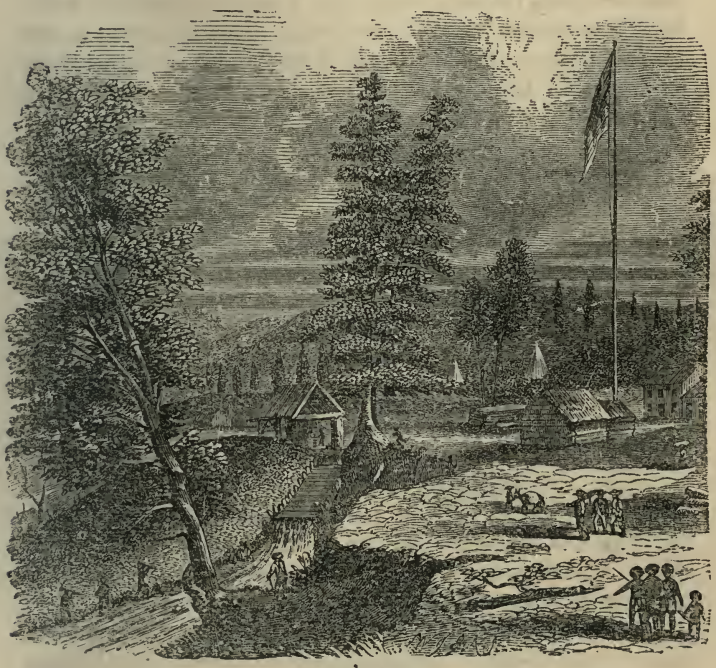
ing, and of a cream-white color. The stamens are yellow and very numerous. The fruit is about the size and shape of an egg; sometimes rather longer than the true egg shape, having a few small scales, without spines. The color of the fruit is green tinged with red, when fully ripe. It consists of an outer coat or skin filled with a red pulp, inclosing numerous small, black, smooth seeds. The fruit, when mature, bursts at the top and exposes the pulp, which at this time is rather mawkish to the taste; but a few days' exposure to the sun dries it to about one-third its original bulk, and the whole mass drops out of the skin. In this state it has the consistency of the pulp of a dried fig; and the saccharine matter being concentrated by drying, it somewhat resembles that fruit in taste. The Pimo and other Indians collect the pulp and roll it into balls; in which state it probably keeps the whole year, as it was offered to our party which passed through in January. They also boil the pulp in water, and evaporate it to the consistence of molasses; after which it is preserved in earthen jars.

HOW GOLD WAS FIRST DISCOVERED IN CALIFORNIA.

The first discovery of gold in California happened at Coloma, a valley and town situated between fifty and sixty miles east of Sacramento City, in the month of January, 1848; curiously enough, just when the land was ceasing to be Mexican. Many strange and improbable stories have been told as to the alleged earliest discoveries; but we believe that the only reliable account is that given by Captain Sutter, upon whose ground the precious metal was first found, and which we shall therefore adopt, without noticing the various fabulous statements alluded to.

It appears that Captain Sutter, during the winter of 1847–'48, was erecting a saw-mill for producing lumber, on the

south fork of the American River, a feeder of the Sacramento. Mr. James W. Marshall contracted with Sutter for the building of this mill; and, in the course of his operations, had occasion to admit the river water into the tail-race, for the purpose of widening and deepening it by the strength of the



SUTTER'S MILL.

current. In doing this, a considerable quantity of mud, sand, and gravel was carried along with the stream, and deposited in a heap at the foot of the tail-race. Marshall, when one day examining the state of his works, noticed a few glittering particles lying near the edge of the heap. His curiosity being

aroused, he gathered some of the sparkling objects; and at once became satisfied of their nature and the value of his discovery. All trembling with excitement, he hurried to his employer, and told his story. Captain Sutter at first thought it was a fiction, and the teller only a mad fool. Indeed, he confesses that he kept a sharp eye upon his loaded rifle, when he, whom he was tempted to consider a maniac, was eagerly disclosing the miraculous tale. However, his doubts were all at once dispelled when Marshall tossed on the table before him an ounce or so of the shining dust. The two agreed to keep the matter secret, and quietly share the golden harvest between them. But, as they afterwards searched more narrowly together, and gloated upon the rich deposits, their eager gestures and looks, and muttered, broken words, happened to be closely watched by a Mormon laborer employed about the neighborhood. He followed their movements, and speedily became as wise as themselves. As secrecy was of little importance to him, he forthwith divulged the extraordinary intelligence, and in confirmation of the story, exhibited some scales of gold which he had himself gathered. Immediately, everybody in the neighborhood left his regular employment, and began to search for the precious metal. A large body of Mormon immigrants about this time was approaching California by the south pass of the Rocky Mountains; and, on hearing news of the discovery, hastened at once to the spot. Rumors of these circumstances speedily flew across the length and breadth of the land, variously modified by the warmth or coolness of fancy of the successive narrators, but all agreeing in this, that gold was to be had in large quantities, for the mere trouble of picking it up, at Sutter's Mill, on the south fork of the *Rio de los Americanos*. To that quarter, then, all the loose population around instantly directed their steps. Soon the neighborhood swarmed with diggers; and, within a few days after the first discovery, upwards of twelve hundred people were busily at work, with spades, shovels, knives, sticks, wooden bowls, cra-

dles, and all manner of implements, many of them of the rudest and most primitive fashion, excavating, riddling, and washing earth for the precious particles it contained. Over all California the excitement was prodigious. Spaniard, American, and foreigner were all alike affected. The husband left

EMIGRANT TRAIN.

his wife; the father, his family; people tore themselves from the most pressing duties at home; men deserted their masters, and these followed their servants—all hurried to Sutter's Mill. Some withstood the temptation for a short time; but, very soon, nearly the whole male population of the country, unable

to resist the evidence of their senses when specimens of the newly-found gold were exhibited before their dilated eyes, became suddenly infected with the maddened whirl of the "yellow fever"—the *auri sacra fames*, and rushed off at a tangent, helter-skelter, to gather riches, as Aladdin had plucked fruits of priceless value in his fairy garden, in the bowels of the earth, among the valleys of the Snowy Mountains. Towns were dispeopled, ships in harbor deserted, all kinds of business sent to the dogs; the whole settled parts of the country were suddenly deprived of their inhabitants, or women and children alone formed the population, though even of these many flocked to the *placers* and the *diggings*, to see and be seen, to make money somehow, and as surely to spend it.

Meanwhile, other streams and other valleys were found to contain the auriferous sands. Not only the whole strip of country west of the Sierra Nevada, which was drained by feeders of the Sacramento, but that other strip, locally in connection with the former, and lying to the south, which was watered by the streams which fell into the San Joaquin, was ascertained also to possess auriferous deposits in large quantities. In fact it was believed that the gold regions could not be exhausted of their treasures during countless generations. There was enough, therefore, and to spare, for all comers, though their name should be "legion." Individuals were daily making considerable fortunes, while all who chose to work steadily at the business, were sure to earn much larger wages than they could do at any other kind of labor in the country.

All this while, the few ships that were enabled to get away from the coast, and travellers and expresses by land, were spreading the news far and wide over remote seas and through foreign climes. The circles of excitement grew wider and wider, and scarcely lost strength as they spread farther distant. First, the Mexicans from the nearest, and then those from the remotest provinces, flocked to California. The indolent, yet

adventurous, half-wild population of Sonora poured in its many thousands from the south; while Oregon from the north sent its sturdy settlers in almost equal numbers. The Sandwich islands followed, with their strange medley of white and colored races. Peru and Chili then hurried an innumerable

SUFFERING EMIGRANTS

crowd, as fast as ships could be obtained to carry them to the fields of gold. Before long, China sent forward her thousands of thrifty wandering children, feeble, indeed, both in body and mind, but persevering, and from their union into laboring companies, capable of great feats. Australia likewise contributed

her proportion of clever rascals, and perhaps as many clever adventurers who had not been convicted felons. The United States, which at all times contain a vast roving and excitable population, next were affected to their very centres; and armies—to use a moderate term, were on a sudden organized instantly to proceed to California and share in the golden spoil. The year 1848 was lost for the land passage; but by the early summer of 1849, great and numerous caravans were in full march, by various routes, across the Rocky Mountains. Many hardships were endured by these immigrants, and numbers died on the road. But their unburied bodies and bleaching skeletons were unheeded by the succeeding throng, or only pointed out to the weary yet restless travellers the paths where others had gone before, and which perhaps the newcomers should only avoid. On—on! to the land of gold! There, fortune smiled on all, while her worshippers revelled among riches. On—on! Round Cape Horn fleets were bearing additional thousands; while through Mexico to all her eastern ports, and especially across the Isthmus of Panama, still other thousands were hurrying, by new ships on the Pacific, to the "Golden Gate." Later in the year, and somewhat diminished in intensity, the excitement produced in Europe similar results. Many of the young, strong, and adventurous, the idle, dissipated, reckless, sanguine youths of Great Britain, France, and Germany, broke through the ties of home, friends, and country, and perhaps of civilization itself, and embarked for California, to seize fortune in a bound, and with one eager clutch, or to perish in the attempt.

THE ROMANCE OF GOLD DIGGING.

At first the general gains of the miners, though great, were little compared to what shortly afterwards were collected. But any positive statement on this matter is naturally subject to

error, since none could personally know more than what was taking place around the scene of his own operations, or where he was immediately travelling. If, however, we compare different accounts, and endeavor to form from them something like a fair average, we might find that from ten to fifteen dollars' worth

RUSH FOR THE GOLD REGIONS.

of gold dust was about the usual proceeds of an ordinary day's hard work. But while that might have been the average, people listened more to the individual instances of extraordinary success.

Well-authenticated accounts described many known persons as averaging from one to two hundred dollars a day

for a long period. Numerous others were said to be earning even from five to eight hundred dollars a day. A piece of four pounds in weight was early found. If, indeed, in many cases, a man with a pick and pan did not easily gather some thirty or forty dollars' worth of dust in a single day, he just moved off to some other place which he supposed might be richer. When the miners knew a little better about the business and the mode of turning their labor to the most profitable account, the returns were correspondingly increased. At what were called the "dry diggings" particularly, the yield of gold was enormous. One piece of pure metal was found of thirteen pounds weight. The common instrument at first made use of was a simple butcher's knife; and as every thing was valuable in proportion to the demand and supply, butchers' knives suddenly went up to twenty and thirty dollars apiece. But afterwards the pick and shovel were employed. The auriferous earth, dug out of ravines and holes in the sides of the mountains, was packed on horses, and carried one, two, or three miles, to the nearest water, to be washed. An average price of this washing dirt was, at one period, so much as four hundred dollars a cart load. In one instance, five loads of such earth sold for seven hundred and fifty-two dollars, which yielded, after washing, sixteen thousand dollars. Cases occurred where men carried the earth in sacks on their backs to the watering places, and collected eight to fifteen hundred dollars in a day, as the proceeds of their labor. Individuals made their five thousand, ten thousand, and fifteen thousand dollars in the space of only a few weeks. One man dug out twelve thousand dollars in six days. Three others obtained eight thousand dollars in a single day. But these, of course, were extreme cases. Still it was undoubtedly true, that a large proportion of the miners were earning such sums as they had never seen in their lives before, and which, six months earlier, would have appeared a downright fable. When the "Californian" newspaper resumed its issue in July, the

editors said that the publisher of the paper, "when on a tour alone to the mining district" (probably in June), "collected, with the aid of a shovel, pick and tin pan, about twenty inches in diameter, from forty-four to one hundred and twenty-eight dollars a day, averaging one hundred dollars." This is a fair specimen of the moderately fortunate miner.

A MINING SCENE.

The story has a shady as well as a bright side, and would be incomplete unless both were shown. There happened to be a "sickly season" in the autumn at the mines; and many of the miners sank under fever and diseases of the bowels. A

severe kind of labor, to which most had been unaccustomed, a complete change of diet and habits, insufficient shelter, continued mental excitement, and the excesses in personal amusement and dissipation which golden gains induced, added to the natural unhealthiness that might have existed in the district at different periods of the year, soon introduced sore bodily troubles upon many of the mining population. No gains could compensate a dying man for the fatal sickness engendered by his own avaricious exertions. In the wild race for riches, the invalid was neglected by old comrades still in rude health and the riotous enjoyment of all the pleasures that gold and the hope of continually adding to their store could bestow. When that was the case with old companions it could not be expected that strangers should care whether the sick man lived or died. Who forsooth among the busy throng would trouble himself with the feeble miner that had miscalculated his energies, and lay dying on the earthen floor of his tent or under the protecting branch of a tree? There were no kind eyes to gaze mournfully on him, hearts to feel, lips to speak softly, and hands to minister to his wants. His gains were swept away to buy a hasty and careless medical attendance; and too generally he died "unwept, unknelled, unknown." Selfishness that heeded not the dying might perchance bury the dead, if only the corrupting corpse stood in the way of working a rich claim—scarcely otherwise. Many, not so far reduced, were compelled to return to their old homes, the living spectres of their former selves, broken in constitution and wearied in spirit; thoroughly satisfied that the diggings were not fit abiding places for them.

The implements at first used in the process of gold seeking, were only the common pick and shovel, and a tin pan or wooden bowl. The auriferous earth when dug out was put into the last, and water being mixed with it, the contents were violently stirred. A peculiar shake of the hand or wrist, best understood and learned by practice, threw occasionally over the edge of the pan or bowl the muddy water and earthy particles, while

the metal, being heavier, sunk to the bottom. Repeated washings of this nature, assisted by breaking the hard pieces of earth with the hand or a trowel, soon extricated the gold from its covering, and carried away all the dirt. But if even these simple implements were not to be had, a sailor's or butcher's knife, or even a sharpened hard-pointed stick could pick out the larger specimens—the *pepitas*, *chunks*, or *nuggets* of different miners—while the finer scales of gold could be washed from the covering earth in Indian willow-woven baskets, clay cups, old hats, or any rude apology for a dish; or the dried sand could be exposed on canvas to the wind, or diligently blown by the breath, until nothing was left but the particles of pure gold that were too heavy to be carried away by these operations. Afterwards the rocker or cradle and Long Tom were introduced, which required several hands to feed and work them; and the returns by which were correspondingly great. Every machine, however, was worked on the same principle, by rocking or washing, of separating by the mechanical means of gravitation, the heavier particles—the gold from stones, and the lighter ones of earth.

Provisions and necessaries, as might have been expected, soon rose in price enormously. At first the rise was moderate indeed, four hundred *per cent.* for flour, and five hundred for beef cattle, while other things were in proportion. But these were trifles. The time soon came when eggs were sold at one, two, and three dollars apiece; inferior sugar, tea, and coffee, at four dollars a pound in small quantities, or, three or four hundred dollars a barrel; medicines—say, for laudanum, a dollar a drop (actually forty dollars were paid for a dose of that quantity), and ten dollars a pill or purge, without advice, or with it, from thirty, up, aye, to one hundred dollars. Spirits were sold at various prices, from ten to forty dollars a quart; and wines at about as much per bottle. Picks and shovels ranged from five to fifteen dollars each; and common wooden or tin bowls about half as much. Clumsy rockers were sold at from

fifty to eighty dollars, and small gold scales, from twenty to thirty. As for beef, little of it was to be had, and then only jerked, at correspondingly high prices. For luxuries—of which there were not many; if a lucky miner set his heart on some trifle, it might be pickles, fruit, fresh pork, sweet butter, new vegetables, a box of Seidlitz powders or of matches, he

MUDDY STREETS IN SAN FRANCISCO, IN 1849.

was prepared to give any quantity of the "dust" rather than be balked. We dare not trust ourselves to name some of the *fancy* prices thus given, lest we should be supposed to be only romancing. No man would give another a hand's turn for

less than five dollars; while a day's constant labor of the commonest kind, if it could have been procured at all, would cost from twenty to thirty dollars, at least. When these things, and the risks of sickness, the discomforts of living, and the unusual and severe kind of labor are all balanced against the average gains, it may appear that, after all, the miners were only enough paid.

There was no such thing as a *home* to be found in San Francisco in 1849. Scarcely even a proper *house* could be seen. Both dwellings and places of business were either common canvas tents, or small rough board shanties, or frame buildings of one story. Only the great gambling saloons, the hotels, restaurants, and a few public buildings and stores, had any pretensions to size, comfort, or elegance. The site on which the town is built was then still covered with numberless sand-hills. The streets were therefore uneven and irregular. By the continued passage of men, and of horses and drays with building materials and goods, while the rainy season (which commenced earlier than usual, and was remarkably severe) was shedding torrents from the clouds, the different thoroughfares were soon so cut up as to become almost if not quite impassable. Indeed both horse, or mule and dray were sometimes literally swallowed up in the mud, while their owner narrowly escaped a similar fate. The town authorities caused numberless cart loads of brushwood and limbs of trees to be cut from the surrounding hills and thrown into the streets; but these only answered a limited and temporary purpose. The difficulty could not thus be remedied. Nobody troubled himself to remove any rubbish from the way; but inmates of tents and houses satisfied themselves with placing a few planks, tobacco-boxes, bags of coffee, barrels of spoiled provisions, or any other available object, across and along the worst parts of the roads, to enable them safely to reach their own dwellings. It was not for everybody, however, to attempt to navigate these perilous places, or hope to keep on the narrow,

slippery, unsteady, and often interrupted path which spanned the unfathomed abysses of mud and water which lay on all sides. Lanterns were indispensable to pedestrians at night, and even in daylight not a few would lose their footing, and find it difficult to extricate themselves from their unpleasant predicaments.

ANOTHER SCENE IN THE GOLD MINES.

In those miserable apologies for houses, surrounded by heaps and patches of filth, mud, and stagnant water, the strange mixed population carried on business, after a fashion. It is not to be supposed that people could or did manage mat-

ters in the strict, orderly manner of older communities. Very few were following that particular business to which they had been bred, or for which they were best fitted by nature. Every immigrant on landing at San Francisco became a new man in his own estimation, and was prepared to undertake any thing or any piece of business whatsoever. And truly he did it; but it was with a deal of noise, bustle, and unnecessary confusion. The great recognized orders of society were tumbled topsy-turvy. Doctors and dentists became draymen, or barbers, or shoe-blacks; lawyers, brokers, and clerks, turned waiters, or auctioneers, or perhaps butchers; merchants tried laboring and lumping, while laborers and lumpers changed to merchants. The idlest might be tempted, and the weakest were able, to do something—to drive a nail in frame buildings, lead a burdened mule, keep a stall, ring a bell, or run a message. Adventurers, merchants, lawyers, clerks, tradesmen, mechanics, and every class in turn kept lodging-houses, eating and drinking houses, billiard rooms and gambling saloons, or single tables at these; they dabbled in "beach and water lots," fifty-vara blocks, and new town allotments over the whole country; speculated in flour, beef, pork, and potatoes; in lumber and other building materials; in dry goods and soft, hard goods and wet; bought and sold, wholesale and retail, and were ready to change their occupation and embark in some new nondescript undertaking after two minutes' consideration. All things seemed in the utmost disorder. The streets and passages, such as they were, and the inside of tents and houses, were heaped with all sorts of goods and lumber. There seemed no method in any thing. People bustled and jostled against each other, bawled, railed, and fought, cursed and swore, sweated and labored lustily, and somehow the work was done. A spectator would have imagined the confusion inextricable, but soon had reason to change his opinion. Everybody was busy, and knew very well what he himself had to do. Heaps of goods disappeared,

as if by magic, and new heaps appeared in their place. Where there was a vacant piece of ground one day, the next saw it covered with half a dozen tents or shanties. Horses, mules and oxen forced a way through, across, and over every obstruction in the streets; and men waded and toiled after them.

LODGING ROOM.

Hundreds of rude houses and tents were daily in the course of erection; they nestled between the sand-hills, covered their tops, and climbed the heights to the north and west of the town.

As we have said, there were no *homes* at this period in San Francisco, and time was too precious for any one to stay within doors to cook victuals. Consequently an immense majority of the people took their meals at restaurants, boarding-houses and hotels—the number of which was naturally there-

MINERS HOMEWARD BOUND.

fore very great; while many lodged as well as boarded at such places. Many of these were indeed miserable hovels, which showed only bad fare and worse attendance, dirt, discomfort, and high prices. A few others again were of a superior class; but, of course, still higher charges had to be made for the

better accommodation. At best all were inconveniently crowded, heated, and disagreeable. The whole population was constantly moving, and always visible, which added greatly to its apparent numbers. If only people did not sleep in public, they at least worked, eat, and amused themselves in crowds. But even at night they lay from half a dozen to two score in a room, on the floor, in rows of cots, or contracted and filthy bunks fastened to the weather-boards from floor to ceiling, in which were immense swarms of fleas and other troublesome vermin. At some lodging-houses and hotels, every superficial inch—on floor, tables, benches, shelves, and beds, was covered with a portion of weary humanity.

THE GREAT METEORITE OF NEW MEXICO.

Mr. Bartlett gives the following interesting account of the great meteorite of New Mexico:

November 12*th.* Our next stopping place was the *Hacienda del Rio Florido*, about fifteen miles distant; but having heard of a remarkable meteorite at the *Hacienda de Concepcion*, about six miles from the direct route, I determined to let the train pass on, while I with a small party took the Concepcion road. Dr. Webb, Messrs. Radziminski, Seaton, Jacobs, and Force, with myself, made the party. Ten miles from Zapata, across the table-land, brought us to a small stream, where encompassed in a grove of cotton-woods, lay the pretty village to which we were destined.

On our arrival we stopped under the shade of some large trees, and dismounting at once discovered the object of our search about fifty yards distant, at the corner of a large building. This was the residence of Don Juan Urquida, the proprietor of the hacienda and large estates adjoining, and formerly governor of the State. That no time might be lost, Dr.

Webb immediately set to work with his hammers and cold chisels to cut off some pieces from the huge mass of iron before us. This he found to be an undertaking of great labor, in consequence of the extreme tenacity and hardness of the mass. After an hour's work, with a man to assist him, he succeeded in cutting off three or four small pieces, which did not altogether weigh an ounce, and were barely sufficient for an analysis. Five chisels having been broken, the doctor had to desist from his labors, much to our regret, as we were desirous to obtain some specimens for cabinets.

While this was going on, I took a couple of sketches of the mass, showing opposite sides, and also took measurements; but the form was so irregular that these measurements can only aid in conveying an idea approximately of its bulk. Its greatest height is forty-six inches; greatest breadth thirty-seven inches; circumference in thickest part eight feet three inches. Its weight, as given me by Señor Urquida, is thirty-eight quintals, two arrobas, three libras, which, at one hundred pounds to the arroba, would be equivalent to three thousand eight hundred and fifty-three pounds.

This meteorite is very irregular in form, as the drawing shows; and one side is filled with deep cavities, generally round, and of various dimensions. These cavities were doubtless formed when the mass was cooling. At its lower part, as it now stands, is a projecting leg, quite similar to the one on the meteorite we saw at Tucson, and which I have described. The back or broadest part is less jagged than the other portions, and contains fewer cavities, yet, like the rest, is very irregular.*

* From the various inquiries made at Guajuquilla and at the Hacienda de Concepcion, I learned of the existence of meteorites, or masses of native iron, in several places. Of those near the former place, of which Dr. Webb went in search, there is no doubt. Some of them are very large masses, partially buried in the earth; while others are less than the one described. There is one at San Gregorio, about fifteen leagues distant; and it is reason

While we were at work, Señor Urquida, the younger, the brother of Don Juan, came out. Having no letters of introduction to him, I showed him a general letter which General Trias had given me to all officials on my route, directing them

able to suppose from their proximity, that these several masses fell to the earth on the bursting of one and the same meteor.

For the information of such of my readers as are not familiar with the history of these phenomena, I will observe, in the words of a distinguished philosopher, that "shooting stars, fire-balls, and meteoric stones, are regarded, with great probability, as small masses moving with planetary velocity, and revolving in obedience to the laws of general gravity in conic sections around the sun. When these masses meet the earth in their course, and are attracted by it, they enter within the limits of our atmosphere in a luminous condition, and frequently let fall more or less strongly heated stony fragments, covered with a shining black crust."* Another distinguished writer, *Kaemtz*,† after examining the several hypotheses, for the origin of these igneous meteors, arrives at similar conclusions to those of Baron Humboldt. "A great number of observations," he says, "prove that, besides the large celestial bodies, there are small ones that move in space, such as points and luminous trains, which astronomers have often seen traversing the field of their telescopes. These millions of asteroids moving round the sun, become visible when they are ignited by entering the terrestrial atmosphere."

With regard to the masses of meteoric iron, many instances are recorded where they have been known to fall to the earth on the bursting of meteors, and have been carefully examined and analyzed by philosophers. They present the same character, both in form and in their chemical composition; metallic iron predominating, with a few parts of nickel. "The connection of meteoric stones," says Humboldt,‡ "with the grander phenomenon of fire-balls—the former being known to be projected from the latter with such force as to penetrate from ten to fifteen feet into the earth—has been proved, among many other instances, in the fall of aërolites at Barbatan, in the Department of Landes (24th of July, 1790), at Siena (16th of June, 1794), at Weston, in Connecticut (14th of December, 1807), and at Juvenas, in the department of Ardeche (15th June, 1821). Meteoric stones are sometimes thrown from dark clouds suddenly formed in a clear sky, and fall with a noise resembling thunder. Whole districts have occasionally been covered

* Humboldt's Cosmos, vol. i. p. 98. Otto's translation. London edition.
† Meteorology, pp. 478, 479.
‡ Ibid., p. 101.

to extend to me and my party every facility in the prosecution of our journey to Matamoras. This gentleman was very polite to us, and readily answered our numerous inquiries about the mass of iron. He said it was originally found about

with thousands of fragmentary masses, of uniform character but unequal magnitude, that have been hurled from one of those moving clouds. The great meteoric mass which fell in Siberia in 1771, described by Pallas, was regarded by the Tartars as a sacred object fallen from heaven. Analogous masses have been found in Bohemia, Hungary, the Cape of Good Hope, Mexico, Peru, Senegal, Baffin's Bay, etc. The iron is full of cavities, filled with more or less perfect crystals of olivine; when these crystals are removed, the residue still contains ninety per cent. of iron, a certain percentage of nickel, and the rest needs scarcely to be taken into account." *

Of the meteoric masses found in Mexico, Baron Humboldt gives the following account: "In the environs of Durango is found the enormous mass of malleable iron and nickel, which is of the identical composition of the aërolites which fell in Hungary, in 1751. This mass is affirmed to weigh upwards of 1,900 myriogrammes (41,933 pounds). Another mass was discovered in Zacatecas, of the weight of 97 myriogrammes (2,140 pounds)." The exterior character of this was found by him to be entirely analogous to the malleable iron described by Pallas.†

A collection of meteorites has been made by Professor Shepard, of Amherst College, which is already said to embrace two hundred specimens from more than a hundred different localities. Among them is one from Newberry, South Carolina, weighing fifty-eight pounds. Another mass of malleable iron, weighing nine pounds, was found in November, 1852, in digging a ditch near Cayuga Bridge, on Seneca River, N. Y. It measured four inches in diameter and seven inches in length: and what adds to the interest of this, is the fact that but a few miles from where it was found, a meteorite fell in 1827.‡

There is another interesting account of the discovery of a meteorite in the town of Charlotte, North Carolina. In this case a whizzing noise was heard in the air by several persons, accompanied by a commotion in the atmosphere, and the next moment a stone struck near them, "with a dull heavy jar of the ground." On examination, the meteoric mass referred to was discovered. The people of the town were alarmed by "a sudden ex-

* Kaemtz. Meteorology, p. 476.
† Political Essay on New Spain, vol. ii., p. 293. London edition.
‡ Silliman's Journal for November, 1852.

three hundred varas (two hundred and seventy yards) from its present location, and had been moved at different periods by the people of the hacienda to the place where it now stands. It was brought hither with the design of putting it in a blacksmith's shop, to be used as an anvil, although it had never been so employed. An attempt was made to reduce it, by building a large fire around it, and heating it to a white heat. But so intense was the heat from so large a mass, that the workmen could not approach it, and all their labor was lost. The expense of this operation was more than one hundred dollars, and resulted in obtaining a piece of the metal large enough to work into a pair of spurs.

On the top, which is quite smooth, is an inscription bearing the date 1600; but I was unable to make out a single word of it, so much has it been defaced by hammering and the addition of many crosses. It is said that the inscription gave some account of its removal.

plosion, followed at short intervals by two other reports, and by a rumbling in the air. The sounds were distinct, and continued for more than half a minute. This meteor was seen through two hundred and fifty miles." *

It is to be hoped that Professor Shepard, into whose hands this meteorite has been placed, will give the scientific world the results of his extensive study of these most interesting phenomena.

Before closing this note I will remark, that early in the evening of the 1st of June, the day we left San Isabel in California, a brilliant meteor was seen by us all, passing from west to east. Another which surpassed in brilliancy, in the size of its mass, the length of its fiery train, and the time of its duration, any that I ever witnessed, was seen about 8 o'clock in the morning, between the 15th and 20th October, 1852. This occurred a few days before we reached Chihuahua, and passed from west to east over two-thirds of the horizon, at the sonth. On reaching Ringgold Barracks, near Camargo, a few weeks after, Major Paul, the commanding officer at that post, informed me that he saw the same meteor, which passed to the north of them, and heard it explode. As it doubtless dropped on the open, woodless plains of Texas, which are now so much traversed, it is to be hoped that the masses which then fell may be discovered.

* Silliman's Journal for January, 1850.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

It would be useless to narrate all the movements of the *Fair Fanny* during a large portion of the time that was occupied in beating up Baffin's Bay, in fishing, and endeavoring to find a channel on that desolate coast. They endured all the usual difficulties of Arctic navigation; they were in constant danger from icebergs; they every now and then were checked wholly by streams of ice, and by detached watery rocks from the great northern barrier.

On one or two occasions they anchored in a convenient bay, and landed; but finding nothing pleasing or encouraging ashore, soon again sought the shelter of their ship.

They were very successful, however, in their search for food, which, being principally fresh meat, was exceedingly welcome to the whole crew, to whom salt beef and pork were becoming wearisome. This is one of the worst parts of all long sea voyages, but is felt with more force in the Arctic regions than elsewhere.

The excitement of the chase, one or two contests with bears, one of which nearly proved fatal to some of the crew, and fishing in the bay, were pleasing changes to men who had been cooped up so long in a small brig.

Toward the middle of the month of September they were in latitude 74°. The weather was now intensely cold, the sea was covered by loose ice, a light wind made an advance in any direction almost impossible, and Captain Shipton and Henry began to see that the moment had arrived to winter or turn their ship's head in the direction of home.

Forward there were continual conferences among the men, who could not understand "dodging about" in that sea without any visible aim or purpose. Williams, by his inuendoes and sly jokes on the chief mate, by his constant grumbling, kept alive a feeling of discontent, which was not remarked by our hero.

ANIMALS OF NORTH AMERICA.

Events, however, rapidly opened his eyes.

It was a clear and lovely day; a fog which had hung round the brig had risen, and displayed before their eyes the somewhat dreary aspect of affairs. To the left rose, at a distance of some fifteen or sixteen miles, a small headland, near which they had anchored but a few days before. Right ahead could be plainly distinguished a compact body of ice, which stretched away to the right and left, completely checking all onward progress. Around were loose floes, which began advancing every hour with increased force, and in greater numbers toward the south.

To convey an idea of the hardship and difficulty a vessel has to encounter when thus far advanced into the polar regions, it is necessary to remind our readers that the ice is here as hard as granite; that it resembles floating stones; and it would be difficult, indeed, to convey to the mind of any an idea of these mountains hurled fiercely through narrow gullies, encountering each other with a noise like thunder, splintering off from hanging cliffs huge precipices, rending each other asunder, until, losing their equilibrium, they pitch headlong down, whirling the water into eddies, and lifting it aloft to the heavens. The sea is never still. Its changes are like those of a kaleidoscope.

"Captain Shipton," said Henry, in a low tone of voice, to the skipper, as they stood on the quarter-deck, muffled up so that they could scarcely be distinguished one from the other, after a visit to the crow's-nest, "we must haste to winter-quarters. No time is to be lost. The season has advanced more rapidly than I expected."

"But, my dear young friend," said the honest skipper, "how are we to reach the land? The wind is falling, and without a stiff breeze it will be impossible to force our way through these masses of ice."

"We must tow by boats, and get as near the land as possible," said Henry, thoughtfully.

"Go below, then, and arm yourself," replied the captain, quietly. "Now is the time to show firmness and determination."

"What mean you, captain?" asked Henry, anxiously.

"Williams has been throwing out hints—I understand them; and it's my opinion the crew will not winter here if they can help it."

Henry looked surprised, but went below, and, as advised, placed a pair of pistols in the pockets of his pea-jacket. He then came on deck.

"Out with the jolly-boat," roared the skipper, as soon as Henry again stood beside him.

The men obeyed quietly. Henry and the captain exchanged significant glances.

The boat was got out—a crew of nine men were put in it—a tow-line was fastened to it, and the orders given to tow to the westward. At this juncture Williams walked up to his superior officers.

"I don't understand this here hard-water business much, captain," said he; "but to my notion we arn't doing any good by fetching up west. It's my opinion, that with this here breeze we might turn tale on the ice, and be out in a jiffy."

"Quite possible," said Captain Shipton, quietly; "but both myself and Mr. Maynard desire to make for Hearne Bay."

"What for?" asked Williams, anxiously; "why, the sea's a freezin' up, and there ain't no chance of getting out if yer don't do it this bout."

"Mr. Williams," said Henry, mildly, "I think it time to inform you that it is my intention to winter in yonder bay."

"Winter!" roared Williams, actually turning pale,—"winter! why you're mad. Captain Shipton, are you a-going to have your carcass froze up by this young mad-cap?"

"Mr. Henry Maynard is owner and captain of this ship," said the skipper, mildly; "I am but his servant, and what orders he gives it is my duty to obey."

"I take no orders from him!" exclaimed Williams, fiercely; "nor, for the matter of that, from you, if you are mad."

"Williams," said Henry, firmly, "no mutiny, if you please. I should be sorry to use force or violence, but, at the first evidence of insubordination, I shall not hesitate to act."

Williams muttered something between his teeth, and then retreated to the forecastle, as if giving way before absolute necessity.

Meanwhile the ship made but little way. The boat, though pulled lustily by its crew, was continually impeded by the floating ice, which drove them resolutely to the southward. As, however, the breeze began somewhat to freshen, their pace slightly increased, and at last it was found necessary to call in the boat. The men came on deck, the boat was hoisted up, and the *Fair Fanny* labored heavily through the turgid waters.

Henry and Shipton, much encouraged by the yielding of Williams, conversed in low and guarded tones of their plans.

"I think we shall make the land," said Henry, cheerfully; "the breeze freshens up. In an hour or two we shall be safe."

"Be not too sure; this wind is the last spurt of the gale, and when it ends we shall be at the mercy of the ice."

"Think you so? Let us hope for better things. I wonder how the men will really take the matter."

"Well enough but for Williams," said the skipper, gazing anxiously at the heavens.

After the lapse of about an hour, the wind having risen to half a gale, they found themselves in the centre of a large open space of water almost wholly without ice, though apparently surrounded on all sides by icebergs, and the tossing, seething, cracking floes that poured to the east and west with a dark and distant roar. The wind, which was from the northeast, was bitter in the extreme, the atmosphere was again getting thick and hazy, and night was rapidly coming on. A few flakes of snow also were noticed falling on the deck.

It was evident that winter was about to declare itself suddenly and energetically. The ice-bound pool in which they found themselves was tossed by the waves—lashed into fury by the bitter blast—while every now and then a stray lump of

SCENE IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

ice would come thundering against the bows, turn the brig from its course, and shake the sails so effectually as to cause her to lose way.

At this juncture, the whole of the crew were seen advancing with Williams and Hulk at their head.

"Be firm, my friend," said Henry, clutching his pistols in each hand, inside his pocket; "the crisis is come."

The skipper imitated his example, without saying a word.

"Captain Shipton," said Williams, halting a short distance from his superior, while the men crowded sullenly behind their spokesman, "I've had a bit o' talk with the men, and they say as how they won't venter upon this here churchyard sea no farther. It don't stand to reason—no how. We're all willing to do our duty—to go aloft, reef and steer, haul aft and belay, fish, and what not—but we won't be blocked up in this ice for no one. Winter's come; there's no more whales to be found; we've got a fair wind; so let's run right out of this here ice——"

"No more, Williams!" exclaimed Henry; "you shipped all for two years. You have done your duty; I must do mine. My orders are to winter up here, so as to start in the spring and try and reach the 110th degree of longitude. You know the reward, my lads—five thousand pounds. I want none of it. Do but second me, and my share of the prize is yours."

One of the men gave a faint "hurrah!" which was followed up by two or three others.

"Silence!" roared Williams; "all this is gammon. We ain't going to reach no hundred and your granny of longitude. Why, the hanimals quits these parts in the winter—the bears and the wolves cuts away, and you don't tell me as us men can live. No. So, Captain Shipton, if you will be guided by this here young lunatic, we won't; speak the word and it's settled."

"What do you require of me?" asked Captain Shipton, with suppressed passion.

"Turn the ship's head to the south—run down to a port in Greenland, where we can spend a jolly winter, and we'll come back in the spring to work. If not, we've decided to do it ourselves."

"What say you, Mr. Maynard?" replied the captain, turning anxiously to Henry.

"That the man who shifts a sail, or steers a point from the western course I have given, shall, for this act of mutiny, receive the contents of one of these pistols in his head!" and Henry slowly raised his two pistols towards Williams.

"Knock him down!" roared the second mate—himself, however, retreating.

"Back, every man of you!" exclaimed the captain, imitating the example of Henry.

The crowd of sailors held back, while whispers passed from man to man. Williams retreated behind the crowd, and tried to induce the men to advance; but there were many reasons that caused the crew to hesitate. In the first place, the sight of four loaded muzzles rendered the task a dangerous one; but the chief motive was the respect and love with which in their hearts they regarded their two chief officers.

"A precious set of cowards," sneered Williams; "a cutting away twenty of ye before a boy and a man 'cause they got a pair of old popguns."

"I say, Mister Williams, belay that; no more a coward nor yourself, do ye see? But barkers ain't popguns; and if as so you like them playthings, just go and knock 'em down yourself."

"Dolts—idiots! you'll be bunged up in this here sea like mummies friz in a hiceberg. I don't want no one to harm the youngster. It's for his good as well as ours as I speaks, do you see? so just rush in and disarm 'em."

"Mr. Williams," said Hulk, "I tells you afore that ere's done four men will die. Besides, I dare say they knows best, and this here is downright mutiny; and Jim Hulk ain't in his forty-seventh year, as has served the king twenty, to turn toward the yard-arm. Captain Shipton," he added, turning, cap in hand, despite the cold; "I axes pardon, and if as how you'll say no more about it, Hulk's your man, fore and aft."

"Always thought you a good man, Hulk; come aft, and no more shall be said about it. Now, then, hear my last words: down with your handspikes there, and return to your duty, lads; and the last man shall be put in irons, and hanged on his return to England."

The crew dispersed like magic at these terrible words, and the skipper, turning to Henry, lost the opportunity of seeing who was the last man. From that minute nothing more was heard of the mutiny.

"You see, Mr. Henry," said the skipper, smiling, "all that is needed is a little firmness."

"It is the secret of discipline," replied our hero, much relieved at the pacific turn affairs had taken.

At this instant the wind suddenly ceased, a calm stillness spread through the air, and the ship was tossed at the mercy of the waves. All rushed to look over the side, but it was so hazy that nothing could be distinguished.

Obedient once more to the voice of their officers, the men diligently obeyed the orders as they were given. The sails were furled, lookouts were placed, and every soul on board waited with deep anxiety the next sign of life which should be given.

There was a dull weight in the atmosphere; the waves rose and fell with a long and sullen swell; a few flakes of snow were floated against the face at every motion of the ship. This motion gradually subsided, the stillness became fearful, and then a roar as of artillery was heard, with a simultaneous flash of sheet lightning.

The ship quivered, rocked from side to side, pitched, rolled, and then all was motionless—sea, air, water, brig, and for an instant the very breath of those who were deeply interested spectators of all that was passing around.

"We are frozen in," said Henry in a low, hushed voice, as of one under the influence of a solemn and extraordinary event.

"We are," replied Shipton, with a sigh, "and at least ten miles from the land."

"It cannot be helped," said our hero, calmly. "Providence watches over us, and we must do our best. Perhaps we are not finally frozen in, and may make way to-morrow."

Williams came sullenly up, and asked what was to be done.

"Wait until morning," said Henry, sternly, "and if the ice does not break, bring down the sails and topmasts. The sails will make an awning for the deck."

"Very well, sir," replied Williams, who thought it wise to conceal his mortification and anger.

The night was bitterly cold—snow fell heavily; and so rapid was the progress of the freezing power of the atmosphere, that before daybreak the ice was six inches thick round the brig, which was firmly embedded in its surface.

When the short day now left to them had begun, all saw that their fate was sealed for the next nine months. They were irrevocably locked up by the iron grasp of a frost, which added inches in thickness every hour to the hard surface of the water.

Immediate steps were taken to provide against the terrible inclemency of the season in this high and dreary latitude, where so many men have been tempted by a zeal that might certainly have led to happier and greater results. The yards, masts, and sails were taken down; a sloping awning of planks and sails was made the whole length of the ship; every aperture was blocked up; the deck was covered by a coat of sand, and every possible provision was made for the health and comfort of the crew as far as could be done on board a merchant ship.

It was now that the previous studies of our hero became valuable, and that the skipper learned to appreciate his many wise precautions for the winter—precautions suggested by the failures and misfortunes of others.

The temperature of the atmosphere was far below zero, and

the condensation of the steam made it necessary to promote a systematic arrangement with regard to ventilation.

It was arranged that the old sea watches should be done away with, that all should rise at the same hour and go to bed together. During the day large fires were kept both in the cabin and in the forecastle, while oil lamps burned in every part of the ship to prevent dampness. The fires were allowed to go out when all the men were in bed, the lamps then only diffusing warmth. This arose from the fact that coals were scarcer than oil.

A considerable quantity of extra clothing, warm flannels, mittens, and other articles, were served out to the crew. Regular arrangements were then entered into for the long and dreary winter.

They rose at eight, the fires were lit, breakfast given out, and then all dispersed until twelve, to amuse themselves as they thought proper. Some made their way across the snow, which soon left no distinction between land and sea, to a high point which they knew marked the first jet of land, in the hope of finding game—a hope not very often realized; others got up running matches on the snow, until twelve o'clock, when dinner was announced. In the evening they congregated round a large fire, which was placed in a stove amidships, and amused themselves each man according to his own fancy. Henry studied his books of modern travel; the captain joined him, and obtained as much information on the point as possible. Williams—who had given up all idea of mutiny for the present, from the simple fact that mutiny was now useless—told long-winded yarns to the men, who, after a short time, were as merry as under the circumstances could be expected. Provisions and comforts generally were abundant, and any wrath that might have been felt was studiously concealed.

And thus the winter wore on—even the night of three months' duration—without any inconvenience or murmuring,

save when the scurvy broke out slightly—a malady, however, quickly repressed by the exertions of our learned hero.

In imitation of others, they also invented amusements, and even got up on Christmas eve a sort of burlesque play, which caused much mirth, and which, being followed by extra cheer on that ever-memorable occasion, was exceedingly gratifying to the crew.

Several hunting expeditions were organized, but they rarely produced any other result than a contest with a bear, many of which animals were attracted by their keen sense of smell into dangerous proximity with the vessel.

The phenomena of the winter were many, but other and better opportunities will occur of describing them during the progress of our strange and eventful history.

The long night of nearly four months, the vivid coruscations of the Aurora Borealis, the death-like stillness of nature, the welcome reappearance of the sun, are subjects with which most readers are now pretty well acquainted.

The winter passed without accident, and the month of May came, and the sun showed some slight sign of warmth. At the height of its power it thawed some snow on the housing of the tent—and yet the thermometer was still at zero—for the first time for eight months that it had been so temperate. This was comparative summer to the weary crew, for though the snow was deep, and the air chill, yet the snow was softer than before; and in comparison with the depth of winter and its biting blasts, the air was balmy.

Advantage of this state of things was now taken to start an expedition toward the nearest land. A sledge was loaded with provisions; half a dozen of the best men, with Hulk and Henry, engaged themselves on the ice, but they speedily found that they had selected rather a bad time for their adventurous journey. They lost themselves about the middle of the first day, in a dense fog, and after wandering about for nearly twelve hours, were so utterly exhausted as to huddle together for warmth, almost careless of what followed.

They had met with jagged lumps of ice, covered by soft snow; they had to leap from lump to lump, sometimes across fissures at the bottom of which the water bubbled up, and on one or two occasions they had to save some unfortunate member of their party at the peril of their own lives.

Hulk got a thorough ducking, and was scarcely able to move.

About midnight, however, the frost resumed its strength, and it was determined to erect a snow hut. They had a spade with them, which the men proceeded to use in turns; and great was considered the favor of being the one in possession of this utensil, as it promoted warmth. A huge pile of hard snow was found, and they proceeded to dig into this. It was very solid and hard, so that they dug out square blocks, which they erected into a wall, and in about an hour had a hut sufficiently large for all of them to sit round a small fire, the smoke of which passed out of a hole made for the purpose.

A plentiful supply of biscuit and tea was now served out, which set all in good humor, especially when Henry further consented to the men indulging in the favorite luxury of a sailor—a pipe.

They then closed the aperture by which the smoke had been allowed to go forth, and drawing their blankets over them, slept soundly. In the morning they awoke, and though they began to feel very cold, were unharmed. The difficulties of their situation, however, were such that they determined at once to return to the ship, and wait a more favorable opportunity.

This was done, though not without some trouble, as the real situation of the brig was not discovered without delay and wandering. It was finally, however, accomplished, to the general satisfaction of all.

In the beginning of the month of June, a strong gale from the north, and a heavy snowdrift, seemed to threaten unusual duration to the winter. Frost came in again with extreme severity, and the snow was once more as hard as ever.

Another expedition was attempted toward some remarkable hills which lay in a westerly direction, but without any more good fortune than the first instance. Another kind of experiment was then determined on.

Tracks of reindeer and musk oxen were now often seen upon the snow, and it was determined to use the last week of winter to lay in as good a stock of game as possible. A hunting party was then organized to follow the marked track of animals which had been found. They were from the land, seaward, which seemed to indicate that an island usually frequented by these animals was at no great distance.

Henry, with four of the best shots on board, Hulk and Williams also joining in, formed the party. They were armed with guns loaded by heavy shot, while each man carried in his belt pistols and a small axe, by way of protection against more dangerous game in the shape of wolves.

A flask of powder, and one of rum, completed each man's equipment; a sledge being provided to load with game, in case they should be fortunate enough to fall in with any.

They started at early dawn in high spirits. There was the hope of an exciting chase, and then, in a few days, freedom from their monotonous position, and liberty once more to sail along the waters of the boiling ocean.

It became, therefore, a matter of great importance to have a stock of fresh food, which might vary the eternal and unwholesome salt provisions, which all were so anxious to get rid of. The chase itself, too, was one of those occupations for idle hours which men generally gladly welcome.

The morning was cold. A hard frost made the ground pleasant to walk on. There was scarcely any wind to drive up the loose snow from gullies and heaps, the track of the deer was clear and marked, and away they went merrily and cheerfully over the vast white plain.

The sky was clear and blue, and the eye could glance over a vast expanse of ground; so that it was altogether a cheering

and hopeful day, though to some it was to prove the most fatal and fearful of their existence. But none knew fear or doubt, and none more jolly than our party of hunters on that cold and bitter morning.

They did not march close together, but scattered themselves over a line about fifty or sixty feet, the man with the sledge keeping the middle. Every now and then they hailed each other to see that all was right, and that none of the party were straying too far.

After advancing about five miles—they had a small compass with them—they found the plain change in appearance. The track was found to trend in an easterly direction, through a plain of a very rough character. Large pieces of ice, cast up from the sea during the tossing of the floes, had formed an irregular collection of rocks, which the wind in many places had stripped of snow. A halt took place, and then it was agreed that the sledge should be left on the edge of this wild icy pile of hills and valleys, while the hunters should advance with caution, there being very recent tracks on the little snow that was left in certain hollows.

"Hillo! a bear has been here too!"-said one of the sailors, pointing to the mark of his paws.

All looked around with a startled air, expecting to see the animal darting from behind some icy concealment.

And yet, after the first moment of surprise, there was not one who would not have welcomed the animal as a boon. A halt was held for an instant, and then it was resolved to pursue their course as if nothing had happened.

"Keep a sharp lookout, lads," said Henry, darting up a rugged path between two jagged pillars of ice that stood like the ruins of an antique temple, dashed and broken by time.

Standing still a minute, Henry, from a little height he had gained, looked onward. As far as the eye could reach was a vast and illimitable plain, white, flat, dazzling to the eye, save in the northeast, where seemed to rise a peak of rather lofty

dimensions, which Henry at once thought must be the island toward which the reindeer and other animals were making their way, and thither he at once determined to make his way.

Between this object and where he stood, at a distance of about a mile, was something black and dark, which might be a bear, or an ox, or a pack of wolves devouring some prey they had overtaken.

"Come on my hearties," said Henry, making a dash in the direction of the game; "come on; here is game for the bold."

Henry ran, as he thought, about a quarter of a mile without stopping. He then suddenly halted, as the whole scene was wrapped, as if by magic, in darkness, and he was covered in an instant with snow. Henry stood still, dazzled, confounded, and not knowing what to do. Then the snow ceased, the air cleared up again, and all was as before, save that not a sign could he anywhere see of his companions, while not a trace was left of his own footsteps to tell in what direction he had come.

And Williams carried the compass!

There was a pang at his heart a minute, and then he reflected calmly. He knew pretty well the direction of the ship, and he saw before him the vast, irregular plain of jagged ice, on the outer side of which he had parted from his companions. He at once, therefore, turned back. He did not, however, advance with the same rapidity which had characterized his former run. The snow which had fallen had been slightly mixed with rain, a certain indication that the breaking up of the ice was at hand. Henry hurried on, however, for some time, and yet appeared no nearer to the hummocks than at first. This puzzled him very much, and he looked back in search of the peak.

It was not behind him; it was at his side.

"Merciful Heaven!" he cried, "I have then come wrong."

For an instant he was nearly transfixed with horror and astonishment; but knowing well the importance of rapidity of

action, he took once more what appeared to be the right direction. At this instant a bird rose, flapping its wings. It was a ptarmagan. With the double view of securing some game and of calling the attention of his fellows, Henry fired.

The bird fell fluttering about twenty yards from his feet. He secured it, put it in his bag, and continued his journey without reloading, so wild were beginning to be his thoughts.

Alone on that terrible sea, miles away from land, no guide to tell him which way to go—the heavens were now obscured and dark—the season so far advanced that the ice might break up and scatter—himself unprovided with food—his companions totally unaware of his real position, Henry felt that his sole dependence was in God; and his lips earnestly whispered a prayer to Him who alone, he felt, could save him.

A growl startled him. About fifty yards in advance was a huge bear, coming slowly on. Henry stood still, loaded his gun deliberately, and awaited the coming of the savage monster, which advanced as if certain of its prey.

THE POLAR BEAR.

It was a large white bear, one of immense size, an animal which probably weighed nearly a ton. Some of these creatures

present the appearance of a small elephant in bulk, though they stand so much shorter on the legs, and have long, low necks.

Henry, whose mind was braced up by the consciousness of his severe peril, felt no alarm in relation to the bear. He cocked his gun, and stood. The bear came on, on four paws, until he was within twenty yards, when he rose on his hind legs, gave a fearful growl, and then a yell of terrible anguish, as he sank on the snow.

Henry had fired deliberately and calmly, and had hit his right hand paw, and so effectually as to lame him. The bear, however, came limping on at a very slow pace, growling and yelling in a horrible manner.

Henry fired both pistols when the bear was close to him, and then ran, leaving the animal quite incapable of following him.

At the end of a hundred yards he turned. The bear was slowly, and but very slowly, following him up.

Henry Maynard was now too experienced in the character of the polar regions not to be well aware that night, which still prevailed for some few days longer, was rapidly coming on. He therefore hastened to gain the summit of a small hill of ice, and to look round the horizon, in the faint hopes of discovering some sign of the ship.

He looked round, right round; north, south, east, west, in every direction—nothing. Neither his companions nor that old brig, which, under present circumstances, was Paradise itself, could be seen.

Henry clasped his hands in agony, and then muttered a prayer, though scarcely able to collect his thoughts sufficiently to find words.

What was to be done? Night was rapidly coming on, and in a moment nothing could be seen. What was he to do? Which way should he go?

His mind almost wandering, he ran up and down, hither

and thither, in the desperate hope of finding a track left by some of his comrades, and was about wholly to despair, when the sledge met his view. It was where they left it, and there, at no great distance, were the pillars of ice between which he had passed.

His heart bounded with delight, and as thankful a prayer as ever burst from man's heart went up unchecked to Heaven.

And yet there was no track—the sledge itself was almost covered by snow—and he did not know in what direction to point his footsteps.

He determined, therefore, to seek some place where to pass the night. When on expeditions, he had, with the sailors, often erected huts of ice and snow; but alone he felt himself unequal to this task. He looked about, therefore, and presently saw, close at hand, a kind of hollow, formed by the accidental upheaving of two vast lumps of ice, which leaned against each other.

A hollow space about seven feet high, and as many broad, had been left, and into this Henry was about to venture, when he saw evident signs of its having been inhabited. It was doubtless the haunt of the wounded bear.

His first impulse was to discharge a pistol into its dark recesses—he did so; but when the echoes had died away all was still and silent as the grave. He therefore entered and groped about, but was very much startled to find the place strewed with bones. He felt convinced that his first surmise was right, and contemplated with no small dread the return of the savage brute to his den.

Naturally much alarmed, he drew the sledge up to the cavern, stood it on end, and leaned it against the entrance. Against this he piled up several loose pieces of ice, and after half an hour's hard work, blocked up his retreat, so that, save through a small hole, it could not be entered.

In half an hour more it was all as hard as rock. Then Henry crept into his singular cell, where, by contrast with the

outer atmosphere, he was warm. He took a draught of rum, and then lit a torch, which they all always carried with them in case of being delayed at night or of being lost.

The cave was about six yards deep, and the bones of various animals, which could now by the torch be clearly seen, showed that the bear had made it his halting place for some days. Henry at once loaded his pistols and gun, placed his hatchet close at hand, and then closing up the aperture by which he had crept in, with his bag, laid himself down to rest, after roasting in the flame of his pine-torch a portion of the bird, which, with a hard biscuit, he eagerly devoured.

He was not very alarmed. He knew that he was not more than six miles from the ship; he knew that his companions, beaten back by fear of the storm, or even still wandering, would soon announce his position to the captain, and that exploring parties would be sent out to find him. He even himself could in the morning find his way to the ship.

For some time naturally his mind was tortured and racked by conflicting thoughts, by those unnamed dreads which come over the soul when something—it knows not what—is to be feared.

At last, however, he fell soundly asleep, and slept he knew not how long.

He was awaked by a whining howl. He was in the dark, and a strange scratching noise was heard outside, accompanied by something between a bark and a whine.

Henry knew it at once to be a polar wolf; and poking the end of a pistol between the sledge and the game-bag, he fired. A sharp howl followed, and then there was stillness again.

At this moment a roar like that of thunder was heard. Henry, who knew what it meant, dashed down the sledge, reckless of all consequences, and sprang out. The noise was repeated in all directions.

It was the first day of summer. The ice was breaking up in every direction.

Jets of water spouted up; the huge mass of ice on which Henry stood rocked and swayed to and fro, as if about to turn upside down, and then began moving rapidly onward, whirling round all the time.

At this instant Henry caught sight of the distant sails of his ship. They had, then, utterly given him up, for they were hoisting up the yards and setting the sails. The sun, which rose warm and bright, was melting the snow with singular rapidity; the wind was balmy and sweet, and came across the moving plain with increasing force every moment.

All hope was gone. He felt it, and yet he clung to life with all the desperate energy of a dying man.

The cave remained intact. The lumps of ice which formed it had grown into a solid mass of some extent. The iceberg thus formed was about fifty feet long and thirty wide, forming a small raft, which swayed to and fro as it came in contact with the breaking masses around.

Every now and then reports like thunder showed that the ice-fields were breaking up still more every minute. There was a rapid tide, a current which brought down the breaking masses upon the iceberg with singular rapidity; they were hurled against one another with a noise like thunder—huge lumps broke off, and falling, some on the large floating mass which supported Henry, menaced to upset it.

For some time this strange raft kept on in a southeasterly direction, turning on itself at every hundred yards. It was all this time in sight of the *Fair Fanny*, which, however, at the end of an hour, was under full sail, trying to force its way to the north.

Henry's heart beat high. They had not given up all hope of finding him.

At this instant the iceberg whirled round as if it had been spinning, and our hero was cast to the ground by the shock. When he arose he found himself being carried rapidly in a northeasterly direction. He had evidently met with a power-

ful current, which was driving him to the very heart of the Arctic regions.

The ship was now scarcely to be seen. It appeared so impeded in its progress by the ice as scarcely to move.

Henry therefore gave up all hope of immediate assistance in this direction. He looked then about him to find what were his immediate prospects of escape from death.

Around were huge piles of ice cracking, dashing, leaping, breaking in all directions; while the huge lump on which he floated did not seem very safe or steady. His gun, his pistols, his game-bag, and his sledge, were all that were left to him at that moment in this world, while he was being hurried he knew not whither.

Presently he noticed that another stream of ice was coming down in an opposite direction, and as he remarked that he was hurrying in the direction of the peak, he conceived that a current came round that mountain, went onwards a certain distance, and, then meeting that from Lancaster Sound, was driven back to the other side of the island.

The hope of Henry's heart was now centred upon that desolate hill, which was not more than six miles distant.

He saw at once that he was being carried in a direction that promised to bring him to the hoped-for haven; but he was too well acquainted with the rapid changes so common in those seas to feel any confidence or certainty on the subject. He moved, according to his calculation, at the rate of about three miles an hour—a rate which would, if it continued, bring him to the end of his journey before night.

The great danger was, of meeting another current, and being carried away to the east or west, in which case his peril would be great; in fact he felt that, if he did not succeed in making the island of the Peak, he was hopelessly lost.

Clutching his gun, he as much as possible used it as a pole to impel his raft slightly to the eastward; and he had the satisfaction, after about an hour's hard labor, to see himself within

a moderate distance of the hill on which now his eyes were steadily fixed.

His journey was not without constant peril—a peril presently much increased by the dangerous propinquity of a huge iceberg, the shape and form of which seemed familiar.

Apparently more within the force of the northern current, it had been more than a mile behind him, and now came rushing down upon him with alarming rapidity; while, to add to his discomfort and uneasiness, he could distinctly see, on its extreme edge, the bear he had met the previous day, crouching as if ready to dart upon him. On it came, crashing against all minor obstacles, shaking and threatening to upset at every moment, but clearly less deep in the water than that which supported our forlorn and almost exhausted hero.

At length it came close, and a collision was inevitable. Henry clutched his gun, and made ready for a spring, as he expected his own raft to be upset or knocked to pieces. He determined the more readily to exchange positions, as, on a near approach, it was quite clear that the bear was incapable of harming him, it being quite dead, or, at all events, at the very last gasp.

The icebergs met; the smaller one grated, crashed, and then shivered into fifty pieces, just as Henry, by a desperate leap, gained a footing on the huge mountain alongside the bear. The pile of congealed water rocked violently, and then steadying itself, pursued its onward course.

The island was now not more than two hundred yards distant, and Henry could clearly perceive a small bay at the foot of the Peak, into which he would gladly have guided his raft. But this was beyond his power, for the iceberg kept steadily on its way, and if it did not pass the island, would certainly not enter the sheltered cove, which to Henry was the haven of all present hopes.

Close to the shore of the island there was a small collection of packed ice, and against this the perpendicular side of the

iceberg, on the edge of which was the bear, appeared about to strike. Henry kneeled down and prepared for the collision. It took place, however, with great gentleness; the hill shook, and then was quite stationary. Henry rose to his feet, and aware of the great value of his prize, proceeded to make sure of the bear. By great good fortune the animal, having advanced to the extreme edge of the cliff—a last effort to jump into the water to swim—lay so that it could be pushed. Henry made, therefore, a desperate effort; the body moved, slid, and went away to the very shore, carrying a large mass of ice with it which was detached by his weight.

Henry then crawled down a less perpendicular part of the berg, and leaping across the packed ice, was in five minutes more on the shores of the island, to which he had looked with so much anxiety all that day.

* * * * * * *

On board the brig, to which the whole hunting party had returned in safety, the deepest anxiety was felt. Captain Shipton, when the disaster was known, though nearly mad with grief, and fearful in the extreme as to the result, acted with prudence and firmness. Guns were fired every quarter of an hour during the night, while it was determined that at daybreak a new expedition should go forth in search of the lost one. When, however, the ice broke in the morning, the skipper felt that all human probability was against his young master being still alive, and yet he determined to do his duty.

As soon as the brig could be got under weigh, despite the terrible perils of the situation, she was pressed under heavy canvas towards the north, and still every quarter of an hour guns were fired, Henry not having heard, which must be ascribed to some peculiar state of the atmosphere at that moment.

With so well-constituted a mind as that which early nurture had given to Henry Maynard, the first impulse on reaching land was to return humble and hearty thanks to God for the great

mercy by which he had been saved from a terrible and fearful death—to which, indeed, he had been so near, that it took some time for his mind to be fully convinced of the reality of escape. As he knelt, he reviewed with shuddering the perils he had passed through, the unstable fabric which had served him for a raft, and the good fortune, or rather the Divine Providence, which had directed him to this small spot of earth, instead of to the wide, open sea, where inevitable destruction awaited him. Now, at all events, he had his feet on the earth; a solid portion of the soil of the world was beneath him, and the opportunity was given him to exert his energies for his salvation.

Education and the training of his youth had fully prepared Henry for even the unusual and terrible struggle which he must necessarily make, be his future good or ill, and whether Providence designed his being wholly left on that spot of earth, or that he should be saved.

He felt that it was quite possible, and in fact certain, that his companions would seek him, hopeless as might be the search; and as he knew that the ship had not yet sailed to any very great distance from the spot where he now was, his mind was invigorated by hope as well as by gratitude. Men had been placed in worse positions, and yet, by the great goodness of God, had escaped to tell the tale.

He accordingly rose from his knees much refreshed, and proceeding to look around him, surveyed the character and appearance of his strange abiding place with great curiosity.

Close to his feet lay the vast body of the white bear he had killed the previous day. It was quite stiff and cold, despite the slightly genial warmth which began to spread like balm through the air. This at once was a sign of encouragement. But though this animal offered him much in the way of self-preservation and utility, yet still he was too anxious to examine his new territory to do any thing as yet, even though so deeply essential to his well-being as securing food.

The hill already alluded to was about half a mile distant, and as it was rather elevated in character, Henry determined at once to climb to its summit, and thus discover if the *Fair Fanny* were still within the range of the horizon.

He loaded his gun, saw that his axe was safe in his belt, replenished the priming of his pistols, felt for his hunting knife, and then prepared to start on his expedition, despite the immediate cravings of hunger.

There are, indeed, moments in a man's life when even the most imperious calls of nature are disregarded and despised, so fixed is the mind upon some one idea.

It was at this instant that something of the truth flashed across his mind.

He gazed out upon the sea, he fixed his eyes on the cracking ice as it floated by, he glanced at the arid shore, he listened and he heard no sound—an overwhelming feeling of desolation came over his soul.

He was alone.

"And is it possible," he cried aloud, though no voice could answer him, no ear could hearken to his tale,—"is it possible that the dream of my childhood has come true, that I am left alone to live that life which once I so much coveted—alone—on an island? O, let me see at once, let me reassure myself that it is not an island, or I shall go mad!"

He paused and looked around, as if expecting some reply. But none came; not even the echo of his own voice.

"O father, mother, dear Fanny—and am I forever parted from you? Is this reality, or is it an ugly and fantastic dream, the child of fever? It is not real. I am not, I cannot be alone! Wake up, my soul; speak to me, some one—O heavens, it is so—I am—I am alone!"

He began, as he spoke, a frantic course toward the mountain, but was soon checked by the difficulties and asperities of the road. Wherever there was a slope or a tendency to a valley, the snow was still thick on the ground, wet, thawing,

and deep, and Henry was obliged to exercise extreme caution to escape falling into holes which would have sunk him up to his neck. Still on he went, using, despite the wild state of his mind, every precaution to escape accident, until at last he reached the bottom of a very steep acclivity which was completely free from snow, a stony, arid portion of land, which seemed to continue to the very summit of the hill, the top of which was the extreme goal of his present wishes. So great was his haste that he several times stumbled; but at length his desire was accomplished—he was on the very apex of the peak, and there was no higher land above him.

His first glance was for the sea, for in that direction was his hope of salvation.

He looked from each extremity of the horizon to the centre, and then gave one long sweep round all; it was in vain—nothing met his gaze. The whole sea was broken up by lumps of floating ice, by floes, and by icebergs; but nothing in the shape of the sails of a ship was visible. He drew a long sigh, and proceeded to examine the hill on which he stood.

It struck him at once that he was on the mouth of an extinct volcano. The hill was round at the top, and descended by a gradual slope to the centre, where a pile of snow was accumulated, concealing what might be a vast depth beneath. The examination of this Henry at once deferred until a more favorable opportunity, when the brief but rapid summer of these regions should have enabled him to do so with more satisfaction.

He walked slowly round the hill, hoping, almost against hope, that he was on a long projection of the continent, on the mainland indeed, instead of, as he feared greatly, on a deserted and uninhabited island.

And yet, unless he fell in with a friendly tribe of Esquimaux, he would not be much better off on the mainland than he would be on an isle in the middle of the sea. For a man unused to that climate, any attempt to reach the inhabited part

of America along the shores of the Frozen Sea would be sheer madness.

In a few minutes all doubt on this point was set at rest. The place which had given him refuge against the raging waves, was itself wholly surrounded by the sea. It was about seven miles long and three broad, and nowhere could a glimpse of other land be seen, except far away to the westward, where a long line of blue hills seemed to be clearly distinguished in the distance.

ESQUIMAUX AND THEIR HUTS.

"Alone—on an island—in the Polar Seas," cried Henry, in a state of mind bordering on distraction—"what am I to do? what is to become of me?"

And he descended the hill toward the place where he had landed, his whole thoughts now directed to immediate preservation. He had noticed, on the edge of the bay near which he had been stranded, several pieces of wood cast up by the

waves, which he was eager to possess himself of, while he had been considerably struck, on his way up the hill, by the presence of lumps of a substance which he believed to be a kind of coal. Here, then, were two important discoveries, which it was essential to verify.

Henry thought not of a fire for mere purposes of warmth, but he hoped that a huge beacon lighted on the beach would serve the purpose also of attracting his friends. On second examination he was more than ever persuaded that the substance which lay scattered at the foot of the volcanic hill was a kind of coal very common in the polar regions—which some day may be our great coal-field—and which, though not exactly the same as that known to the ordinary commerce of the world, is still useful and gives a brilliant light.

It appears, indeed, a well-authenticated fact, that up in these cold regions, near the

> "frigid zone,
> Where for relentless months, continual night
> Holds o'er the glittering waste her starry light;"

where—as Purchas has it—"foggy mysts, tempestuous winds, cold blasts, snowe, and hayle" abound; where "unequal seas amaze the hearer" and "amate the beholder;" where "monstrous icie islands, renting themselves with terror of their own massies," check progress—are concealed treasures of minerals, which would, if known, soon produce some such combination as the Anglo-Icicle and North Pole Gold, Copper, and Tin Company. And so vast is the enterprise of man, who already seeks his oil in these very regions, that we anticipate, at no distant day, the shores of the Frozen Ocean coming into competition with Cornwall, California, and Australia.

To collect and pile up a supply of wood and coal was an occupation which gave Henry an hour of very hard labor. He begrudged it not, however, so much depending on the success of his plan. When he had piled up as much as he thought necessary for immediate purposes, he built a fire against a

little hillock, and then proceeded, with a beating heart, to try the experiment of lighting it.

On the southern slope of a stony eminence at no great distance, Henry had remarked some moss, of the kind which tempts the deer in such large numbers to certain islands, and of this he had torn up several handfuls, which he had exposed to the faint and sickly warmth of that cold and dismal semblance of the sun, which yet by comparison was so cheerful and pleasant. On this depended the success of his experiment.

Never did so much depend before on a man being able or not to light a fire. His life, with the last hope of relief, were both at stake on the hazard of success or failure.

A small quantity of gunpowder was thrown by him on to the moss, which he placed behind his pile of wood and coal, and then his gun, loosely charged with a piece of rag as wadding, was fired at this newly-invented tinder.

The report was scarcely heard when a welcome flash was seen, and then a genial flame, as rag, moss, and gunpowder acted one upon the other. Henry was in ecstasies, and when a slight breeze which prevailed fanned the whole, and some small chips he had chipped with his axe began first to smoke damply and then to blaze, a feeling of relief and hope was infused into his whole being.

Ten minutes later, and wood and coal, after resisting for an instant, by means of their damp state, the power of the flames burst forth into a fire, which roared, and blazed, and crackled, in a way that proved to Henry that, on that lone and desert shore, he at all events would be able to find, what in that desolate region was a necessary of existence at all times—fuel.

The pleasurable sensation of a fire was so great, that it had a natural effect upon his mind, which was in a far easier state than it had ever been since his first discovery of his having parted company with his companions on the hunting expedition.

There is almost unlimited power in physical comfort. The absence of material and positive wants shows itself, not only in the person, in the appearance, in the look, but it affects the mind and character. Not only do whole races, that have been used to oppression and misery, rise, under the genial sun of liberty and prosperity, to an improved configuration and state of body, but the soothed soul sheds its light over the whole characteristics of the tribe, which becomes more generous, more kindly, better.

Those who have never suffered, those who have never known want, can scarcely understand the kind of passionate delight which overspread Henry's heart and frame as he gazed at his bright and blazing pile.

A certain amount of food and shelter was now imperiously called for. Henry was famished.

For both these requisites he looked to the bear—to its flesh and its skin.

Taking out his sharp knife, Henry began to attack the animal in as scientific a way as possible. He first opened the skin from head to tail, a task of less difficulty than he expected, he having lit his fire sufficiently near the animal for its gradually increasing heat to soften the hide and unfreeze its members. As soon as this operation had been successfully carried out to a certain extent, he cut out a large lump of flesh, which he then sliced into thinner portions, some of which he fastened on his ramrod and placed before the fire.

This was a mode of cooking already familiar to him during some of his land expeditions, when he had first visited America.

He then continued his labor with the more ardor that he was very weary. Already had the time come when there is really no night; but still nature exerted her imperious power, and he only succeeded in completely skinning the animal at a moment when he was sinking from utter exhaustion.

Glad indeed was he of a morsel of roasted bear's meat,

when his hard work was over, and equally glad was he of a good draught of snow-water slightly diluted with rum, his flask of which he determined to preserve as a cordial in case of accident or illness.

It was, indeed, a wild and singular scene, away up in that frozen sea, where, probably, a fire had never been lit before, to see that lone and solitary youth seated beside that blazing pile, his gun close to his hand, the carcass of a huge bear close by, and the sea moaning dismally at his feet. A cold wind swept overhead and fanned the flames, which cast every thing more than ten yards distant into comparative darkness; a low hush seemed to be sighed forth by inanimate nature; and the world, abandoned by all, was, to all appearance, left the inheritance of this the last man. But Henry hoped still; and the fond hope of being reunited to his fellows still sustained him.

Having supped heartily, and gained confidence once more by an earnest appeal to his Creator, Henry piled on wood and coal, and then entered within his shelter.

Thick and freshly torn from the body of the animal, it was a coverlet by no means to be despised, and was so large that Henry lay within it quite at his ease.

He had, indeed, so arranged the bear-skin, that he was able to get quite within it, and by presenting the open side to the fire, to have a prospect of being tolerably warm. He clutched a pistol with one hand, and then closing the aperture round him, was wholly concealed within his novel and extraordinary shelter—one, however, frequently made use of by hunters in icy regions.

And thus he prepared to pass his first night on an island somewhere about the 78th degree of latitude, in the middle of a sea which beat against the shores with a dull roar of waves and icebergs.

Above, the sky was clear, and a faint Aurora Borealis could be distinguished, but not of equal beauty with those seen

during the intenser frosts, when the air appears to be more rarefied, and better prepared for optical illusions and effects. The stars looked singularly bright; and altogether, for one cast thus suddenly on his own resources, it was an encouraging and pleasing sight for the regions in which it manifested itself. The sun, too, was perpetually visible, though yet for a few days it gave but little light.

Henry, wearied and exhausted as he was, felt no inclination to sleep. The novelty of his situation, the dim hopes of being saved, the dread of wild beasts, the prospect of being forever left to battle with the elements on that bleak shore, the apparent impossibility of passing a winter there, were all ideas that banished slumber completely.

It was, we have said, a beautiful night, and gradually Henry, despite his unquiet thoughts, became soothed by the solemn stillness of that place, where man, doubtless, had never before trod, and where human voice had never been heard. The alternate moaning and roaring of the sea, the cracking of the flames, the hissing of the damp wood, the sputtering of gas escaping in sudden bursts, were the only sounds which greeted his ear, and they were so monotonous, that Henry's eyes grew gradually heavy, and at last he fell off into a sound and refreshing sleep, without dreams or sensation of any kind.

"What want you?" suddenly exclaimed Henry, fancying himself in the cabin of the *Fair Fanny*, and that some one was pulling him to wake him.

He was awake, but recollection came slowly, and then he felt something tugging furiously at one of the paws of the bear. He at once guessed it to be a fox, and with a tremendous roar thrust his arm out and fired. A yell, a long and repeated howl, and the scampering of many feet on the pebbly shore, proclaimed his victory. The foxes, whose presence had been attracted by the smell of the flesh of the bear, escaped with singular rapidity.

Having found his other pistol, and even loaded the one he

had discharged, Henry waited a renewal of the attack; but the animals seemed sufficiently alarmed with one experiment. No doubt the human voice was even more terrible to them than the firearms, for they made no further attack.

Henry arose for a moment to replenish his fire, and endeavored as much as possible to raise a high blaze, which might thus be seen at a great distance. The wind had increased, and the waves broke with additional fury against the edge of the bay. Up rose the flames of the wood and coal on high, making a flare which could be seen, doubtless, a long way off.

With this conviction, Henry ran up and down for some time, building up his fire, adding fuel, and then listening for some welcome response to his signal. He had at last placed on the pile a large log of very resinous wood, which, when once warmed through, gave forth flames which must have been visible from a very great distance.

Great was the surprise and joy of our hero, when, ten minutes later, he heard distinctly the well-known sound of the only piece of artillery possessed by the brig, booming in the distance.

Once—twice—thrice.

Henry clasped his hands in an agony of wild emotion, which the criminal respited on the scaffold could only, perhaps, understand and appreciate.

At intervals of five or six minutes it was heard for nearly half an hour, during which time Henry wholly exhausted his supply of fuel. He tried to be calm, but his excitement was beyond all bounds and control. He cut huge pieces of fat from the carcass of the bear, and cast them on the top of the pile to increase the blaze, and then, the firing having ceased, again lay down with hope, and yet with fear, to await the hour which was to decide his fate.

* * * * * * *

Suffice it to say that the signal was seen, and his compan-

ions came to his rescue; and he was saved from the horrible death that had awaited him on that desolate ice-bound coast.

A GROUP OF LAPLANDERS.

LASSOING IN PARAGUAY.

I PASSED a month among the Santa Fecinos hospitably entertained, according to their fashion, while making observations according to my own. Still there was no word of my little ship, which had left Buenos Ayres some days before me. But the navigation of the River Paraná, "aguas aribba," that is, against the current, is not the only tedious affair to which those who *will* go against the current in this world must submit.

The vessel had been out forty days, and yet had not accomplished four hundred miles, that is, not ten miles a day.

As things began to get monotonous at Santa Fé, I bethought me of proceeding on my journey. I bade adieu to the good and primitive people of that place; and being provided with fresh letters of introduction, especially from Candioti to two of his sons who managed estates of his that lay in my route, I resumed my travelling costume, and, with my weather-beaten, but faithful servant Francisco, embarked in a canoe for the Baxada. We were paddled by six athletic Paraguayans out of the riacho or branch of the Salado on which Santa Fé stands. After gliding over it a distance of about twelve or fourteen miles, we emerged into the noble, the magnificent Paraná. It is here about three miles wide, smooth and clear as crystal, wooded on the west bank, and confined by precipitous barancas or cliffs on the east. As the Salado comes out below the Baxada, we were obliged to paddle about three miles up the stream before we could venture to cross, without running a risk of being carried down by the current below the point we aimed at making. When we had accomplished this distance above the site of the Baxada, our little canoe was at once launched into the middle of the current; and making, by the impulse of this, as much way laterally, as by the impetus of the paddles, it shot ahead, we crossed the stream in a

rapid and gallant style. We attained, within half an hour from the time of our first standing over for the Baxada, that precise point. No sailors in the world could more nicely have calculated, nor with greater precision have executed, the taking of a port in a skiff, and in the face of a rapid current, than did the Paraguayans in their shell of a canoe, liable to be upset by a passenger's moving a little too much either to the right side or the left. I found the port of the Baxada situated at the foot of a very high, but gently sloping cliff. The town, as distinct from the port, stands at the top of this cliff, and hence derives its name "Baxada de Santa Fé" (that is, the descent to Santa Fé). It might have been called the Golgotha of Cattle; for I found it strewed not only with their skulls, but their carcasses. It was quite surrounded by slaughter grounds and corrales; or rather, instead of these *surrounding* the town, they constituted part of it. The ground was soaked with the blood of the animals; and the effluvia from their offal, from large piles of hides, and from manufactories of tallow, emitted under the hot rays of a burning sun with tenfold intensity, were nearly insupportable. The air over the site of those corrales was almost darkened by birds of prey. Vultures, carrion-crows, and carrion-gulls, hovered, skimmed, and wheeled their flight around the carcasses of the slain. Here were a dozen clamorous assailants fixing their talons, and thrusting their curved beaks into the yet warm flesh of an animal, which had yielded its hide and tallow (all for which it was deemed valuable) to the guacho executioners of the matadero. There, so many pigs were contending for mastery in the revels, and close by, some ravenous dogs were usurping and maintaining an exclusive right to the prey. Ducks, fowls, turkeys, all seemed to prefer beef to any thing else; and such a cawing, cackling, barking, and screaming, as were kept up by the heterogeneous family of quadrupeds and winged creatures which were voraciously satisfying the cravings of nature, was never heard out of Babel. I wended my way to the

house of the governor; was received with the pompous, yet awkward decorum of a village chieftain newly elected to office; got my passport signed; and in two hours from the time of my landing I left, at a hand-gallop, the carnivorous Baxada.

As I rode along, post-haste, at the rate of twelve miles an hour, I perceived I had got into quite a different style of country from that which intervened between Buenos Ayres and Santa Fé. There, all was flat, monotonous, with leagues upon leagues of ground covered with thistles eight feet high, and only space enough to ride through their dense, brown, and interminable ranks. Here the country was undulating, verdant, irrigated by frequently-recurring streams, and ever and anon shaded, as well as adorned, by woods of the algarroba-tree. The herds of cattle were much more extensive, the horses finer, the peasantry more athletic than on the western bank of the Paraná; and though there were not here, any more than there, either fences, cultivation, or other signs of human industry; though the thinly-scattered habitations were mere mud huts, and their half-clothed inhabitants little removed from savage life, yet the whole air of the country was more cheering and exhilarating.

At the end of my second day's journey I reached one of Candioti's best estancias, on the Arroyo Hondo, or deep rivulet; and there I alighted for the night. On presenting my credentials from the veteran Gaucho, I was received by one of his numerous offshoots, with all the overflowing hospitality of the country. He inhabited only a mud-hut, containing three apartments, and forming, with two or three out-houses, one side of an unfinished square. Another side and a half of this square was occupied by the huts, small, and lowly enough, of the five-and-forty peons, or herds who superintended the thirty thousand head of cattle, and some fifty thousand horses and mules on the estate. Around this little colony were four most spacious corrales, or enclosures for the cattle, and one

for sheep. With Selkirk, Candioti's son might have said, "I am master of all I survey." Every lineament of his fine countenance betrayed his sire. In his father's own patriarchal style, Candioti's son received me at his lowly porch. The sun was just setting in the horizon; the numerous herds were drawing up, and lowing, as they came from the water to the corrales; an uncountable flock of sheep was bleating in the distance, as guided by one herd, and a dozen sagacious dogs—they, too, came to their place of repose for the night.

The feathered tribe of domestic fowls were cackling to their roost; and the pigeons, wheeling their last flight for the day, were gathering around the dove-cot. The deep-toned voices of the herds, as they rode round the cattle, came undulating on the breeze from afar; while the plaintive note of the partridge, which abounded all around, chimed in, and made part of the rural harmony of the close of day.

Many were the victims destined to furnish the supper, which Candioti's son now gave orders to prepare. The fatted calf was killed to supply carne con cuero; down from the perch were brought three pullets, for the olla and the spit; three brace of just-fledged doves were devoted to the stew-pan; a bleating lamb was bound to the stake;—"And now," said the son of Candioti, "vamos á agarrar unas perdices,"—"let us go and catch some partridges." You have heard of partridges being *shot*, but how they are *caught* in those countries, you are, perhaps, not aware. We walked about five hundred yards from the house, followed by two gauchos on horseback. Each of them had in his hand a small whip. Presently we saw scores of partridges, just peeping with their small heads above the grass. The gauchos rode toward the first two they observed, and leaning half way down the sides of their horses, commenced by describing, with their whips, a pretty large circle around the birds; while these, with anxious eye, followed the movement. Gradually the magic circle was lessened, and the enchanted partridges became more and more afraid of try-

ing to make their escape from it. They became stupefied, and the peons closing in with them, by a sudden and dexterous jerk of the whip, knocked them on the head. The little innocents were then, *not bagged* (because the gauchos had no such receptacle for game), but they were strung, one by one, on a small leathern thong; till six brace, in about fifteen minutes, being taken in this way, home we came with the sport. Poor partridges! they had come to their death, not by the legitimate means of powder and shot, but terror-stricken by a magical spell, they were felled by the unexpected blow of a gaucho's whip. In England, beef and mutton must be kept a week, and game ten days before they are eaten. Not so in South America; for the partridges which had been taken ten minutes before, the fatted calf, the pullet and the pigeons, which had bidden adieu to the world that afternoon, were all, in different ways, under process of cooking; they were all, two hours afterwards, partaken of, and we found them delicate, tender, excellent. How this is I do not know; but such is the fact. A deal table was covered with a splendidly-tamboured table-napkin; most of the supper utensils were of silver; sparkling water glittered in a crystal caraff; wine, water-melons, peaches, honey, and segars, stood upon a side-table; and after a two hours' repast I stretched myself upon a luxurious, albeit uncurtained bed, and slept soundly until the dawn of day.

You must not run away with the idea, however, that we were seated in any thing like an English dining-room. The floor of our apartment was of mud; so were the walls. The thatch of the roof was but too apparent. Here, in one corner, stood my bed,—there, in another, lay strewed the cumbrous saddle-gear of three or four horses. In two large earthen pitchers stood the water; and the copper-colored servants that waited on us were dressed in half-naked Indian simplicity. We had change of neither knives, plates, nor forks. Candioti junior, his head capataz, or overseer, and the curate of a neighboring capilla, ate of the same dish. The

chairs were antiquated leather-bottomed chairs, with backs five feet high from the ground. The door stood open, with half-a-dozen horses saddled and tied to stakes around it. No pictures graced the walls, no sashes, nay, not even shutters protected the windows, nor did glass make a part of them. Every thing around us, even our savory and abundant cheer, bespoke that we were supping with a nomadic chief. His welcome was primitive and hearty; his wealth consisted in flocks and herds; and his domestic arrangements were rough and simple as the habits of the master. All bore evidence of the distance at which we were from modern luxury and refinement. The basin in which, like the Jews, we washed hands after meals, was carried round by a *China* or Indian female servant; and a tall mulatto taking off my boots struck the adhesive clay from them, and put them down by the side of my bed, by way of intimation that this was all I had to expect in the way of cleaning my boots. Just as the day began to dawn, a maté and cigar were brought to me by Candioti junior; the saddle-gear was carried out of the room, and put on the backs of several magnificent horses, which stood ready at the door to be saddled; and in ten minutes, Candioti, his capataz, my servant, and eight peons, followed by six large dogs, were mounted, and ready to ride the round of the estancia, in order that I might see a little into the detail of its management, and get an idea of the extent of its surface.

Off we started, like so many Arabs, our spirits rising as our horses warmed. The partridge rose whirring from under our feet; the antelope and the fawn bounded off before us; the screaming tirutero, or horned plover, skimmed the air around us; the ostrich started from her eggs, and with brawny limbs, and outspread wings, defied the horse's speed.

Up rose the large partridge; and here the exhilarating sport of the day commenced. No sooner had this noble bird commenced its perpendicular flight, than Candioti junior, and every peon in his train, put spurs to their horses, leant down

on their necks, hallooed on the dogs: and "Vamos, Señor Don Juan," said he to me, "atras de la perdiz:" "let us be off after the partridge." The horses followed the partridge's flight, and almost at his speed; the dogs, with loud-tongued music, followed the horses; every man put his hand to his mouth, in rapid and reiterated motion, till the welkin rang with the loud-mouthed din of riders and of dogs. There was no need for the huntsman's horn; it would have been drowned in the loud, yet not inharmonious concert of our hunting-band. At a quicker pace than that at which I ever followed the fox, did we follow the "perdiz grande." The eagle eyes of the gaucho pursuers were upon him, till after a flight of about three minutes, they *marked* him down. Up to the spot came horses and dogs, panting as they reached it. In a moment, the scent was taken into the nostrils of the now eager hounds. The partridge was on the run. His pursuers traced his rapid steps with the certainty of instinct; and as they did so, the riders were kept at a slow trot. It was the "check," so to speak, in the chase; and as every moment the bird was expected again to rise, and as the dogs drew close and more closely upon his track, the excitement became extreme. Up, at last, flew the frightened, ponderous, and pursued bird. Its second flight was shorter and more feeble than the first—more animated became the pursuit of huntsmen and of dogs. Once more followed up, and once more "marked down," the partridge took its *third* and shortest flight; and then, like the weeping stag, unable to proceed farther, it gave itself into the hands of its pursuers. We took it up, overcome with fatigue and panting with fear, but, being like other sportsmen, too intent on our own pleasure to think much of our victim's pain, we were at once comforted and pleased to see the object of our pursuit, anxiety, and recreation, dangling, by a thong, at the saddle-peak of one of the gauchos. We had taken three brace of birds, when an ostrich starting before us, Candioti junior gave the war-whoop of pursuit to his gaucho followers;

and to me the now well-known intimation of "Vamos, Señor Don Juan." Off went, or rather flew, the gauchos; my steed bounded away in their company; and we were now instead of tracking an invisible bird through tufted grass, in full cry after the nimble, conspicuous, and athletic ostrich. With crest erect, and angry eye, towering above all herbage, our game flew from us, by the combined aid of wings and limbs, at the rate of sixteen miles an hour.

The chase lasted half of that time; when an Indian peon, starting ahead of the close phalanx of his mounted competitors, whirled his bolas,* with admirable grace and dexterity around his head, and with deadly aim flung them over the half-running, half-flying, but now devoted ostrich. Irretrievably entangled, down came the giant bird, rolling, fluttering, panting; and being in an instant despatched, the company of the field stripped him of his feathers; stuck them in their girdles, and left the plucked and mangled carcass in the plain, a prey to the vultures, which were already hovering around us.

We now came upon an immense herd of wild horses, and Candioti junior said, "Now Señor Don Juan, I must show you how we tame a colt." So saying, the word was given for pursuit of the herd; and off, once more, like lightning, started the gaucho horsemen, Candioti and myself keeping up with them. The herd consisted of about two thousand horses, neighing and snorting, with ears erect and flowing tails, their manes outspread to the wind. Off they flew, affrighted the moment they were conscious of pursuit. The gauchos set up

* The bolas, next to the lazo, are the gaucho's most formidable weapon. They consist of three round heavy stones, each about the size of a large orange, covered with hide, and attached to three plaited thongs, which diverge from each other, and from a common centre, every thong being about five feet in length. These, when thrown with unerring aim, as they almost invariably are, at the legs of an animal at his full speed, twist and entangle themselves around them, and bring him with a terrible impulse to the ground. The gaucho then runs in upon him, and either secures or kills him.

their usual cry; the dogs were left in the distance; and it was not till we had followed the flock at full speed, and without a check for five miles, that the two headmost peons launched their bolas at the horse which each had respectively singled out of the herd. Down to the ground with frightful somersets came two gallant colts. The herd continued its headlong flight, leaving behind their two prostrate companions. Upon these, the whole band of gauchos now ran in; lazos were applied to tie their legs; one man held down the head of each horse, and another the hind quarters; while, with singular rapidity and dexterity, other two gauchos put the saddles and bridles on their fallen, trembling, and nearly frantic victims. This done, the two men who had brought down the colts, bestrode them as they still lay on the ground. In a moment, the lazos which bound their legs were loosed, and at the same time a shout from the field so frightened the potros, that up they started on all fours, but to their astonishment each with a rider on his back, riveted, as it were, to the saddle, and controlling him by means of a never before dreamt-of bit in his mouth.

The animals made a simultaneous and most surprising vault: they reared, plunged, and kicked; now they started off at full gallop, and anon stopped short in their career, with their heads between their legs, endeavoring to throw their riders. "Qué ezperanza!"—"vain hope indeed!" Immovable sat the two Tâpé Indians: they smiled at the unavailing efforts of the turbulent and outrageous animals to unseat them; and in less than hour from the time of their mounting, it was very evident who were to be the masters. The horses did their very worst, the Indians never lost either the security or the grace of their seats; till after two hours of the most violent efforts to rid themselves of their burden, the horses were so exhausted, that, drenched in sweat, with gored and palpitating sides, and hanging down their heads, they stood for five minutes together, panting and confounded. But they made not a single effort to move. Then came the gaucho's

turn to exercise his more positive authority. Hitherto he had been entirely upon the defensive. His object was simply to keep his seat and tire out his horse. He now wanted to move him in a given direction. Wayward, zigzag, often interrupted was his course at first. Still the gauchos made for a given point; and they *advanced* toward it, till at the end of about three hours the now mastered animals moved in nearly a direct line, and in company with the other horses, to the puesto, or small subordinate establishment on the estate, to which we were repairing. When we got there, the two horses, which so shortly before had been free as the wind, were tied to a stake of the corràl—the slaves of lordly man; and all hope of emancipation was at an end.

At the puesto, or small out-house of the estate to which we now came, they were busy branding the cattle. About a thousand oxen and yearlings were shut up in a large corràl, and five or six peons with their lazos were tumbling them over one by one. The moment a gaucho, appointed to keep a couple of red-hot brands in readiness, saw an animal down, up he ran and indelibly stamped upon his hind quarter the initials F. C., standing for Francisco Candioti. From that time, wherever the branded animal might go, he was claimable by the real owner.

"Even his hide, if stripped from him by a thief or marauder, was, unless the original brand was overlaid by a counter-brand of the seller, liable to be taken, *vi et armis*, by F. C. When cattle or horses are sold, therefore, in order to render the sale legal, or the possessions secure, the 'contramarca,' or counter-mark of the vendor, must be affixed over the original one. After this, the purchaser's mark is branded on the beast; so that every animal sold in South America is subjected *at least* thrice to the ordeal of branding. I have seen the hind-quarters of some of the finest horses in the country rendered absolutely deformed by the cruel and oft-repeated process."

A friend of mine once bought a horse in Buenos Ayres without this precaution; and as we were riding out one morning, three athletic gauchos came up to us. They unceremoniously jostled my friend off his seat; claimed, and one of them took possession of the horse, on the plea of its having his mark upon it. While galloping off with the animal, saddle, bridle, and all, it was in vain that my unhorsed and discomfited friend called aloud in his Anglo-Spanish dialect—"Toma Cavallo, but spera, spera the saddello." "Take the horse, but leave, do leave me the saddle." The saddle was five times the value of the horse; but my friend never afterwards saw saddle, gaucho, or horse.

LASSOING IN PARAGUAY.

The puesto from which we now set out, to return home, was distant about three leagues from Candioti's house. Of such puestos, he had five on this one estate, of which the

extent was about thirty-six square leagues; that is, four leagues in front by nine in depth. The number of tame cattle (de rodéo) upon it was about twenty-five thousand, and of wild, or alzado cattle, about six or eight. The horses were computed at forty thousand. Of the tame cattle, the proprietor could slaughter one fourth in the year, and still go on increasing his stock. The mode of slaughtering the wild cattle is singular. The animals retire into the woods to sleep; and on moonlight nights a number of peons come quietly upon them as they lie upon the grass, stab them on the spot, and leave them till next day. The peons then return, flay the animal, and carry away its tallow and skin. These alone were, at the time at which I speak, of any value; and so the carcass was left on the spot on which it was slain, to be devoured by the vultures and wild dogs. Of the latter there are large droves constantly scouring the country in search of food, which they generally get in the woods, or in the vicinity of the corrales.

EUROPE.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE LEVANT.

THE hero, or rather victim, of the following thrilling adventure was a fellow passenger of mine in my homeward-bound voyage, during the year 1850. A Greek by birth, though a Frenchman at heart, by education and naturalization, he disclosed to me a specimen of the atrocities sometimes perpetrated by a set of freebooters, in the guise and under the protection of their official positions as *gens-d'armes*, or police constables. Had he not been possessed of the very best certificates from gentlemen holding high rank in the French naval service, as also from the British consul-general on the coast of Barbary, testifying to his general good conduct, sobriety, and truthfulness, I might have been inclined to consider the whole affair as a fabrication designed to excite sympathy and compassion for his sufferings.

I am, he commenced, a native of Greece. Whilst yet a child my parents emigrated to France, and, thanks to their kind care and good education, I was at the age of eighteen a civilized European in manners and morals, and a Protestant by creed. I could distinctly discern the many foibles of my poor, illiterate, but crafty countrymen. At the same time that I could not but pity their defects and errors, I shunned their society, considering them too often devoid of principle,

and so wily in their every undertaking, thought, word, and deed, as to prove dangerous companions or associates, and seldom to be trusted with a secret or a dollar. In 1835 I entered the French service, and joined a war steamer, commanded by a post-captain in the French navy, with whom I remained during a period of ten years, and whose testimonials as to my services and character are a sufficient passport for me to work my way in any part of civilized Europe.

In the month of December, 18—, the steamer chanced to be lying at anchor in a port in the Levant; and having at that time a sister living at the city adjacent, who was married to a lieutenant in the Greek artillery, to her house it was my custom to repair on all *liberty days*, or on other occasions when the day's work was over and I could obtain permission to leave the vessel for a few hours in the evening.

It was late one evening in December that I obtained leave of absence from the officer of the watch, purposing to visit the shore for a few hours, and promising to be on board again before midnight at the latest. I little thought, on quitting the ship's side, that I should be compelled that night, for the first time in my life, to break my word. It happened to be the eve of St. Nicholas—a day celebrated as a festival by the members of the Greek Church, and more particularly by such amongst her inhabitants as chanced to be named after that saint, and that claimed him as their patron. Amongst these latter was my brother-in-law; and as I knew that on the morrow I could not with any propriety ask leave to spend the day on shore, I thought I would go up to his house for a few hours that evening, carrying with me a *souvenir*, in the shape of a richly-mounted Turkish pipe that I had purposely brought with me from Constantinople. This I knew would prove an acceptable gift, as he was unhappily an inveterate smoker.

I remained later than usual at my sister's house that evening, for the weather had suddenly set in boisterous and chilly, with frequent squalls of hail, thunder, and lightning, so that I

had deferred my departure to the very last moment, hoping that the weather might clear up again. It was not till some minutes past eleven that I quitted my sister's house, despite her tears and remonstrances; for I was determined, if possible, to be punctual to my promise.

I neither met nor saw any one until I had arrived almost within hail of the half-way houses; then, for the first time, through the gloom that surrounded me I discerned the forms of several closely muffled figures, moving apparently in the

CONSTANTINOPLE.

same direction as myself, and whom I supposed to be captains or mates of some of the merchant vessels in the harbor, who for the sake of better security were keeping together till they

should reach their respective boats. I immediately availed myself of such a favorable convoy, and, quickening my pace, was soon alongside of the strangers. After exchanging salutations and commenting on the wretched state of the weather, I inquired if their destination was the same as mine, and was answered in the affirmative. As we proceeded onwards, I had time to take a casual glance at the features and dress of my companions: what little I saw at once convinced me that I had fallen into very suspicious company; and if the slightest doubt remained as to their real character, this was speedily removed by their unblushing demands to be recompensed for the trouble they would incur in keeping me company, while at the same time they kept edging up and hemming me in on all sides, either with the intention of rifling my person, or of unexpectedly inflicting a mortal stab, which might enable them to collect such few valuables as I had about me at their leisure, with the certainty of no clue remaining that might lead to their ultimate detection; for "dead men tell no tales."

I could see that they were well armed, and knew that my only hope for succor was the close vicinity of the guard-house. Watching my opportunity, I made a rush for this place with such impetuosity as nearly to upset the alarmed sentry, who was hanging indolently over a wood fire lit in a hole dug in the centre of the hovel.

"How now?" shouted the fierce Albanian, on recovering his self-possession: "what means all this noise and hubbub?"

A few words sufficed to acquaint the soldier with the real state of affairs; and as my suspicious companions had passed on, he readily agreed to my sharing the pleasant warmth of the fire with him. As the heat gradually penetrated my many overcoats, I was glad to strip off my great coat and hang it on a nail in the wall.

The Albanian spoke Greek as fluently as myself, and entered into conversation freely: he had a sorry tale of want and trouble to recount. The Government never paid, though

it subjected him, he said, to all the arduous duties of a serf. The rations of himself and companions were insufficient, and what a dog would barely deign to partake of; and as for the meagre cup of wine served out to them, it was more fit to be classed as exceedingly bad vinegar than any thing he could compare it to; and then the Albanian threw out unmistakable hints as to the excellence of the wine sold at the coffee shops hard by, lamenting his poverty, which prevented his enabling him to taste and judge for himself. Upon hearing this, I indiscreetly offered to treat him; and leaving his musket to take care of itself, he conducted me into the nearest of the two *cafés*, on entering which I discovered that there were a non-commissioned officer and three privates seated there, drinking and gambling. All were Albanians save the officer, who, however, seemed well versed in their language, and they all spoke Turkish fluently. Unhappily for myself, I was utterly ignorant of both the Albanian and Turkish tongues. In treating the soldier to wine, according to Levantine etiquette, I ordered cups to be served all round to his friends and acquaintances. I drank none myself, but merely sipped it out of compliment to those present. The change of atmosphere from the stifling little hovel I had just quitted became very soon perceptible, and then, for the first time, I remembered having forgotten my great coat. I ran over to fetch it, and on my way back hailed a species of van that was passing, and begged the driver to wait a few moments whilst I just stepped in and paid my reckoning.

After settling, and pocketing the change, I turned with the intention of hastening out to the van, when to my astonishment and indignation the officer arrested my progress, and with drawn sabre in hand stood in the door-way and ordered the van to drive off immediately. I was perfectly paralyzed. He told me, with assumed sternness, that I had been recognized as a notorious robber and brigand, who had long baffled pursuit, and that I only exchanged that coffee shop for a dungeon and

the galleys for life. It was in vain for me to expostulate; menaces and entreaties were equally futile, as were the many references I gave to some of the best known and most respected residents of the adjacent town. His only reply was, that such was always the language of bad characters. He now ordered two of his men to secure me, by tieing my hands together with a bit of strong cordage. I was forced to submit tamely to this painful operation; and the moment that I was rendered inoffensive, the miscreant seized the scabbard of his sword, and beat me about the head and shoulders in a most unmerciful manner. The soldier I had first met with interfered on my behalf, but he was speedily silenced by his chief, and sent back to his duty in the guard-house.

The officer and his guards, assisted by the inhuman coffee shop keeper, held long and earnest counsel together in a language of which I was utterly ignorant. Meanwhile, as they kept on drinking, hard words and harder blows were aimed at my unoffending person, and my pockets were ransacked of watch and money. Time crept on slowly and heavily, while I stood there, bruised and wounded, with the frosty wind chilling my veins, till I longed for the arrival of the hour when I should be marched off to prison, and be at least free of the loathsome proximity of my tormentors. At length the word of command was given. One Albanian preceded us with a lantern; the officer and an armed soldier marched on each side of me; and close behind me was the third Albanian, with a ready-cocked musket to fire at me if I offered the slightest resistance.

To my surprise, instead of marching toward the town, the party made a *détour* and came to the back of the larger of the coffee houses; and there, at that still hour of the night, I watched one of them as with the lantern he groped about, evidently in search of something. At length he stopped and beckoned us to approach: as we advanced he unlocked a sort of concealed door, which when opened disclosed to my dis-

mayed eyes a flight of steps descending into the bowels of the earth. Down these they forced me, and, as the last man descended, I heard the door close (as I then thought) upon me and the world forever. I counted eight steps, and then we came to another door, which swung heavily on its hinges as the Albanian forced it open. This led into a stone vault, of about twelve feet square by eight feet high. Opposite to the entrance door there was a second one, against which the man with the loaded musket was stationed, while the lantern-bearer guarded the door of entrance. I could no longer have any doubt as to my fate; but the love of life was never so dear to me as at that moment. Mastering my emotions as well as I could, I warned my assailants to be aware of what the consequences must be, so soon as I should be missed by my messmates and friends: I implored them to remember that I was the sole support of my family; in short, I used every description of entreaty and exhortation; but I might as well have spoken to the winds. The chief fell upon me, armed with a cudgel; and, had it not been for the protruding angles of the corner into which I had retreated, and the lowness of the room, both of which aided in warding off the blows, the consequences must have been fatal. Tired and exhausted, at length he let fall the club, and, seizing on the sentry's musket, took deliberate aim at my unprotected breast, and pulled the trigger. I heard the steel click, and then, for a few seconds, which appeared hours to me, all was darkness and delirium.

There was no report; the gun had missed fire: the last expiring spark of hope was rekindled. I glanced anxiously at the musket, and the flint was gone. Eagerly did they seek and grope about for it on the ground. At this moment I heard the vault open, and saw a fifth figure descend into the vault: he had evidently been watching against surprise, and, hearing the turmoil below cease, had imagined all over, and now came to claim his share of booty. The strength of Samson was upon me: with one mighty effort I disentangled my hands;

with a bound I had gained the steps and dashed the lantern into atoms; another bound and I was in the open air. I stopped not to think or look behind, but fled on the wings of terror over that dark country in the darkest hour of night. I scaled garden walls, fell and was maimed, yet ran on still for my life, for my enemies were on the track. It was four o'clock next morning when I reached the house of a friend; and no sooner had I passed the threshold than I sank down and swooned away.

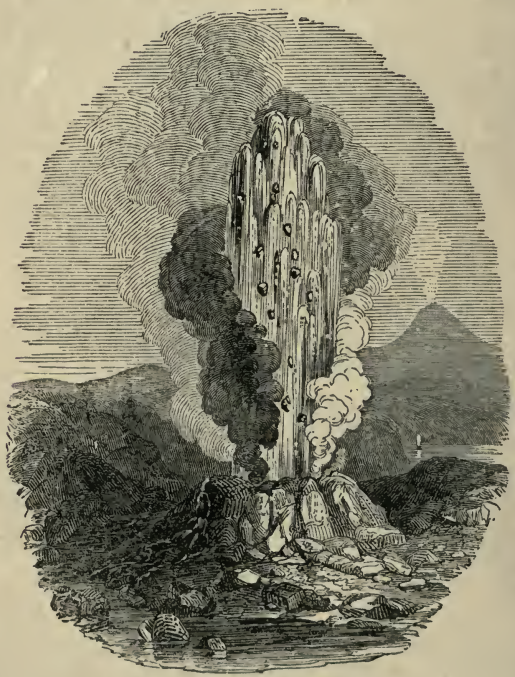
The rest is soon told. Bruised and maimed as I was, I early next day repaired to the French consul. He at first refused me an interview; I persisted, however, and was at length shown into his bedroom. He chose to doubt my word. I told him that the French war steamer would soon settle that point. On this he thought better of it, and wrote to the commandant. The subterranean vault was examined, the guilty parties imprisoned, and the whole of my statements, together with the medical certificates given me, are to this day to be seen in the archives of the French embassy.

THE MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.

THE GEYSERS OF ICELAND.

The *Geysers of Iceland*, like most volcanic phenomena in other regions, are changeable in their action, and from time to time alter in their character and appearance. Some of them, it is a well-ascertained fact, are steadily increasing in activity and intensity, while others are as distinctly growing weaker. Those of Hankedalr, toward the southwestern extremity of the island, are the hot springs best known to us; and although there can be little question that they fall under the category of diminishing Geysers, their action is still powerful, and their structure most remarkable. These Geysers, according to well-authenticated Icelandic history, came into existence in the 15th century—namely, in the year 1446. What phenomena attended their eruption at that period we are not informed, but their action is understood among scientific men in Iceland to have been then and long after much more powerful than it now is; nor is the statement made by Olavsen and Paulson, that the eruption of the Great Geyser in the year 1772 rose to the height of 360 feet, however incredible in our eyes, at all disbelieved by well-informed men in that country. It is situated at the foot of Langarfiall, a crag about 300 feet high, upon rather elevated flat ground, commanding a wide open view over a fine verdant plain to the east and south, Blafell and other mountains partly capped with snow rising to the north with great magnificence. Even the white point of Hecla may be distinguished in this locality some thirty miles distant. This field slopes to the south, and also falls away toward the river on the east, so that the great Geyser is situated not only toward the northern, but also on the higher portion of the ground. The Strokr is distant about 120 yards southward of the Geyser, and the little Strokr perhaps 100 yards still farther south and in nearly a direct line. These are the three principal springs at present erupting, and although there are from

forty to fifty other apertures in the vicinity, and particularly toward the lower or southern extremity of the field, some of which emit water with violent ebullition and much noise, yet to these three alone can the title of either Geyser or Strokr be be properly applied—the former, that is the Geyser, meaning "Agitator," and the latter or Strokr, being the common Ice-



THE GREAT GEYSER.

landic name for churn. The section of the Geyser may be compared to a funnel, its pipe or orifice resembling the stalk, and its cup or basin the head of that utensil. The cup is nearly round, its diameters taken in opposite directions being

72 ft. 6 in. and 68 ft. 1 in.; while its depth, measuring perpendicularly from a line drawn across its margin, appeared to be nearly four feet. The pipe we ascertained to be 83 ft. 2 in. in depth, and rather more than ten feet in diameter. Under ordinary circumstances, when the Geyser is quiescent, this cup and pipe are filled to the brim with limpid hot water, which ever and anon, but at totally irregular periods, boils up in the centre, and then the water runs over, principally at the points where the lip is a few inches lower than elsewhere in the circle. This is a mere abortive attempt; when, however, an eruption takes place, which almost invariably is preceded by a premonitory subterranean rumbling noise, resembling the booming of a distant cannon, and by a trembling of the earth under foot, which affects every bone of the body, these ebullitions rise higher, first in a mass of two or three feet, which opens in the centre, and surges outwards like a wave, and then the water is suddenly ejected into the air, with the velocity and din of some hundred sky-rockets, the entire mound being immediately overflowed. After an eruption, the water recedes in the pipe, and not only is the cup left entirely dry, but eight or ten feet of the pipe is likewise emptied. The inside of the pipe appears perfectly smooth, and is nearly circular, but the cup, or upper portion of the funnel, as well as the entire mound outside of it, are both covered with siliceous incrustations, deposited by the water, and doubtless still more by the volumes of steam or spray arising from it.

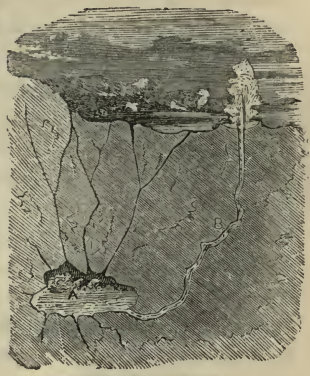
Both of the Strokrs differ from the Geyser in being mere round holes or pipes, neither funnel-shaped at their orifices nor raised above the surface of the ground. They likewise differ from it in the fact that they afford no premonitory sympton of a coming eruption—no previous warning, but all at once dart into the atmosphere with extreme violence. The depth of the Strokr approximates to that of the Great Geyser —being, according to our measurement, 87½ feet, but the diameter of its pipe is rather under 9 feet. Shortly after our

arrival, the guides cut about a barrowful of turf, which they threw into this Strokr. This at first apparently stopped the violent ebullition which can be seen always going forward in this remarkable spring at the depth of 10 or 12 feet, but in the course of ten minutes it began to roar, and then we had an instantaneous and truly magnificent eruption. The water did not appear in a column as most fountains do, but in a continued intermittent series of many jets all at one moment, having different forces, and unitedly presenting one grand pyramidal jet-d'eau of the most symmetrical and graceful description. Calculating from a little distance, in proportion to the figures standing by it, we were satisfied that some of the principal ejections on this occasion—and there were fully thirty of them, lasting in all about ten minutes—must have been from 90 to 100 feet in height, and, darkened as the water naturally appeared from the turf thrown into it, the effect was exceedingly striking.

The Little Strokr is very violent and very noisy. Its eruptions are feathery and extremely beautiful, although it rarely rises above 30 feet, and, from the less regular form of its orifice, is not so symmetrical as its larger namesake. The action of these hot springs during eruption is not that of a mass of water driven up in column, as the description and drawings of most previous visitors would lead one to expect. The old print, published by Sir John Stanley so far back as 1789, comes nearer what we witnessed than any thing bearing more recent date. Instead of a column, it is rather that of a multitude of jets possessing different intensities, all working simultaneously, so that, whilst a few of them rise perpendicularly and attain the highest elevation, others having less power apparently stop short, and others again, being slightly inclined, are thrown out somewhat obliquely—all this, be it remembered, at one and the same moment, the jets intermitting, altering, and repeating their action with the utmost rapidity, and affording to an onlooker, on a quiet day, one of

the most sublime and magnificent objects in nature. No doubt the ejection from the orifice of the pipe takes place in a columnar mass. This we distinctly observed it did at the Great Geyser, to the height of 10 to 15 feet above the rim of the cup; but being accompanied, as these eruptions of boiling water naturally are, by vast volumes of steam, and withal so rapidly changeful in their movements, it is not easy to ascertain exactly what goes on near the orifice at the moment of propulsion. But under no circumstance did this column, as it

SECTION OF AN INTERMITTING SPRING.



SECTION OF A GEYSER.

issued ten feet in diameter from the mouth of the pipe, remain long in that form. It surged outwards, and was immediately forced up in jets, which, rising abruptly above the volumes of steam, broke in the most graceful feathery masses in every direction. Stones thrown in, and particularly the masses of turf with which we fed the Strokr, were driven out to the highest extremity of these jets, some of them falling outwards, and others dropping into the vortex, and being a second or a third time driven into the atmosphere.

The French, who watched them for six days successively, state that at least the Great Geyser and the Strokr have some

connection, and that the action of the one depends upon the movements of the other. The temperature of the Great Geyser at the bottom was ascertained by Bunsen to be 260° of Fahrenheit, lessening as it ascends toward the surface, and is stated by the French as 270° near the bottom, 219° half way up, and 212° at the surface, and that of the Strokr at about 30 feet deep they found to be 230°. The contents of its waters are principally silica, with some soda, but no sulphur, although the vapor at the moment of emission has a slightly-sulphurous odor. We used it for all culinary purposes, boiling our lamb, dissolving our portable soup, infusing our tea, concocting our whisky toddy, all, of course, without fire, and when cooled it is excellent drinking water. I close these remarks by noticing a few of the recent changes which are observable in this locality. Sir John Stanley in 1789 found the pipe of the Geyser 61 feet deep and 8½ in diameter. The funnel, or basin, as he terms it, is stated at that period to have been 8 feet in depth and 60 feet in diameter. "Both of these," he says, "have been evidently formed by gradual deposition from the water, and a mound round them has in like manner been formed 30 feet high, and extending in various directions to distances of 80, 100, or 120 feet." The great eruptions, which by theodolite he ascertained to rise 96 feet, took place every two hours, and lasted 15 to 20 minutes. The Strokr he states to be 6 feet 10 inches in diameter, and its eruption to be much more columnar than that of the Geyser, and rising to the height of 132 feet. In 1810 Sir George Mackenzie found the pipe 60 feet deep and 10 in diameter, and its basin only 3 feet deep, and from 46 to 58 feet across—the configuration of the latter in his time not being round, but indented, as it were, at one side. The Geyser eruption he estimated as rising to 90 feet, and the periods of its action were more frequent than now. The Strokr, Sir George says, played magnificently to the height of 70 feet for half an hour at a time. Henderson, in 1815, who paid the locality two visits, estimated the Geyser

eruption at 150 feet, and that of the Strokr as even higher than 200 feet. The French in 1836 made the depth of the Geyser 75½ feet, the breadth of the basin 52½, the height of its eruptions 105, and the diameter of the pipe 16 feet. The Strokr they noticed to rise to the height of 92 feet, and the diameter of its pipe they give at 8 feet, and its depth at 65 feet. Professor Bunsen, in 1846, who spent 11 days upon the locality, found the Geyser about 66 feet deep, and estimated its eruption at 43 up to 57 metres; that is, 140 up to 177 feet. The Strokr, he says, is 43 feet deep, and only 7 in diameter, and he estimated its eruption at 160 feet. Comparing these descriptions and measurements with each other and with our own, it is pretty evident, that whether the intensity of the eruptions of these Geysers be greater or less now than they have been during the past seventy years, they assuredly have fallen off exceedingly, both in their frequency and in their duration. No doubt the action is more powerful at one time than another, or at one season than another; indeed it is believed to be more so in damp and wet weather than during dry seasons. The supply of water to the springs must vary, and the evaporation at the surface, dependent on the currents of air, may also have its effect upon their action. Still, that the quantity of water emitted from them, on the whole, is much less than it once was, there can be no question. If the diameter of the pipe really alters, the diminished action is readily accounted for. But of any such alteration I am extremely skeptical; for, as the edge or rim of the pipe widens out somewhat gradually into the funnel, it is most probable that measurements have in some instances been taken higher up than the perpendicular portion of the pipe, the latter being a point which in fact cannot be reached by the hand. Sir John Stanley found these great eruptions of the Geysers take place every two hours. Henderson, in 1815, says that the Geyser erupted in the most imposing manner every six hours. We waited twenty-seven hours before any thing of the kind occurred;

and the eruptions of the Strokr, which Sir George Mackenzie gazed upon for a half hour at a time, never now last above eight or ten minutes. Another obvious change has been going forward, and is still progressing, in the mound of the Geyser, arising from the rapid deposit of siliceous matter upon its sides. The edge of this mound forms the rim of the circular cup, which Sir John Stanley and Sir George Mackenzie both describe at about 60 feet across. This has now extended, still, however, in a nearly circular form, to no less than 68 by 72, and the size and bulk of the mound must have correspondingly increased. On the whole such decided changes upon the aspect of these Hankedalr Geysers, leave little doubt that their action is becoming rapidly weaker, and that the time may not be far distant when their forces, like those of Hecla, in the vicinity, will become nearly quiescent. There are other similar hot springs in the island, especially to the south, which are known, on the contrary, to be steadily increasing.

AMONG THE RUSSIANS.

THE WINTER PALACE.

We found ourselves at eight o'clock one morning in St. Petersburg driving to Zähringer's Hotel in the Admiralty-square, and which, for the information of fellow-travellers, I may here say we found very comfortable, with reasonable charges. We had two large rooms on the second floor looking on the Place de l'Amirauté. They were fitted up, one as a dining-room and the other as a drawing-room, with screens, behind which were beds. For these we paid fourteen shillings a day. The house was clean and the cuisine good, without being too expensive.

As we drove down the splendid street called Nevskoi Perspective, nearly two miles in length, we saw by the mounted

ST. PETERSBURG.

gendarmes in their light-blue uniforms, stationed at close intervals, that a fête was on the tapis.

On inquiry, we were told that the emperor was to take part in a grand procession to the Alexander Nevskoi church and monastery. We turned out to see what was going on, and were just in time to catch the end of it, but, owing to the great crowd, were unable to obtain more than a glimpse of the emperor. There was the usual long line of priests, who, as they passed where we were standing, came to a halt, and chanted a hymn in front of one of the emperor's palaces. The empress had just entered, and the crowd were cheering her. There were the state carriages, nine in number, drawn some by eight and others by six horses, reminding one of a similar scene when her majesty opens the parliamentary session in London.

Of course we paid a visit to the Winter Palace, to enter which the gentlemen are obliged to put on their dress-coats, which is an absurd nuisance. The palace was undergoing repairs and decorations. The old palace, built in the middle of the last century, was destroyed by fire in 1837, and the present one is reputed by the Russians themselves to be the most magnificent and extensive royal palace in existence. It is situated on the Neva, which is here, and for a considerable space beyond, embanked by a wall and parapet of granite, which sparkles brightly in the sunlight. The front of the palace extends upwards of seven hundred English feet, is almost square, and is three stories high. We were shown a corner room looking on the river, which his present majesty uses as his own particular one, and where he transacts his daily work. When the imperial family are residing here, it is said that upwards of six thousand people are quartered in the building. The room, or rather hall, in which the empress receives her guests, has its walls almost covered with gold; but St. George's Hall, in which there is a magnificent throne, is the chief apartment. It is 150 feet long by 60 feet wide, and

although not appearing to advantage, in consequence of the numbers of workmen engaged in the redecorations, is one of the most splendid and noble apartments we had ever seen, and it is in this that the emperor receives the foreign ambassadors. Near this hall is a picture gallery of the generals who served during the invasion of 1812 and the subsequent battles, and beyond it is the field-marshal's gallery, in which "our Duke" has a permanent place.

THE EMPEROR'S PALACE, ST. PETERSBURG.

In a part of the palace, away from these grand public rooms, we were shown into a small apartment which the late emperor used as his bedroom, and in which he died. The furniture was simple enough, with a small camp bed without curtains, at the head of which, on the wall, was a picture of a favorite daughter, whilst on his writing and toilet tables everything, down to his pocket-handkerchief, was left as he had used them just before his death.

A secret staircase communicated with the empress's room below, which was fitted up and furnished—as ladies' rooms should be—very handsomely.

On the side of the palace, forming part of the Admiralty-square, was a huge cylinder, partly sunk in the ground, constructed for an open-air fire in the winter for the benefit of the coachmen and servants whilst waiting at night for their masters. Certainly a necessary precaution in a climate where the frost is so intense as to have cracked the solid granite column erected close by to the honor and memory of Alexander the First. The Hermitage, adjoining the Winter Palace, contains acres of pictures—Vandykes, Raphaels, Corregios, Murillos, and, in fact, all the celebrated masters. It would take weeks to see thoroughly, and a volume to describe, the treasures and curiosities collected here.

From one of the treasure-rooms in this building, notwithstanding the attendant's presence, was stolen, some few years ago, a very valuable ring. This, as we were informed, was sold by the thief to a jeweller, who sold it again to some one who made it a present to one of the members of the imperial family. It was immediately recognized, inquiries set on foot, and the thief discovered. As he was of considerable standing and position, the matter was, as is not unusual in Russia, hushed up, and but few people know his name.

The room containing the crowns, precious stones, and jewels of the imperial family, should on no account be passed by without a visit. The emperor's crown is ornamented with oak leaves formed of the largest and purest diamonds, whilst the imperial sceptre is resplendent with one diamond, which is said to be the largest in the world, and to have been bought by Catherine the Second. On either side of the door admitting to this room are armed sentries, and, calling to mind the daring attempt of Col. Blood and his friend Mr. Parrett in 1671 to walk off with the crown of England and the paraphernalia—in which, by the way, the two scamps were nearly

successful—one need not be surprised that in Russia such precautions as armed sentries are resorted to even in 1862.

The "Hermitage" was erected by Catherine II. It escaped the great fire in 1837, being saved by the exertions of the military and Mujiks.

This building is connected with the Winter Palace by covered galleries, and may be said to be a continuation of the palace itself.

The collection of paintings occupies at least forty rooms, and must be of enormous value. The ground floor is filled with statuary, some being very choice specimens. In this building is also a library, consisting of more than fifteen thousand volumes in the Russian language. This library was formed by Catherine for the instruction of her numerous attendants, and in it are also the collections of Voltaire and other remarkable men, comprising, altogether, upwards of one hundred and fifty thousand volumes.

In one of the rooms is a magnificent vase of lilac jasper from Siberia, standing five feet high, of an elegant design, and very highly polished. There are also tripods, which are said to be of solid gold, seven feet high, supporting golden salvers, on which bread and salt were handed to the Emperor Alexander on his return from Paris in 1815. There is also a very curious clock, called the Peacock's Clock, which the attendant informed us was of English manufacture, which I doubt, and which was presented by Prince Potemkin to his royal mistress and sovereign. It is enclosed in a glass case, ten or twelve feet high: the form of the clock is that of a tree, the branches and leaves being of gold; a peacock sits on the top of the tree, and playfully expands his gaudy tail when the chimes ring; but as the machinery is out of order, and the chimes never do ring, the peacock gets a rest, as does also the gold cock, whose duty it is to flap his wings and crow to mark the hours.

In the lower rooms may be seen more of the working tools of Peter the Great, with numerous articles of his own manu

facture, such as bars of iron wrought by his hand, models of ships, and samples of rope. In fact, his majesty must have been a regular Jack-of-all-trades; but I confess that he appears to have differed from the generality of that class, in so far as he seems to have been a tolerable master of many of them.

MOSCOW AND THE KREMLIN.

We arrived at Moscow at eight o'clock in the morning, not much fatigued, after sixteen hours in the railway. Before we had finished our travelling, we became accustomed to the long sederunts in the railway carriages, thinking nothing of passing three nights out of six in them.

Moscow, called in the Russian language Moskwa, is situated on the banks of a river of that name, and was for a long period prior to 1703 the capital of the Russian Government, but in that year Peter the Great transferred the seat of government to St. Petersburg. The form of the city is that of an irregular rhomboid, and its outside wall is said to be nearly twenty-six English miles in length, but it must be borne in mind that within it there are many public and private gardens, walks, and parks, which are laid out with great taste, and constitute a very pleasant feature of this great city.

Moscow appears to have undergone some rough treatment in its time. Three hundred years ago the Tartars twice sacked and then burned it; on the last of which events it is said that nearly one hundred thousand persons perished by fire and sword. Then came accidental conflagrations, destroying large portions of the city; whilst in the early half of the seventeenth century, the Poles, who seem at various times to have been very troublesome to the Russians, captured Moscow, laid a great part of it in ashes, and retained possession of it for three or four years. In 1812, the inhabitants set fire to it, by way of making things unpleasant to Napoleon I., who had calculated on passing the winter within its walls.

The Kremlin is in the centre of Moscow. It is surrounded with walls, from fifteen to eighteen feet thick, with towers and five gates, of which latter, one is called the Holy Gate, or Gate of the Saviour, in consequence of the picture of Our Saviour placed over it, and which is *said*, and the inhabitants believe, to have been painted by St. Luke. Every one on passing under this gate, and for about ten yards afterwards, must take off his hat. The first time we drove under it, the stupid courier did not tell us that it was the Holy Gate, and I sat composedly with my hat on as usual.

We had not gone, however, two or three yards, when our coachman, looking back, saw me with my head covered, and began such a series of contortions of body and face that I felt there must be something wrong, and so uncovered just in time to escape the eye of the sentry placed there to secure obedience to the regulation, and to save myself the annoyance of being sent back.

I only recovered my equanimity by heartily abusing the courier, who, I believe, purposely kept me in ignorance of the fact that I was passing under the gate of gates.

We were unsuccessful in obtaining access to the cathedral of the Assumption, which is stated to have been founded in 1326, and to be the most splendid among the many splendid churches in Moscow. It is in this cathedral that the Russian sovereigns are crowned. Within the Kremlin walls there are upwards of thirty cathedrals and churches.

There is also the magnificent tower or belfry of Ivan Velike, and near its base, on a pedestal, the great bell of Moscow, cast in the reign of the Empress Anne. There is a large piece out of it, by which the visitor is better enabled to judge of its enormous thickness. This bell is said to weigh upwards of four hundred thousand pounds of English weight, and that whilst being cast, the religious feelings of the people were so excited, that those who had the means threw pieces of gold and silver into the burning mass. On the outside of it is a

female figure, supposed to represent the empress, and beneath is a border of flowers. It is held in great veneration by the people.

Under the western walls of the Kremlin is a very pleasant public garden, which is much resorted to by the inhabitants of that quarter of the town, and which was brilliantly illuminated during our visit on the night of the emperor's fête.

THE CITY OF MOSCOW

We had been told, when at Moscow, to ask for a species of white bread called kalatch, for which that city has for centuries been famous. It is made in the shape of a flat hand-basket, and, when eaten hot with lots of butter, reminds an English stomach of a married muffin and crumpet. In Moscow there are about one hundred and twenty venders of this article. A fellow-traveller on the railroad told us that whenever he went to Moscow in the winter he took back to St. Petersburg a supply of this bread, hanging it out of the window to freeze.

We found that the emperor was here, and in the evening

there was a grand military illumination at the camp, about two miles out of the town. There was a long line of blazing tar-barrels, extending for six versts, sky-rockets, roman-candles, and every description of fireworks. The crowd was immense, and the emperor was present in a tent in the centre of the camp.

Moscow contains a population of 320,000, 240 parish churches, 33 other churches and chapels, and 21 monasteries and convents. About ten years ago a new church of vast dimensions, dedicated to our Saviour, was commenced, and is now nearly finished.

As a place of residence, many prefer Moscow to St. Petersburg, the climate of the former being more equal, and not so much exposed to strong winds and storms; but its badly-paved streets would be found a considerable drawback by the inhabitant of London or Paris. In driving through them, any attempt at conversation is out of the question, unless your companion has the lungs of a Stentor, and you have your ears very wide open. At Moscow there is no tariff for the hackney carriages, which some people tell you is in the interest of the public, and that they get better served without one. To those who can speak the language, and who know the distances, this may be so, but it may be doubted whether it is the case as regards the travelling public. We paid, after the usual preliminary wrangle, five shillings for a miserable two-horse affair from the station to the hotel, a distance of about a mile—our luggage going in some other conveyance, for which, of course, we had to pay in addition.

Here we saw a tremendous procession of priests. One of the two archbishops of Moscow was going to mass, accompanied by nearly two hundred ecclesiastics, besides men bearing banners and images, machines that looked for all the world like small square four-post bedsteads adorned with white silk curtains, other machines that resembled small round temples, the contents of which, whatever they were, were concealed by

red curtains drawn closely round; and other contrivances, of which the names were unlearnable, and the description difficult. The mounted gendarmes in their light-blue uniforms; the priests, with their long, wild-looking hair hanging down their backs, and enormous beards flowing over their breasts, looking not over-clean, decked out in robes of all the colors of the rainbow, and of some colors, too, which the rainbow has not, and worked in gold and silver thread, presented a *tout ensemble* not to be seen, perhaps, in any other country; whilst the bareheaded crowds that lined the streets and followed the procession afforded unmistakable evidence, by their earnest and respectful demeanor, that they *felt* their religion in a greater degree than did some of the priests, who were laughing in no very decorous manner, even while intoning in public the services of their Church.

There can be no doubt that Moscow presents an infinity of subjects of stirring interest to the traveller. On an inspection of the visitors' book at the palace in the Kremlin, we saw the names of numerous English people; and now that the railroad is open in its whole length from Berlin to St. Petersburg, and thence to Moscow, and every facility afforded to the tourist, it is probable that large numbers of our countrymen, and countrywomen too, will avail themselves of the opportunities afforded of visiting this remarkable city.

THE VALE OF AVOCA.

THE vale is well planted. The railway passes through the demesne of Avondale. The mansions of Avondale and Kingstown are passed on the right, and then appear the turrets of Castle Howard, the seat of Mr. Howard Brooke, standing on an eminence on the left of the river Avonmore, just above its famous junction with the Avonbeg. The

river is crossed by a quaintly picturesque bridge known as the Lion Bridge. The entrance to the demesne is by a castellated gate, surmounted by a lion passant, the crest of the Howard family. The structure, which is plain and chaste, gains much in effect from its position on an elevation of two hundred feet above the river. The hills around are richly planted. The view from the esplanade embraces the surrounding hills and vale of Avoca. The "Meeting of the Waters" is soon approached, where the Avonbeg unites with the Avonmore, and flows down the vale under the name of the Avoca, amid projecting rocks, o'erhanging trees, and every adjunct to picturesque effect. The tourist is apt to expect too much from such a place, forgetting that when the national poet sung

> There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
> As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.
> Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
> Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.
>
> Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene
> Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
> 'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
> Oh! no—it was something more exquisite still
>
> 'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
> Who made each dear scene of enchantment more dear;
> And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
> When we see them reflected from looks that we love.
>
> Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
> In thy bosom of shade with the friends I love best,
> Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease
> And our hearts, like the waters, be mingled in peace—

he was drawing as much upon imagination in all likelihood as upon nature; and when we remember the lavishness of Moore's ideas, we must only be astonished to find nature so like poetry. The valley is indeed sweet, and cold must be the heart, and dull the head, which could pass through it unmoved; but if

the tourist does not wish to meet with a disappointment, he must not expect too much.

It is difficult to convey a description of the *Vale of Avoca* in terms to come up to the expectation of the reader, or even to the reality of nature. A notice of it, by the author already quoted, may be of some assistance to the expectant tourist. "Beautifully picturesque groups of oaks and beeches, everywhere hung with ivy, constitute one of the main beauties of the Vale of Avoca. This, to some extent, is the character of

THE VALE OF AVOCA, IRELAND.

all the valleys of Wicklow through which rivers flow, while the summits of the mountains and the unwatered vales remain completely bare. The Irish oak differs materially from the English oak; yet this difference, so striking that you notice it at the first glance, is difficult to describe. The branches are less knotted and spreading. There seem to me to be more straight lines and fewer crooked ones; more length and less breadth in the Irish oak." Another stranger, Prince Puckler Muskau, writes in glowing terms of the spot. "Just before

sunset," he says, "I reached the exquisitely beautiful Avondale. In this paradise every possible charm is united. A wood, which appears of measureless extent; two noble rivers; rocks of every variety of picturesque form; the greenest meadows; the most varied and luxuriant shrubberies and thickets. In short, scenery changing at every step, yet never diminishing in beauty." An English writer gives a very different account of the place. "As to the 'Meeting of the Waters,'" he writes, "as the Irish are pleased to call the confluence of two little streams, pompously or poetically as you may please to decide, I think more has been made of it than either the waters or their meeting deserve. There are, in fact, two places in the valley where two streams meet, one toward the lower end, where the scenery is rich and beautiful, the other, which I was assured to be the '*riglar*' meeting, was higher up the vale; and I confess, on arriving at it, I was disappointed, and could not hesitate in giving preference to the place of the confluence of the two streams we had passed lower down."

CHASE OF THE EIDER DUCK.

The eider duck has the merit of being abundant as well as valuable. It is a native of Norway and other very cold countries; its beautifully soft down, of which we are so fond, for pillows and coverlets, and, if very luxurious, for beds also, being given it as a protection from the icy cold of its northern haunts.

A great quantity of this down is collected on the coast of Norway; those who collect it waiting upon the birds in their own nests, and transacting business with them in a fashion which, it is to be feared, leaves poor dilly-duck as little voice in the matter, as does that of the sportsman, who shoulders

his gun, and, without leave, asked or given, coolly knocks her over in the water.

Let us see how this same sport of duck-hunting is carried on.

In the gray misty dawn of a summer's morning, three boats containing our sportsmen, their rifles, and plenty of cod-lines stowed away in safe corners, pushed off noiselessly from the dockyard point of the harbor of Christiansand. The water was like glass; and at that early hour the silence was unbroken, save by the steady roll of the oars in the rowlocks, whose echo was heard among the cliffs that skirted the "fiord"—as those arms of the sea that run deep into the sharply-indented coast of Norway are called. Here and there a seal popped up its black shiny head, took a long look at the boats, and then dipped down again, so quietly as not even to ripple the surface of the water; an act of curiosity, however, that cost one of them his life. A sharp crack of a rifle, and down went seal deeper than ever he did in his life, and not to come up again. It was a good shot, that gained for the marksman a rebuke from his companion, who very properly told him it was a shame to fire at what he could not secure after he had killed it.

Before getting among the ducks, they stopped at a shoal to get cod-bait, in the shape of large limpets, that were knocked off the rocks with boat-hooks, and stowed away for use when they reached the fishing ground: for catching cod was to be the end of the day's work.

After rowing awhile, the open sea was approached, heaving and swelling with the ever restless roll of the Atlantic; and the three boats forming line abreast, at five or six hundred yards' distance, pulled leisurely along, keeping a bright look-out on every side. Calm as it was, the swells were quite heavy enough to conceal the boats entirely from each other, as from time to time the huge mountains rolled between them. They kept on in this way for about half an hour, occasionally

deceived by gulls and cormorants, which, rising and falling with the swell on which they were floating, were taken for their more fashionable neighbors, the ducks. Suddenly, to westward, a dozen or so of black spots were seen on the water, visible at intervals, as they and the boats bobbed up and down at the same time. Crescent-wise the boats rowed on toward these black spots, which, as they were neared, showed themselves unmistakably to be ducks; still sitting quietly, and bobbing up and down with the swell of the water as before. A gun was already levelled at them from the centre boat (which, however, was not so near them as the sportsmen thought), when with one accord the dozen tails began to wriggle, and at once the whole flock were under water, disappearing as if by signal. The men now stretched out with all their might; and as they shot across the spot where the ducks had gone down, marking the chain of air-bubbles which their sudden disappearance had made, they determined to wait thereabout for their coming up again. Impatiently enough they waited; thinking what long-winded creatures eider ducks must be, as minute after minute slipped away and brought no signs of their reappearance. When lo, far to the rear of one of the boats, there were the same dozen of black spots, dancing up and down on the heaving water as before, as though nothing had occurred to disturb their tranquillity; for in truth the ducks had headed back under water, and the boats had pulled over them. Again they were cautiously approached by the boats, crescent-wise; again aimed at from the centre boat; when the twelve tails again wriggled simultaneously, and the twelve bodies went under at once. This time, however, they rose within shot of one of the boats; but before a gun could be got to bear upon them, they were under again.

So far, so good; for these birds dive so rapidly that the only chance of getting a shot at them in the summer season, is to make them keep diving till they are too much out of breath to dive any more. They were rapidly getting into this

condition now. The dive this time was a short one, though it carried them out of shot, and one of the sportsmen, marking the line of air-bubbles left on the surface, pulled on their track and headed them back to his friends. They now rose among the boats, and one or two attempted a heavy lumbering flight, which was speedily stopped by the fowling-pieces. The rest dispersed diving, each his own way, and pursued by the boats independently.

The object of approaching them in a crescent is to prevent the birds dispersing before they are too much exhausted to dive far. A separated flock can seldom be marked, because it is more difficult to catch sight of one black spot than a dozen; and if a flock disperses early in the chase, the chances are, that not more than one or two ducks will be secured.

The chase was now an ordinary affair, very like rat-hunting; the birds, confused and desperate, kept poking their heads up in all sorts of unexpected directions, and as their dives were now short, one or other of the quick and experienced eyes were sure to detect them. As for missing when they were once within shot, it was impossible to miss a bird nearly as big as a goose, and almost as heavy on the wing. Ten out of the twelve were bagged, and two only were unaccounted for, having slipped away in the heat of the chase. Three or four other flocks were sighted and chased with various success; some, taking alarm in time, contrived to dive and swim ahead of the boats, so as to elude them altogether; some, startled by too rapid approach, dived before they had time to draw together, and, breaking their order, appeared so many black spots in different directions, most of which were lost while pursuing others. Still, the spoils of the party were considerable; when suddenly a light cat's-paw ruffled the surface, the black dots were no longer visible as before on the water, and there was an end to duck-hunting for that day.

"Up sticks for the cod-ground," now exclaimed one of the

boatmen; and, hoisting sail, they bore away for the fishing-ground, a sunken island, though with twenty fathoms water, a couple of miles from the lighthouse.

CHASE OF THE EIDER DUCK.

Meanwhile all hands had got a desperate appetite for breakfast; so, running their boats in shore, to one of those numerous islets with which these waters are studded, they made a fire of the drift-wood which abundantly fringes the Norwegian coast, and regaled themselves, as men, after some hours' pulling about and shouting, had a right to do. This little island presented a rather remarkable sight. It was high and rocky; and, clambering to the top of the cliff under which they had breakfasted, they saw half-a-dozen peasants, who had been making hay of a miserable coarse grass that grew there, carrying it down to their great clumsy boats that were anchored at its foot. Upon these they built up the hay in stacks; and, towing them along by their whaling-boats, sailed home to the mainland, some dozen miles off. It was wretched stuff, such as a sleek English cow would have turned up her nose at, but the best they could get for their poor cattle.

The fishing-ground lay just off this island; and after spending the afternoon, hauling in little fish the size of a whiting, the rock-cod of Norway, as fast as they could drop their lines, they came ashore again. The haymakers, to whom they gave their fish, were speedily splitting and drying it in the sun for winter stock; for, among the hard-living Norse peasantry, these miserable little dried fishes are at that season almost the only "relish" that they have to their coarse rye bread.

Wearied with their day's work, the shooting party lounged luxuriously in a niche of the rock, till the broad moon threw a wake of light on the now motionless waters; then, betaking themselves to their boats, they rowed stoutly along the fiord to the steamer which was to take them on a visit to the Swedes.

It must not be supposed that eider ducks, and northern divers, are the only attractions that these northern regions hold out to sportsmen. A bear is occasionally to be met with; and then there is a grand hunting match. The hunters go out in great numbers, and, spreading themselves over a considerable tract of country, gradually draw nearer and nearer to

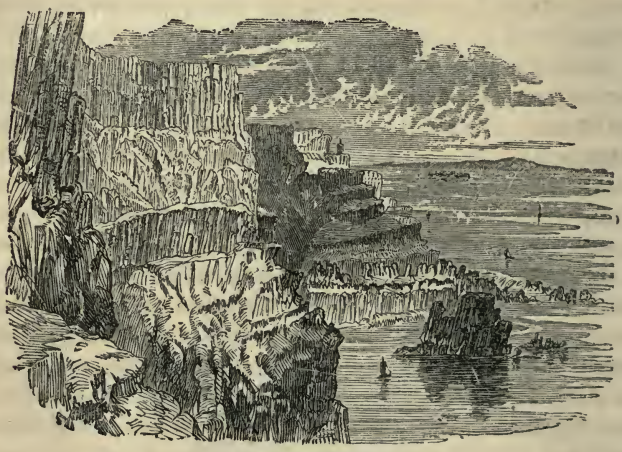
each other, so as to drive any animals enclosed in the circle within range of their guns. And then they blaze away at Bruin; whose taking to the water by no means furthers his views as to escape, seeing that marksmen, stationed in boats here and there, are ready for him, to what point soever he may turn. It is much to be feared that, altogether, they are "too many" for him.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

The most wonderful natural curiosity in Ireland is the Giant's Causeway, composed of basaltic rocks. These rocks occur more or less plentifully over the whole northern coast of the county Antrim, but the district embracing the most interesting variety of forms ranges over a space of about four miles from Portcoon Cave on the west to Dunseverick Castle on the east. It will be advisable, if the tourist have time, to take the circuit first in a boat, and have the various objects pointed out to him by the rower, and then to visit them by land in detail with a guide. We purpose first to devote a brief space to the general consideration of this district, and then describe the various objects in their order, proceeding from west to east. Not until 1693 was public attention called to the Giant's Causeway, since which time the district has been visited by thousands of tourists, among whom were not a few scientific men. To form any conception of the appearance of this extraordinary work of nature, we must suppose a wild rocky shore, with here a shoal, and there a beetling cliff, alternating with deposits of debris. But the majority of our rocks in cliffs are deposited in layers one above another; whereas these are composed of perpendicular columns, some five, some six-sided, and though separate, fitting so closely together as to exclude, in some places, even a sheet of paper.

The exposed ends of these columns form the Causeway, their entire lengths in other places forming the ribbed or fluted crags, as in the Organ and Stack, resembling, but far surpassing in extent, the similar columns on Arthur Seat known as Sampson's Ribs. Nor are the pillars themselves continuous, but composed of several pieces fitted together by convex and concave surfaces. Of the figure of the pillars, we are told that "there is only one triangular pillar throughout the whole extent of the three Causeways. It stands near the east side of the Grand Causeway. There are but three pillars of nine sides; one of them situated in the Honeycomb, and the others not far from the triangular pillar just noticed. The total number of four and eight sides bear but a small proportion to the entire mass of pillars, of which it may be safely computed that ninety-nine out of one hundred have either five, six, or seven sides." It would be out of place here to enter into geological details. Such as take an interest in the stony science will become acquainted with the subject from other and more proper sources before setting out on their journey, and such as do not would only be confused by an array of trap rocks divided into basalt, felspar, hornblende, and such titles. It will be sufficient for the general reader's purpose, if we state that these columns are composed chemically of about one-half flinty earth, one-quarter iron, and one-quarter clay and lime; that they are plutonic in their origin, that is, formed by a perfect fusion of the ingredients into one mass, which in cooling has *cracked* or crystallized into regular forms, as starch will on drying. Kohl's beautiful remarks on this subject are so much to the point that we shall quote them: "With all the explanations that can be offered, however, so much is left unexplained, that they answer very little purpose. On a close investigation of these wonderful formations, so many questions arise that one scarcely ventures to utter them. With inquiries of this nature, perhaps not the least gain is the knowledge of how much lies beyond the limits of our inquiries, and how many things that

lie so plainly before our eyes, which we can see and handle, may yet be wrapped in unfathomable mystery. We see in the Giant's Causeway the most certain and obvious effects produced by the operation of active and powerful forces which entirely escape our scrutiny. We walk over the heads of some forty thousand columns (for this number has been counted by some curious and leisurely persons), all beautifully cut and polished, formed of such neat pieces, so exactly fitted to each



THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

other, and so cleverly supported, that we might fancy we had before us the work of ingenious human artificers; and yet what we behold is the result of the immutable laws of nature, acting without any apparent object, and by a process which must remain a mystery forever to our understanding. Even the simplest inquiries it is often impossible to answer; such, for instance, as how far these colonnades run out beneath the sea, and how far into the land, which throws over them a veil as impenetrable as that of the ocean."

Portcoon Cave, about half a mile west of the Causeway, is

the first object on our way. It can be visited either by land or water. Like most other caves, it has no striking peculiarity, and is merely interesting as a cave. The echo produced by a musical instrument is said to be delicious, while that of a loaded gun or small cannon is tremendous, and only suited to those who delight in the loud and noisy. The story goes that this cave was inhabited by a hermit giant, who, having a solemn oath never to touch food brought to him by human hands, was fed by seals, who carried him provisions in their *mouths*.

Dunkerry Cave is one which can only be entered by water. The entrance is tolerably regular, and somewhat resembles a Gothic arch. This cave is situated to the west of Portcoon. Perhaps the most peculiar circumstance connected with this cave is the rising of the water within in response to the swell of the ocean, which upon this coast is at all times heavy, and as each successive wave rolls into the cave, the surface rises so slowly and awfully that a nervous person would be apprehensive of a ceaseless increase in the elevation of the waters until they reached the summit of the cave. Of this, however, there need not be the most distant apprehension, the roof being sixty feet above the high-water mark. Passing the beautiful little bay of Portnabaw, we gradually gain sight of the *Steucans*, two peculiar hills which divide the bays Portnabaw and Port Ganniay. A little way further we come upon the *Giant's Well*, a little hole in the basaltic flooring of the place, which is generally filled with clear water. The legends which tell of the giant or giants who lived in this wild retreat have of necessity furnished every means of subsistence and amusement for the portly inhabitants, such as organs, chimneys, a ball alley, and even a pulpit; and in the face of so much of the briny deep it would be hard to refuse them a draught of pure cold water, and we accordingly find this little pool dubbed the Giant's Well. We are now, however, close beside the grand objects of our visit.

The visitor, whoever he be, is almost certain to be disappointed as he gazes for the first time on the ultimatum of his pilgrimage, and to wish that he had been less curious, or more easily satisfied. This is more or less the case with every place of resort, but especially so here. So unlike to any thing already seen or described is the appearance of the Causeway, that few will visit the scene without a first sensation not altogether gratifying. This impression, luckily for the credit of the place, and fees of guides and other assistants, is but momentary, and makes way for a new feeling of curiosity blended with wonder. The Causeway is divided into three tongues, the Little, the Middle, and the Grand Causeways. It would be impossible to give any thing like a correct idea of the Causeway and its accompanying wonders by description; all we can do is merely to tell the tourist how they can be seen, and enumerate a few of the leading objects most worthy of his study.*

The *Giant's Gateway and Loom*, seen on turning to leave the Causeway, are composed of a series of columns, the perpendicular lengths of which are exposed to view. The *Giant's*

* Of the traditions without end which attempt to account for this wonderful natural production, we will content ourselves with one, assuring the tourist that he will hear dozens if he only stays long enough in the district, and keeps his ears and his pockets open. The giant Fin MacCoul was the champion of Ireland, and felt very much aggrieved at the insolent boasting of a certain Caledonian giant, who offered to beat all who came before him, and even dared to tell Fin that if it weren't for the wetting of himself, he would swim over and give him a drubbing. Fin at last applied to the king, who perhaps not daring to question the doings of such a weighty man, gave him leave to construct a causeway right to Scotland, on which the Scot walked over and fought the Irishman. Fin turned out victor, and with an amount of generosity quite becoming his Hibernian descent, kindly allowed his former rival to marry and settle in Ireland, which the Scot was not loath to do, seeing that at that time living in Scotland was none of the best, and everybody knows that Ireland was always the richest country in the world. Since the death of the giants, the Causeway, being no longer wanted, has sunk under the sea, only leaving a portion of itself visible here, a little at the island of Rathlin, and the portals of the grand gate on Staffa.

Organ is a similar object, but more beautiful than either. "It forms no part of the Causeway, but is placed apart in the mountain, and consists of a number of large pillars, declining on either side to shorter and shorter ones, like the strings of a harp; and we might really imagine a giant organist sitting playing at it, especially as the basaltic pillars, when struck, give forth a metallic ring. The colonnade of pillars constituting the pipes of the Organ, have evidently been exposed by some land-slip. Portnoffer Bay is passed, from which the Shepherd's Path leads over the cliff to a country perfectly level and grass-grown, presenting a strange contrast to the iron-bound coast."

"After Portnoffer Bay came the *Giant's Amphitheatre.*" Kohl writes enthusiastically of this bay. "The bay called the Giant's Amphitheatre is certainly the most beautiful amphitheatre in the world, that in Rome not excepted. The form of it is so exact half a circle, that no architect could have possibly made it more so, and the cliff slopes at precisely the same angle all round to the centre. Round the upper part runs a row of columns eighty feet high; then comes a broad rounded projection, like an immense bench, for the accommodation of the giant guests of Fin MacCoul; then again a row of pillars sixty feet high, and then again a gigantic bench, and so down to the bottom, where the water is enclosed by a circle of black boulder stones, like the limits of the arena. This is a scene, in speaking of which no traveller need fear indulging in terms of exaggeration, for all that he can say must remain far behind the truth."

The *Giant's Chimney Tops* are three isolated pillars standing on a promontory. The tallest of them is about forty-five feet in height. It is said that one of the ships belonging to the Spanish Armada was driven into the coast by stress of weather, and in the mist took these isolated columns, then more numerous, for the towers of Dunluce, and wasted their gunpowder in firing at them.

THE SCHRECKHORN.

"This most steep fantastic pinnacle,
The fretwork of some earthquake—where the clouds
Pause to repose themselves in passing by."—Byron.

It was upon a bright day, the first of the month of August, 1857, that I stepped from the deck of the steamer at the upper end of the lovely lake of Thun, and with a young companion who then journeyed in Switzerland for the first time, wended my way through the village of Unterseen to Grindelwald. Once more I was about to tread the snows of the Alps, and I felt a thrill of delight at the thought, that those only who have experienced the fascination attending a glacier expedition can fully understand. With what exultation did I gaze at the gigantic Jungfrau, the advanced guard of the Oberland Giants, whose summit I had attained the year before, and with what pleasure, as we approached Grindelwald, did I draw my companion's attention to the grandeur of the scene as mountain after mountain burst upon the sight, and gradually the whole Bernese range, from the Jungfrau to the Wetterhorn, opened to the view; the snow-clad peaks sharply defined against the clear blue sky, the glaciers pouring into the valley wherever channels in the rocky barrier gave them outlet.

At Grindelwald I took up my quarters at the Hôtel de l'Ours, where I was warmly welcomed, and was soon in conference with my old guide, Christian Almer, to whom I unfolded my desire to attempt the ascent of the Schreckhorn. Finding him nothing loath, I engaged him and Peter Bohren as guides for the expedition, and the next day, with my telescope in my pocket, I mounted the Faulhorn to reconnoitre. It happened to be a *fête* day, and I found a large crowd of peasants dancing and amusing themselves in various other ways upon a flat piece of ground just below the summit. Truly, they had chosen a magnificent ball-room; the blue canopy of heaven

was the ceiling, the earth—carpeted by the emerald sward patterned with the brightest flowers—the floor. On one side rose the summit of the Faulhorn, on the other the mountains of the Oberland, forming a panorama upon which the eye never tired to dwell.

Approaching a group of dancers, I was recognized by one of them (a guide I had once employed), and no sooner was the dance over than he greeted me with great cordiality, and urged me to dance a polka. As an inducement, he introduced his blushing sweetheart for a partner; but, mistrusting my powers of dancing in boots with soles an inch thick, studded with hobnails, I bowed my excuses, and proceeded on my way to the summit, where I sat down, and, adjusting my telescope, took a long and anxious survey of the Schreckhorn and the surrounding snows.

The result was that I felt convinced that the principal difficulties in the attempt to ascend the peak would be found a short distance below the place where it first appeared above the snow, as the névé there seemed much broken up, and I could trace a large crevasse running along for a considerable distance. I inferred that a long ladder would be of essential service during the expedition.

Upon descending I communicated to Almer and Bohren the result of my observations; but finding that they did not agree with me as to the necessity for a ladder, I deferred for the time to their judgment, and having engaged two porters, awaited patiently the appearance of continued fair weather in order to start.

The morning of the 5th of August proved very fine; the mercury of the barometer was rising fast; and the weather seemed so settled that I determined to set off. The guides and porters were summoned, and we were soon in the midst of the bustle of preparation.

Each of our porters carried one of the long baskets of the country, wide at the mouth and narrow at the bottom, attached

to his shoulders by hooks or cords. These baskets were filled with provisions, wine, some blankets, a large bed curtain for a flag, a sheepskin, and knapsacks. The loads were very heavy,

A SCENE IN SWITZERLAND.

but the sturdy Oberland men walked off with them without the slightest difficulty, and quite as a matter of course. Almer

carried a long stout rope and a heavy common wood axe, which I had often seen used with good effect during an ascent, in giving the first rough cuts to the steps in a steep ice wall, that were afterwards deepened and finished off by the ice axes of those who followed. Bohren carried his knapsack and ice axe. Past experience having satisfied me that the guide, in De Saussure's time, who talked of travelling over a glacier with a parasol in one hand and a scent bottle in the other, was a very sensible fellow, and that on the snow the heat of the sun by day was worse than the cold by night, I had studied to adopt such clothing as, whilst being light and not absorbing the sun's rays, should at the same time preserve the person from cold when resting after being heated by exertion. My costume consisted of white flannel cricketing trowsers, and a jacket of the same material, with sleeves, a white linen coat, flannel shirt, white felt wide-awake hat, a pair of merino stockings, with a pair of the thickest worsted socks drawn over them, and double-soled Blucher boots, specially made for the purpose in London, the soles, of course, well studded with nails. I also took with me a pair of long cloth gaiters, to put on at night, and a pair of neutral tint spectacles, with side glasses, to protect the eyes from the glare of the sun whilst on the snow.

About ten we started, every one about the hotel turning out to see us off, and expressing good wishes for our success. A short distance from the hotel we met Madame Bohren, who brought a copper kettle for our tea-making, and a little "Toddle," who came to take leave of its father. Some time was taken up whilst Bohren tied the kettle on the top of his knapsack, and gave up to his wife his testimonial book and valuables.

I myself caused the next stoppage, for notwithstanding the opinion of Almer and Bohren about the ladder, I had thought of nothing else since leaving the hotel, and pictured to myself so vividly the annoyance I should suffer in case the expedition

should fail for want of it, that I sent back one of the porters to fetch one, with a man to carry it, and we awaited his coming at the residence of Bohren's father, a châlet at the foot of the upper glacier. When the ladder arrived, it required a little trimming at the ends, then there was some wine to be drunk for the good of the house, and one of the porters had to deposit his little stock of money with Bohren's sister; but at last all these little matters were completed, and we set off in earnest.

Our course was for some time in the direction of the Great Scheideck, along and up the base of the mountain marked "Oberberg" in the map, there being no practicable way to ascend along the southern or Grindelwald side of the upper glacier. As we passed through the meadows close to the rock, some peasants were busy getting in hay, and one of them, a young girl, was singing gaily at her work. Far above us I could see a small patch of snow, near which I was informed we should turn round the corner of the rock, and take a direction in a line with the glacier. We had started so late that the sun was very hot, and we wound our way slowly upwards, the guides and haymakers shouting to one another, and the maiden's song sounding merrily in the clear air; but at length the patch of snow was reached, we turned the corner of the rock, the shouts of the men and the song of the girl sounded fainter and fainter in the distance, and soon ceased to be heard As the sounds died away, I felt that we were now fairly severed from our fellow-men, and a sensation of sadness stole over me. My companions also seemed to feel the change, and their gaiety ceased for some minutes.

We pursued our way steadily, the scenery increasing in grandeur at every step, as we advanced up the gorge through which the stupendous mass of the upper glacier forces its way into the valley. At one part, our path lay over a large mass of rock, beautifully rounded and smooth, most probably by glacier action, but a few rude steps had been cut by the shep-

herds or hunters in continuation of the path, and there was no difficulty in passing. With the exception that Almer pointed out four chamois, on the opposite side of the glacier, that were grazing upon a patch of grass amidst the snow, no particular incident occurred until we neared the upper end of the glacier, when the noise of falling water warned us we were approaching a cascade, and we were soon in the midst of a scene of wild beauty. A large waterfall and several smaller ones, fed by the snows of the Wetterhorn, poured from the summit of the ragged cliff on our left hand, and their waters forced their way amongst the rocks with thundering din on their passage to the shattered glacier below.

To save making a long detour, our ladder was put in requisition, in order to cross the stream from the great waterfall close to the fall. During the fixing of the ladder, I was surprised to see a stone fly suddenly past us, close to the head of one of the porters, and we soon discovered that the fall brought down quantities of stones which, striking upon the basin into which the water fell, were shot out obliquely with tremendous violence. This discovery quickened our movements. As soon as the ladder was fixed Almer and Bohren crossed, and I followed, my legs getting wet through in a moment from the spray, and having a narrow escape from a stone, which struck the brim of my hat whilst climbing the opposite bank. We were watching the passage of the porters, when suddenly I perceived the foremost stagger, having evidently been struck by a stone. The poor fellow just managed to totter up to us, when he sank upon his knee with his face covered with blood from a bad cut in the head. I immediately pulled out my brandy flask and poured the contents down his throat; and recollecting the rule laid down by the renowned borderer Dandie Dinmont, in "Guy Mannering," that "the best way's to let the blood barken upon the cut," I would not allow the wound to be washed, but bound it up as it was with a pocket handkerchief. The guides relieved him of his burden, and

washed his face, and in a little while we had the satisfaction of seeing him, although weak, revive sufficiently to be able to go on.

After some rough walking and climbing over the rocks, we rounded the cliff on our left, and reached a place on the summit somewhat approaching a level. A short walk brought us in front of a huge boulder, or rather a cluster of boulders thrown together, and here the guides halted, and, pointing to a hole close to the ground, informed me we had arrived at "The Chief Hotel." *

The baskets and knapsacks were immediately put down, and preparations made for coffee. Bohren, who was of a restless disposition, and had lingered behind poking the handle of his ice axe into all the crannies he could find, came running up to tell us that in one of them he had touched a marmot. Most men are by nature Nimrods; and there are few that the prospect of a chase after even a rat does not excite. Shaking off my fatigue, and seizing an empty bag and an axe, I ran to the spot with Almer, and we all three were soon engaged with the axes, digging like mad men to get at the poor marmot; but although we tore up the turf and stones for some distance, and actually arrived at its bedchamber under a large flat boulder, the marmot was too quick for us, and opened a way out before we could reach it.

After the hunt, I made a sketch of the Schreckhorn, enjoyed a good meal and a cup of coffee, then lay down upon the sheepskin with my knapsack for a pillow, and covering myself over with a blanket was soon fast asleep. When my companions retired for the night, Bohren roused me up, and tried hard to persuade me to enter their burrow under the rock; but I did

* This hole or cave is, I believe, the same used by Mr. Wills during his ascent of the Wetterhorn. I think that, without reference to an ascent, two or three days might be most agreeably spent by using it as headquarters, and making excursions from it to the neighboring rocks and glaciers. The scenery around is magnificent.

not like the look of it, so, finding me determined to stay where I was, he disappeared with the others, crawling backwards through the hole, and I once more settled to sleep.

I was awakened about one in the morning by thunder, and, poking out my head from under the blanket, I found that it was raining fast. Up I jumped, rolled up my bed, placed it at the mouth of the hole, and bawled to the guides to take it in. After some sleepy observations from within, the bundle disappeared, and, lying down upon my face, I backed in after it. I found the hole more capacious than I had imagined, and passing to the end, enjoyed a good rest.

MOUNTAIN SCENERY IN SWITZERLAND.

In the morning it was still raining, and after taking breakfast my companions went to sleep again. I arranged the sheepskin at the entrance of the hole, and passed an unpleasant day, lying with my head out like a marmot, by turns dozing and watching the weather and the Schreckhorn, which I could see from my resting-place.

Late in the afternoon the rain cleared off, my companions shook off their lethargy, and we all turned out to look about us. As we stood with our backs to our resting-place, the Wetterhorn was on our left, the Schreckhorn on our right, whilst in front rose a rocky barrier, up which we had to climb in pursuing our route. Almer determined at once to climb this barrier, until we reached a spot within a short distance of the point where we were to take to the ice, and there to pass the night, so as to make a good start in the morning should the weather prove favorable. As any thing was better than the monotony of our present position, I was glad enough when we packed up our traps and bade adieu to our hotel, which certainly possessed one great recommendation, that there was no maître d'hôtel to present his bill, and no garçons to levy backsheesh upon the guests.

After climbing to the height desired we found an overhanging rock, under which we took up our quarters. The guides and porters built a little wall round us to keep out the wind, and we kindled a fire and made a good meal of coffee, ham, and eggs. Bohren found a little hole in the rock higher up, which he said just held him, and the three porters found one lower down, so the four betook themselves to their bedchambers, and I was left alone with Almer.

We kept up our fire, and as I did not feel any inclination to sleep, I sat up for some time, with a blanket round me, smoking my pipe and musing upon my strange situation. Almer kept me company, as he refused to lie down unless I did. When he did lie down, I found that little Bohren had carried off the sheepskin, and I had several times to rise and remove sharp stones whose points stuck into my back and rendered sleeping impossible. To add to my discomfort, the rain again began to fall and was driven in upon me by the wind, which was very cold, so that at length I was glad enough to get up again. Wrapping my blanket around my shoulders, I sat down and anxiously watched the flying clouds. On my left

hand, as I sat with my back against the rock, in tantalizing proximity rose the Schreckhorn. When a cloud less dense than others passed before it, its outline became dimly visible, and at the same time showed that the moon was shining brightly behind it, her light piercing the thin veil of cloud, and for a moment touching snow and glacier with her rays. Looking straight before me, I could mark in the distance the noble outline of the Niesen, and, as if suspended in mid-air, a small speck of light, which I felt sure must be the reflection of the moon shining upon the lake of Thun. The clouds flew rapidly past, gradually becoming thinner and fewer, until by degrees the stars became visible, the rain ceased, and about two A. M. the moon was shining in a cloudless sky. The Schreckhorn on my left, and the Wetterhorn on my right hand, stood out in bold distinctness, the snows around them looking like frosted silver; and the distant lake of Thun quivered and sparkled in the moonlight.

Almer replenished the fire and made a good supply of coffee; as soon as it was ready we shouted to wake Bohren and the porters. After considerable exercise of our lungs, some faint halloos announced that Bohren in the attic, and the porters on the ground floor, were awake; but it was a long time before the lazy fellows would turn out. As soon as we were assembled, breakfast began; and after it was over we packed up such things as we considered necessary to carry with us, and leaving the rest behind, at half-past six o'clock we left our resting-place.

Above us extended a long ridge of perpendicular rock, with the glacier resting upon its summit and forming a continuation of its face; but never projecting far beyond the edge, as the moment any portion of the ice was forced by the pressure behind beyond the edge, it broke off from the main body and plunged down the precipice. I was fortunate enough to see the fall of an enormous mass, which went thundering down, striking projecting points of rock, and turning and bounding

until it reached the rocks below, where it was shivered into thousands of fragments, throwing up a perfect cloud of icy spray.

The cliff seemed to bar further progress; but at one point there was fortunately a depression over which the glacier flowed, and from that point we soon made our way to the ice above, where a striking scene awaited us. On our right, deep below, ran the main channel of the great glacier, on our left, far above us, and shutting in the view, was a long jagged ridge of huge ice pinnacles which gradually descended, bearing to the right until it terminated at a point abutting on the main channel, the portion of the glacier upon which we were standing being magnificently crevassed. To the before-mentioned point we directed our steps, but the crevasses were so large and numerous, that it was extremely difficult to thread our way amongst them, and it somewhat taxed Almer's sagacity to find a route. Several times we had to abandon the path we were following, and try another; but by perseverance we arrived at our point, and shortly afterwards reached the névé.

We found ourselves in the centre of a valley of snow, with a gentle inclination upwards. The passage amongst the crevasses had so engrossed my attention that I had been unable to look about me, but now I observed for the first time, that instead of a single peak, as the Schreckhorn had always appeared to me to be, there were two distinct peaks. I was perfectly puzzled, and pointing to the nearer, I asked what it was. "Schreckhorn," was Almer's reply. "And that?" I said, pointing to the farther and higher. "Schreckhorn," was also the reply.

I could only suppose that from the points of view whence I had hitherto regarded the Schreckhorn, the higher peak had been blended with, or hidden by, the lower one. I of course determined to try the higher.

The valley in which we stood terminated in a ridge, for the most part covered with snow, dividing the upper glacier

of Grindelwald from the Lauter Aar glacier. Straight before us, however, and at the near side of the col, was a portion of bare rock, which formed a conspicuous object in the distance, and seemed a spur of the higher peak of the Schreckhorn, projecting from the snow in the same manner as one sees portions of the roots of large trees projecting from the soil, far from the stem they support. We marched past the lower peak, and made straight for this mark, the sun struggling through the clouds and shedding a watery glare around, whilst the whiteness of the snow on the peaks showed that, unfortunately for us, it was fresh fallen. Before us to our left was a dome of snow, with an alpenstock planted in the top of it by one of a party who had lately reached this rarely visited spot. As we advanced our mark appeared larger and larger, until upon coming up to it, I found it was a very large frontage of rock with a quantity of fragments at its base. To the right ran a steep wall of snow, forming one side of a great crevasse or *bergschrund*, the opposite side of which was much higher, and rose from the edge in a steep slope. The crevasse cut us off entirely from the peak.

We all stood for some time staring at the rock and the crevasse, and as no one seemed inclined to take a decisive step, I marched off to the left of the rock, with an idea of taking the difficulty in flank. Almer and Bohren followed, but I had not gone far when they begged me to stop, and Almer shook his head, and led the way back again. I have always regretted since that I did not persevere, as we could not have met with greater difficulties than we afterwards encountered.

Away we then went to the right, examining the crevasse carefully as we went along, but for some time there appeared not the slightest chance of crossing. After a close examination, however, Almer hit upon a place where he determined to attempt the passage, and the ladder being set up, I mounted with him and Bohren to the edge of the crevasse on our side.

We had scarcely done so when an avalanche of fresh snow

descended from the slope on the opposite side. Lucky it was for us that we had not crossed! The larger portion of the avalanche fell into the crevasse, whilst the remainder poured steadily over us like water. It came down with a sound like prolonged dwelling with the voice on the word "hush." Directly I felt it coming I struck the handle of my ice axe into the snow and held on, crouching on my knees as low as possi-

A VIEW IN THE ALPS.

ble. I was blinded by the rush of snow, and thought at the moment we were all going to be covered up. By the time it ceased I was pretty nearly in that predicament; I was obliged to pull my head out of my hat, leaving the latter in the snow, with large lumps of which, like hods full of mortar, my back and shoulders were covered. The snow also filled my pockets, and clung in lumps to every part of my flannel clothing. Bohren and Almer were in a similar plight. We had just finished clearing off the snow when a smaller avalanche fell, and we

again went through the clinging process. This was too much, and the moment it ceased, we hastily cleared off the snow, and ran down our ladder as fast as our legs could carry us.

Almer now gave it as his opinion that if we crossed the crevasse and tried to climb the slope, we should dislodge the fresh snow and be swept by it into the crevasse; and, as this was very evident, and it would have been nothing short of madness to have persisted in a proceeding that would have risked the lives of the entire party, I was obliged to relinquish the attempt to ascend the main peak.

It was with deep disappointment and a heavy heart that I saw the failure of my hopes, and turned to survey the lower peak, to which Almer drew my attention.

No crevasse appeared in our way, and as Almer felt sure we could mount it, I agreed to try.

From where we were standing a gentle descent conducted us to the bottom of a small valley running up between the peaks. We crossed this, and began to ascend the opposite rise, bearing to the right toward a mass of rocks forming a buttress to the right side of the lower peak, and divided from it by a steep slope of snow.

We had not proceeded far, when we had another proof of the dangerous state of the snow. An avalanche, dislodged from the upper part of the valley near the base of the peak, came suddenly down, sweeping a track about fifty feet in width, and passing so close to us that I touched the edge of its track with my axe. The effect was wonderful. First was heard the noise I have before described as the snow began to slide from its bed, and then, as the mass gathered increased velocity by its fall, a sort of crackling crunching sound, as the snow was pressed into huge balls which tore rents in the surface as they rolled along.

As the avalanche passed me its force was nearly spent; but our ladder man, who was some distance below me with the ladder over his head and his pipe in his mouth, being

in its way, it took him off his legs and rolled him over, ladder and all, amidst the laughter of the party.

After this incident we left the ladder on the snow, and lost no time in gaining the buttress of rock where we were safe from avalanches. We climbed to its highest point, and then the axes came into play to cut steps in the icy slopes leading thence to the base of the peak. Scarcely any snow rested upon this peak; it was more perpendicular than the adjoining peak of the greater Schreckhorn, but consisted of rock much broken up by the frost, with angular grooves affording good hold for the hands and feet, and rendering it not difficult to climb. We arrived at its summit at three P. M.

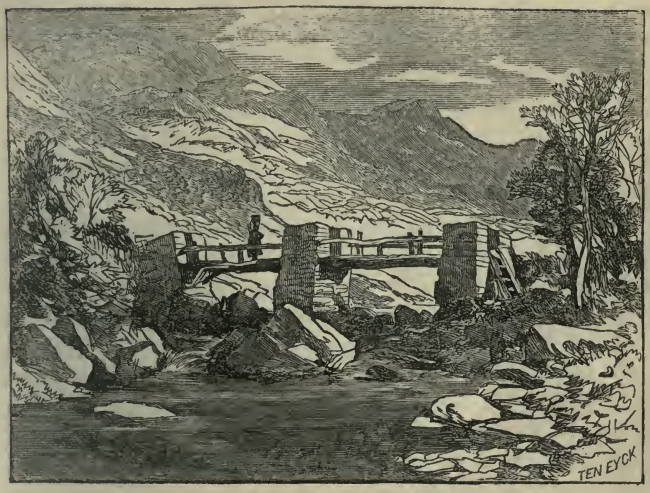
I immediately exposed a thermometer on the highest point; we planted our flag, and drank a bottle of wine, and Almer and Bohren set to screaming as loud as possible.

For some time the clouds had been gathering around us, and the view was any thing but inviting. The only objects (and those only occasionally) visible were our neighbors, the higher Schreckhorn peak, and the Wetterhorn, which presented a very remarkable appearance, having a conical top of fresh white snow, in shape exactly like a Mandarin's hat. The clouds filled the valley, and were massing themselves in a manner that betokened bad weather.

After smoking my pipe and chatting with Bohren for some time, I suggested that instead of returning by the way we came, we should try to descend the opposite side of the peak, and proceed to Grindelwald by the lower glacier. Almer and Bohren at first expressed some doubts about the practicability of this course, but eventually agreed to try it.

Before leaving, I took up my thermometer, which marked 43° Fahrenheit, and wrote our names on a piece of paper, which I placed in a bottle, and left for the edification of those who might come after us. It was in vain that Bohren attempted to persuade the porters to return the way they had come; they would not leave us, and we all quitted the summit together.

The first portion of the descent was extremely steep; masses of the broken rocks were piled up here and there, wherever a shelf allowed them to accumulate, and great care was required in passing over them. They were carefully surveyed by Bohren, who kicked over any fragment that appeared dangerous, and sent it plunging down to the depths below, frequently setting others on the move during its course, until a



THE RUSTIC BRIDGE.

perfect avalanche of rocks was formed, which we watched as they crashed along until lost to sight in the distance. I found that I got on best by placing my hands behind me and crawling down on all fours with my back to the rock, and I used this mode of progression wherever the rock was too steep to allow of my walking upright. When we came to a place a little less steep Bohren walked upright, and looking back, encouraged me to do the same, saying, "One never slides upon granite, sir;" but the words were scarcely out of his mouth

when the little man came down upon his back in a manner that made me infinitely prefer my surer method.

We certainly during our descent saw nature in her most gloomy and sterile aspect. Nothing but rock! rock! bare rock! There seemed no end to it. Once only I remember that the scene was varied, when a change took place in the mineral character of the rock, and we passed from the granite, too constantly disintegrated by the frost to permit of vegetation forming upon it, to a formation which, by its composition or the direction of its cleavage, is more capable of resisting that mighty leveller of the high places of the earth. There the cliffs were clothed with lichens of the most beautiful and varied colors, affording a charming relief to the eye.

As we continued to descend, we came now and then to small plateaux, the summits of fresh precipices, down which a passage had to be found. It was upon reaching one of these that Bohren, approaching the edge of the precipice and peeping over, shouted out, "Un chamois!" and immediately the whole party was thrown into a state of great excitement. The animal, it appeared, was lying down upon a ledge of rock, whence it started off the moment it saw Bohren. It took at first a downward course out of our sight; but Bohren directed me to watch the side of the aiguille near us, and in a moment or two it came bounding up the rocks like an arrow, scattering the loose stones in all directions. It was within easy gun-shot range when, a short distance above us, it suddenly turned to the left along a narrow ledge crossing the face of the cliff; but when it arrived at the end of the ledge it was stopped by a precipice, which compelled it to retrace its steps, after which it continued its upward course, and was soon lost to view.

At one spot we found ourselves in a complete fix. Our progress, like that of the poor chamois, was stopped by a precipice, and it seemed at first that we must turn back; but peeping round a projecting rock we saw a ledge on the other side, and determined to reach it if possible. It was an ugly

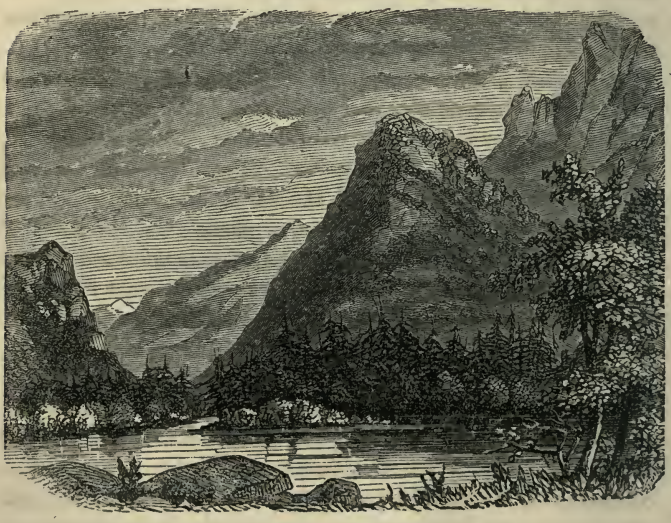
place ; the face of the rock went sheer down some hundreds of feet, and you had, whilst clinging to the rock, to cast one leg round it, and feel for a resting-place for the foot. As we were not tied a slip would have proved fatal. Happily we all got round safely, and after this we but once more encountered any serious peril. That was in passing a tall cliff topped by a glacier, whose ice pinnacles here and there stood out over the edge, and appeared ready to fall. There was no other way to go. And we all hurried along as fast as the steepness of the rocks would allow, keeping as close to the cliff as possible. My companions seemed fully to appreciate the danger. Many a wistful glance was cast upwards, and I felt very glad when we had left the place far behind.

We had here a fine opportunity for observing the wonderful operation of nature in the gradual reduction of the rocks. In descending from the top, it was curious to perceive how the fragments became smaller and smaller, until we arrived at a depth where they were fairly reduced into earth covered with patches of grass and wild flowers. These patches became more frequent and larger until the whole mountain side was clothed in verdure, and we drew near to the glacier.

It was a welcome sight, for, as we approached its side, the shades of evening began to fall ; but we now felt sure of reaching Grindelwald, and put forth our energies in scrambling over the long line of loose boulders which had to be traversed before we trod the ice. When at length we attained the object of our exertions—the Lower Glacier of Grindelwald—it began to rain, which made the passage over the ice miserable work, and by the time it was over we were thoroughly wet through. We left the glacier at the point where visitors to it usually get upon the ice, and I observed that the features of the place were much altered since I had last visited it. Early in August of the preceding year, 1856, a deep chasm lay between the ice and the rock, and access to the glacier was obtained by first walking along a plank supported by two pegs driven into the

face of the rock, and then along another plank which led thence to the ice, but on this occasion the glacier had moved much closer to the rock, and the peg-supported plank was no longer necessary.

The rest of our journey was wretched in the extreme. It was quite dark when we passed through the fields leading to the hotel; the rain fell in torrents, and we arrived perfectly drenched. However, a warm bath and a good night's rest set me right, and when the rain continued, and two days afterwards I saw the sides of the Eiger and the Wengern Alps covered with snow, I congratulated myself upon having escaped so well.



ÆTNA.

Though I had never been in Sicily till the spring of 1858, the peak of Ætna was as welcome as the face of an old friend, when I saw it for the first time from the public gardens of Caltagirone. I had been wandering along the western and southern coast of Sicily, with a burning sky, and—to speak truth—had found a good deal of the country through which we passed flat and uninteresting. My thoughts and longings had often turned to the land of glaciers, but now with a distance of only fifty miles between us I saw a veritable snow besprinkled mountain, and dwelt with pleasure on the thought that in three or four days' time, if all were well, I should know something more about its summit.

I reached Catania about mid-day on the 29th of April, and could I have had my own way, should have started that afternoon for the ascent; but my worthy guide, Giuseppe Lazarro, who, in common with all other Sicilians, fully believes that to go to the top of Ætna is a most tremendous undertaking, by no means to be treated with levity, or without the most careful preparation, insisted on my waiting till the following day. Feeling that he was much too good a fellow to quarrel with, I yielded to his arrangement, nay, I carried my submission so far as to permit him to purchase for me an effeminate apparatus of worsted gloves and stockings, without which he declared I could not possibly succeed in the attempt. I did indeed protest at first, and explained, but in vain, that I had gone up one or two hills before, and that I had never found the want of them. "Ætna," said he, solemnly, "is different from all other mountains. Many gentlemen who had been in Switzerland have talked to me as you do now before they ascended Ætna, but when they came down they said, 'Your mountain is terrible, it is far more difficult than any thing in Switzerland.'" Unwilling to wound his patriotic feelings, I yielded

the point, and telling him to get what he pleased, but to be particularly careful that we had enough to eat and to drink, went out for a drive through the environs of Catania. The road to Messina by the shores of the blue Mediterranean (by the bye, it is really blue, bluer even than the Rhone at Geneva) is extremely pleasant. Low hills rising close to the sea shut out the view of the volcano itself, but you are constantly reminded of its proximity by the fantastic masses of lava, which form the only beach for some distance. This lava is very black, and were it not for the wildness of its forms would have a sombre effect. But as it is, the graceful fluid lines, and the crested waves that tell of the fiery storm which must once have raged there, are any thing but disagreeable to the eye. There are, moreover, many little flowering plants, which grow even in the fissures of the lava; and wherever any accumulation of earth has taken place, there is plenty of bright green foliage.

Catania itself is built upon this same bed of lava, which extends for some miles in the direction I was now travelling, and also for nearly three miles to the south of the town, as I found, somewhat to my disappointment, on the following morning, when in search of a sandy shore, where I might bathe with comfort. Indeed, you are completely haunted by lava; walls are built of it, roads are mended with it; you sit down upon a bench, it is made of lava; you buy a pipe bowl, and it is lava too; ladies wear it in a thousand forms round their wrists, and round their necks, in their ears, and on their bosoms. I almost wonder they don't make it into something to eat; perhaps they do, for their "zuppa" is remarkably like hot water with a sprinkling of dirt in it, and this is very probably grated lava.

We left Catania on the following day, at 2.15 P. M., in full marching order, as we were to pursue our route toward Messina, after ascending Ætna.

The road to Nicolosi is a sharp ascent of twelve miles, but

as Giuseppe had made up his mind that we were to have the best inn's best room, and as we knew that there were one or two other parties on the road, we kept our mules going at a very pretty pace, and reached the resting-place in two hours and a quarter, some considerable time before our pursuers.

Giuseppe was certainly right in his selection. Our inn was very preferable to the rival establishment; but our haste cost us dear in one respect, as one of the mules, who carried the greater part of the baggage, the whole kitchen apparatus, and the muleteer, sweated profusely, and then, being put into a cold stable (of course his master never thought of rubbing him down), was seized with a severe fit of shivering. Alas, poor beast, had he been in England, he would have had a warm mash and a good rub; as, however, he was in Sicily, he was taken to the doctor's and bled!! * Of course the next morning he was too weak for his regular work, and I had the privilege of riding him, while my own favorite, who, though the snortingest of beasts, had a peculiarly pleasant amble, was compelled to carry the pots and pans.

As soon as I reached Nicolosi, I went to pay my respects to Dr. Gemellaro, a wealthy landowner in those parts, who considers Ætna under his special patronage. He is a particularly agreeable and courteous old gentleman, and takes great pleasure in receiving strangers, and talking with them about his own mountain, or about the discoveries of modern science, for which he has a most profound respect. His kindness, however, is not confined to mere courtesy, but he voluntarily under-

* An English coachman in the service of a Neapolitan nobleman, told me an amusing incident, illustrative of the intense love for bleeding amongst Italians. He was driving a pair of young and spirited horses, who taking fright upset the carriage, and he was thrown from the box. Being, however, only slightly damaged, he had shaken himself, and was proceeding at once to assist his prostrate horses, when two worthies with solemn faces came up, and while one presented a chair, the other drew forth a lancet, and entreated to be allowed to let a little blood. If I rightly remember the conclusion of the story, the blood that flowed was not English.

takes to arrange for his visitors the whole business of guides and mules for the ascent. In fact, he kindly acts as a sort of honorary *chef des guides*, and performs the duties of the office most efficiently. I told him that although I was aware he would have others to provide for soon, I wished to be independent, and should be obliged by his securing for me a good guide, with whom I might push on in advance if I thought fit. This he promised to do, and after a long and pleasant chat, I bade him good-bye, with a promise to pay him another visit on my return from the top.

From the doctor's I went to the second inn, where I found my fellow-travellers that were to be. They were four in number, two Italian gentlemen, and a Parisian and his wife, lately married, and making, as I fancied, their wedding trip.* He was a very genial, lively fellow, and his wife a most agreeable mixture of courage and modesty, a blushing, feminine little woman, but full of enterprise, and ready for any thing, though more than half afraid she ought to be ashamed of her own boldness.

We started together at eight o'clock P. M., they with three guides, and I with my one, besides which we were honored with the company of a queer nondescript kind of gentleman, distantly connected, I believe, with the mules, who carried a lantern, and who was the only pedestrian of the party.

The ascent was very gradual at first. It lay over lava, in some parts very rough, but for the most part formed into a good enough road. The pace was decidedly slow, but not so the conversation, for we chatted, and laughed, and sang right merrily. After we had been moving about an hour, the moon rose in a nearly cloudless sky, and showed us the sea girdling the plain at our feet, while we got a more accurate view of

* They had left Palermo a day or two in advance of me, and had passed over nearly the same ground. How they managed in such wretched hovels as the so-called inns at Sciacca, Montallegro (any thing but a "cheerful mountain"), and Caltagirone, I cannot conceive.

one another than we had been able to obtain by the aid of our Jack-a-Lantern. We now soon came on to some grass slopes, dotted with small scraggy oaks, and fine chestnut trees, but, unfortunately, we were too early in the season for foliage at so great an elevation.

At ten a halt was called to rest and feed the mules, and half an hour was spent, if not wasted, on this plea. The guides collected a bundle of wood, and had a roaring fire in no time. They seemed to find much solace in its warmth; but we were not at all cold, and preferred forming ourselves into a second group at some distance, where we spent the time principally in growling at the weather, which had changed in the most shameless manner, for heavy masses of cloud were rolling in upon us, and threatened rain or snow before morning.

Our spirits, however, were decidedly anti-barometrical, as I think they rather rose than the reverse; and, assuming at the bidding of the guides, the worsted overalls we had brought with us, we got again into the saddle at 10.30. We had not ridden far, when we came to our first snow, all of which, by the bye, is the property of his lordship the Bishop of Catania, who is said to make a goodly income by the sale of an article which is the universal summer luxury of the Sicilian population. It lay scattered about in large patches, filling up the hollows of the grass slopes, and partially concealing the banks of lava which were very broken and irregular, and which gave some trouble to our beasts. Vociferation, however, and kicking will always rouse a Sicilian mule to super-brutal efforts; and the style in which my beast, who was leading, took each *mauvais pas* was highly creditable. Leaping and climbing almost with the steadiness and agility of a goat, he seemed as much at home among snow and lava, as on a high road; but *non omnia possumus omnes*, "all mules have not the same legs," and the difficulties of sundry inferior animals in the caravan, who hesitated to follow his brilliant example, warned us about

12.45 that it was time to think of picketing the beasts, and trusting to our own exertions for the rest of the ascent.

The doctor had very kindly presented me with a bottle of wine grown upon the mountain; and although I had originally some idea of drinking it on the summit, I felt now that, as it was highly improbable that the rest of the party would be with me there, it would be more in accordance with good fellowship to attack it at once. I announced, therefore, to the group around me the prize I had got, and the treat I intended for them; and taking from my pocket that instrument which no wise traveller is ever without, drew forth the envious cork that separated us from the promised nectar.

The bouquet was peculiar, perhaps volcanic; but I passed the cup round to each in turn, commencing, of course, with my fair friend. It was received by each with solemnity befitting the occasion. There was silence. The draught was too exquisite to allow of words. My turn came to drink, and I drank.

There is a somewhat musty proverb as to the impropriety of examining the mouth of a gift horse, moreover it is written, *nil nisi bonum de mortuis!* Be not alarmed, dear reader; the doctor lives, happily, and is still the source of happiness to all around him; but the bottle—the bottle lies "down among the dead men," and perhaps I ought to say no more about it; yet for the sake of science, and that wine merchants may be enabled to offer the article, as "something very curious," to their customers, who live at home at ease, I venture to suggest that the "genuine Ætna wine" may be successfully manufactured by drowning a box of lucifers in a bottle of Cape.

Dear Gemellaro, thy heart is more generous than thy wine, and for an hour's pleasant chat with thee, I would gladly submit to be drenched with a more nauseous fluid than that first draught which I imbibed on the morning of May-day, 1858.

I soon found, as I anticipated, that my pace was more rapid than that of the other travellers, but I did not expect

that I should knock up my guide in the first quarter of an hour. A sound of heavy panting, however, just behind my ear, informed me that unless I intended to go up entirely by myself, I must slacken sail. We were at this time ascending the easiest possible snow slopes, very gentle rise, and the snow just crunching to the foot, so that nothing could have been better for a good burst. But when I asked my panting companion if he would like a minute's rest, he snatched at the idea with eager gratitude, but evidently had some further suggestion to make. At last, upon encouragement, he spake, and gave me to understand that the pace was not only unnecessary, but inconvenient. "The signor wishes to see the sunrise from the summit?" "Assuredly the signor does." "But if his excellency goes so fast, he will be there an hour and a half before the time." In short, it was clear that, if I persevered in the pace I had adopted, we should reach the top in less than two hours; and as I felt it would be absurd to select that as a waiting-place,* there was nothing for it but to lounge lazily up, and take as much time over the ascent as possible. But with a clear moonlight night, and an Alpine comrade or two, guides might be despised, and at least two hours saved in the ascent. That is to say, the travellers might safely start two hours later than the usual time, and be sure of reaching the summit half an hour before sunrise.†

Our route lay principally over beds of lava, sometimes bare, but more often covered with a thin coating of snow, and occasionally we trod on the solid rock, if such a word as solid

* This was my feeling at the time, but I afterwards discovered that it would have really been very agreeable to have had a two hours' snooze in the warm ashes at the top.

† The only place where there could be the slightest danger in ascending without a guide, is the edge of the crater. If there were as much smoke as on the night I ascended, a stranger might reach the edge before he was aware of it; but bearing in mind that he must begin to expect it in twenty-five minutes from the Casa degli Inglesi, he could come to no mishap if he walked warily.

can be applied to a volcano. At 2.30 we reached the Casa degli Inglesi, now a ruined shed filled with snow, but one of the doctor's darling projects is to rebuild it in a much grander and more substantial form. And I cannot but hope that all visitors will increase his subscription list according to their means, for he has obtained a sadly small percentage of the required sum.

Choosing the sheltered side of the hut, we sat down for half an hour's chat, which was certainly conducted under difficulties, my Italian being Anglo-Tuscan, and the guide's still worse, for the genuine Sicilian bears as close a resemblance to Italian as the broadest Scotch does to the language of Cockaigne. We managed, however, to get on very well, and our good understanding was promoted by a good pull at some *vino del paese* (which, though not brilliant, was also, happily, not volcanic), till at three o'clock we started for the ascent of the final cone.

This was almost entirely covered with loose fine ashes, and as the slope was steep, it was stiffish work, and the occasional pieces of bare rock were very welcome, though after all it was but a short affair. In about thirty-five minutes my guide threw himself down, and when I suggested that it was a pity to wait, till we had reached the summit, he informed me that we were there already. We were, in fact within twenty yards of the edge of the crater; but the smoke was so dense that we could see nothing.

The quantity of smoke that issues from Ætna is very variable, and in still weather it ascends so vertically that the visitor finds no inconvenience from it. But unfortunately this morning there was a great deal of wind, and we had been terribly annoyed and half suffocated for some time by the dense sulphurous volumes beaten down upon us. I now lay down in the ashes, which were very warm and comfortable; and avoiding the vapor, by keeping my face quite close to the hill side, settled myself down for half an hour's doze, in the hope that

the smoke might abate. As I found, on waking, there was no symptom of such a happy consummation, and no chance of our being able to see any thing of the sunrise from the highest point, I determined to commence the descent, but advanced first to the edge of the crater to gain, if possible, some idea of its form. Alas! I could see only a few feet of jagged precipice immediately beneath me, and beyond, nothing but thick darkness.

It was clear Ætna was not in a good humor this morning, so turning my back upon his sulky grandeur, I was soon sliding rapidly through the ashes, and as we emerged from the smoke, I saw in the dim twilight of the early dawn the rest of the party close beneath me, on the plateau of the Casa degli Inglesi, evidently engaged in some very interesting occupation. A minute more, and I was in the midst of them; they were drinking; it was a thirsty moment.

Shortly after this the sun arose, and here ought to follow a glowing description of the scenery and of the beautiful shadow of the mountain stretching across the island; but, as is too often the case even in Italy, the horizon was so clouded that it was more than half an hour after the actual rising of the sun before we saw any thing of his orb, and even then instead of shining forth as the glorious Lord of Day, he presented that ridiculous rayless appearance which Englishmen fancy he exhibits only to their own cheerful island in the months of November and December.

Altogether it was a failure; we saw indeed the distant Calabrian coast, and caught some fine glimpses of the island itself, but there was no color, no warmth.

Bidding my companions *bon voyage*, as they were going on to the top, and I did not feel inclined to accompany them for a second suffocation, I set off to visit the celebrated Val di Bove. I had supposed that this was an ancient crater, and my guide confirmed me in this view, but I have since discovered that geologists are of an opposite opinion, and that it is

in reality a huge rent in the mountain, the result of some tremendous earthquake, coincident probably with an eruption, at a very remote period. Be this as it may, it is by far the most striking sight of Ætna. It is a vast oval arena, nearly five miles in its longest diameter, the walls of which, almost vertical, and in parts between 2,000 and 3,000 feet deep, are of the deepest black, and split into the most fantastic shapes, while the floor, as it were, is covered with snow of dazzling brightness, out of which rise, here and there, monstrous obelisks of rock.

Having gazed my fill, I now commenced a rapid descent. There was nothing like a glissade, but the snow was just steep enough to get up a kind of skating movement, and by throwing out the feet quickly, a very good pace was possible. My guide seemed perfectly amazed when he saw me shooting away in this style, and leaving him far behind; but I went on my way rejoicing, and after more than once mistaking some black lumps of lava for the mules, I at last caught sight of them kicking, and devouring one another's tails, as is their wont. Jack-a-Lantern was in charge of them, and immediately on my joining him he began to reproach me for not persevering, nor do I think he was thoroughly convinced that I had reached the summit, till my panting companion arrived, and assured him that it was true, but that he had never seen such a signor before. I remarked that I was accustomed to mountains. "Credo cosi," was the exclamation of both.

I now made a hearty breakfast, washing down some tough beef and a whole pigeon (and Italian pigeons are worth eating, very different from the bits of things one gets in England) by another copious draught of *vino del paese*. With some kicking and no little bawling the mules were saddled, and a pleasant ride in the still early morning brought us to Nicolosi at 7.50, to the utter surprise of the natives, who did not expect us before mid-day.

Poor old Giuseppe looked bitterly disappointed, as he had

hoped to squeeze out another day at Nicolosi. Still I think his disgust gave way to astonishment, nay, perhaps almost to admiration, when I told him to get things in readiness, as I should start in half an hour. "Will not the signor sleep?" "No." "Is not the signor ready for a collazione?" "He has had one already." And so before nine, spite of Giuseppe's difficulties, I had taken an affectionate farewell of the dear old doctor, and was again in the saddle *en route* for Giardini.

The whole affair occupied less than twelve hours. Practised mountaineers might walk all the way, or take mules as far as possible, and then getting general directions from their guide, and leaving him whenever they saw fit, would manage the whole distance from Nicolosi and back in nine hours, with perfect ease. They might perhaps have some difficulty in finding the best point for looking down into the Val di Bove without him, but if they feared this they could instruct him to follow them to the Casa degli Inglesi, and wait for them on their descent; though I believe that most mountaineers would find it out for themselves, if they remembered when descending to bear away considerably to the left after leaving the shed. It is an interesting ascent even with such weather as we had, and with a clear sky it would be a glorious excursion.

LANDING OF AMERICANS IN JAPAN.

ASIA.

THE AMERICANS IN JAPAN.

[The story of Commodore Perry's reception by the representatives of the Japanese emperor, is thus told in his "Expedition."]

The apartment into which the commodore and his officers first entered was a large hall, arranged in a manner similar to that at Gori-hama. Thick rice-straw mats carpeted the floor, long and wide settees, covered with a red cloth, extended along the sides, with tables spread with the same material arranged in front of them. The windows were composed of panes of oiled paper, through which a subdued and mellow light illuminated the hall, while a comfortable temperature was kept up (for, although the spring, which is early in Japan, had already opened, the weather was chilly) by copper braziers of burning charcoal, which, supported upon lacquered wooden stands, were freely distributed about. Hangings fell from the walls around, with paintings of trees, and representations of various animals and birds, particularly of the crane, with its long neck in every variety of strange involution.

The commodore and his officers and interpreters had hardly taken their seats on the left, the place of hōnor; and the various Japanese officials, of whom there was a goodly number, theirs on the right, when the five commissioners entered from an

apartment which opened through an entrance at the upper end of the hall. As soon as they presented themselves the subordinate Japanese officials prostrated themselves on their knees, and remained in that attitude during their presence.

The commissioners were certainly august-looking personages, and their grave but courteous manners, and their rich flowing robes of silk, set them off to the highest advantage. Their costume consisted of an under garment somewhat similar to the antique doublet, and a pair of very wide and short trowsers of figured silk, while below, the legs were encased in white cotton or woollen socks, laced to some distance above

YOKU-HAMA, BAY OF YEDO.

the ankles. The socks were so contrived that the great toe was separated from the other four, for the passage of the band which attached to the sandal, and joined another from the heel at the ankle, where the two were tied together. Over the doublet and trowsers a loose gown of embroidered silk, something in the shape of the clerical robe, with loose sleeves, was worn. This was secured to the waist by a sash, in which are usually thrust the two swords which mark the dignitaries of higher rank. The three princes alone, of all the commissioners, were observed to wear a white inner shirt, or vest, which

was exposed at the breast. This was a mark of the very highest rank, and belongs exclusively to princes and the loftiest dignitaries of the empire.

Hayashi Daigaku-no-kami, prince councillor, was evidently the chief member of the commission, for all matters of importance were referred to him. He was a man of about fifty-five years of age, was handsomely formed, and had a grave and rather saturnine expression of face, though he had a benevolent look and exceedingly courtly manners. Ido, Prince of Tsusima, was probably fifty, or thereabout, and was corpulent and tall in person. He had a rather more vivacious expression than the elder Hayashi. The third and youngest of the princes was the Prince of Mima-saki, who could hardly be much beyond forty years of age, and was by far the best looking of the three. He was quite gay, fond of fun and frolic, and had the reputation of being a Lothario. According to the interpreters, Mima-saki entertained more liberal views with respect to foreign intercourse than any of his coadjutors, and seemed to be a great favorite with the Japanese, as he certainly was with all the Americans. His gaiety of heart manifested itself very apparently in his fondness for the music of the bands of the squadron, and he could not keep his hands and feet quiet whenever they struck up a lively air.

Udono, who, though not a prince, was a man of high station, and was known by the title of Mimbu-shiyoyu, or member of the board of revenue, was a tall, passable looking man, but his features were prominent and had much of the Mongolian caste. The fifth and last one of the five commissioners was Matsusaki Michitaro, whose rank and title were not discovered. His precise business in the commission it was difficult to fathom; he was always present at the conference, but took his seat constantly at rather a remote distance from the other dignitaries, on the further end of the sedan. By him there was continually crouched, upon his knees, a scribe, who was constantly employed in taking notes

of what was passing, and occasionally under the promptings of his superior. Matsusaki was rather an equivocal character, difficult to understand. He had not originally been mentioned as a member of the commission, and his accession to the diplomatic force seemed to have been a second thought, since the presence of a fifth commissioner was not alluded to until a day or two previous to the conference. He was a man of sixty years of age at least, had a long, drawn-out meagre

YEDO AND SIMODA DOGS PRESENTED TO COMMODORE M. C. PERRY.

body, a very yellow bilious face, an uncomfortable dyspeptic expression, which his excessive short-sightedness did not improve, for it caused him, in his efforts at seeing, to give a very wry distortion to a countenance naturally not very handsome.

Moryama Yenoske was the principal interpreter who officiated on the occasion; the same man who figured so conspicuously during the visit of Captain Glynn in the Preble. As soon as the commissioners had taken their seats, Yenoske

took his position on his knees, at the feet of Hayashi, the chief, and humbly awaited his orders. The Japanese are never forgetful of the respect which they think due to rank, and graduate their obeisance according to its degrees. From the emperor to the lowest subject in the realm there is a constant succession of prostrations. The former, in want of a human being superior to himself in rank, bows humbly to some pagan idol, and every one of his subjects, from prince to peasant, has some person before whom he is bound to cringe and crouch in the dirt. One is reminded, as he looks upon a universal nation on their knees, "in suppliance bent," of a favorite amusement of childhood, where a number of blocks are placed on end in a row, one shoves the other, and the first being knocked down, topples over the second, and so on in succession until all are tumbled upon the ground. The crouching position in which an inferior places himself, when in the presence of his superior in rank, seems very easy to a Japanese, but would be very difficult and painful for one to assume who had not been accustomed to it. The ordinary mode pursued is to drop on the knees, cross the feet, and turn up the heels, with the toes, instep, and calves of the legs brought together into close contact.

Sometimes it is mere squatting down with the soles firm upon the ground, the knees bent, and the body crouched low. Yenoske was quite an adept in these manœuvres, as were his coadjutors, and especially the prefect, Kura-kawa-kahei, who was one of the subordinate functionaries present during the conference. They all showed a wonderful elasticity of muscle and suppleness of joint, which could only have been acquired by long practice, and reminded one of those skilful contortionists or clowns, who exhibit their caoutchouc accomplishments to the wonderment of the spectators. These worthies, humble as they were in the august presence of the commissioners, had their worshippers in turn, who were more humble still, and who outdid them, even, in their bowings and prostrations.

Every Japanese is thus by turns master and slave, now submissively with his neck beneath the foot of one, and again haughtily with his foot upon the neck of another. The commissioners, after a momentary silence, spoke a word to the prostrate Yenoske, who listened an instant, with downcast eyes, and then by a skilful manœuvre, still upon his knees, moved toward the commissioners' interpreter, and having communicated his message, which proved to be merely the ordinary compliments, with an inquiry after the health of the commodore and his officers, returned with an appropriate answer to his former position. An interchange of various polite messages having been thus borne backward and forward for several minutes, through the medium of the humble but useful Yenoske, refreshments, consisting of the invariable pipe, tea in porcelain cups, served on lacquered trays, cakes, and some confectionery were handed round.

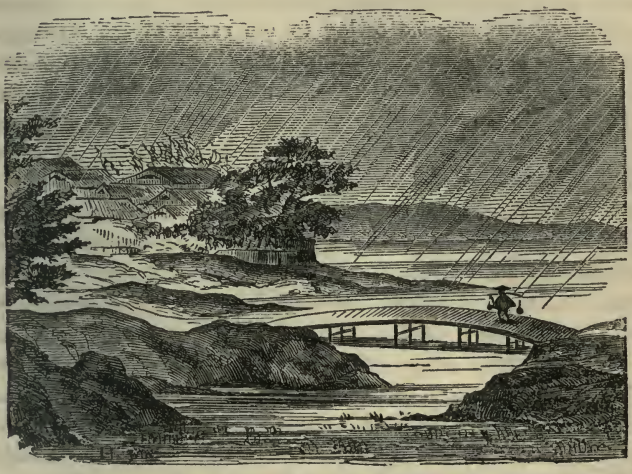
It was now proposed by the commissioners that an adjournment should take place to another room, which they stated would accommodate comfortably about ten persons. Accordingly, the commodore having assented, he, accompanied by the captain of the fleet, his two interpreters and secretary, was conducted into another and much smaller room, the entrance to which was only separated from the principal hall by a blue silk flag, ornamented in the centre with the embroidered arms of Japan. On entering, the commissioners were found already seated on the right, they having withdrawn previously to the commodore, and arranged themselves in rank upon one of the red divans, which extended along the sides of the apartment.

The commodore and his party took their seats on the left, and business commenced, the commissioners having preliminarily stated that it was a Japanese custom to speak slowly. They were evidently very anxious to proceed with deliberation, and weigh every word with the exactness of cautious diplomatists.

[Here follow in the narrative the official documents on both sides, which are too long to quote.]

* * * * * * *

The Japanese always evinced an inordinate curiosity, for the gratification of which the various articles of strange fabric, and the pieces of mechanism, of ingenious and novel invention, brought from the United States, gave them a full opportunity. They were not satisfied with the minutest examination



CAMIDA CREEK, BAY OF HAKODADI.

of all things, so surprisingly wonderful as they appeared to them, but followed the officers and men about and seized upon every occasion to examine each part of their dress. The laced caps, boots, swords, and tailed coats of the officers; the tarpaulins, jackets, and trowsers of the men, all came in for the closest scrutiny; and a tailor in search of a new cut or a latest fashion, could not have been more exacting in his observations than the inquisitive Japanese, as he fingered the broad-

cloth, smoothed down the nap with his long delicate hands, pulled a lappel here, adjusted a collar there, now fathomed the depth of a pocket, and again peered curiously into the inner recesses of Jack's loose toilette. They eagerly sought to possess themselves of any thing that pertained to the dress of their visitors, and showed a peculiar passion for buttons. They would again and again ask for a button, and when presented with the cheap gift, they appeared immediately gratified, and stowed it away as if it were of the greatest value. It is possible that their affection for buttons and high appreciation of their value, may be owing to the rarity of the article in Japan, for it is a curious fact, that the simple convenience of a button is but little used in any article of Japanese dress; strings and various bindings being the only mode of fastening the garments. When visiting the ships, the mandarins and their attendants were never at rest; but went about peering into every nook and corner, peeping into the muzzles of the guns, examining curiously the small-arms, handling the ropes, measuring the boats, looking eagerly into the engine-room, and watching every movement of the engineers and workmen as they busily moved, in and about, the gigantic machinery of the steamers. They were not contented with merely observing with their eyes, but were constantly taking out their writing materials, their mulberry-bark paper, and their India ink and hair pencils, which they always carried in a pocket within the left breast of their loose robes, and making notes and sketches. The Japanese had all apparently a strong pictorial taste, and looked with great delight upon the engravings and pictures which were shown them, but their own performances appeared exceedingly rude and inartistic. Every man, however, seemed anxious to try his skill at drawing, and they were constantly taking the portraits of the Americans, and sketches of the various articles that appeared curious to them, with a result, which, however satisfactory it might have been to the artists (and it must be conceded they exhibited no little exultation),

was far from showing any encouraging advance in art. It should, however, be remarked, that the artists were not professional. The Japanese are, undoubtedly, like the Chinese, a very imitative, adaptative, and compliant people; and in these characteristics may be discovered a promise of the comparatively easy introduction of foreign customs and habits, if not of the nobler principles and better life of a higher civilization.

Notwithstanding the Japanese are so fond of indulging their curiosity, they are by no means communicative about themselves. They allege, as a reason for their provoking reserve, that their laws forbid them to communicate to foreigners any thing relating to their country and its institutions, habits, and customs. This silence on the part of the Japanese was a serious obstacle to acquiring that minute information about a strange people of whom curiosity is naturally on the alert to know every thing. Much progress will, however, never be obtained toward a thorough knowledge of Japan, until some of our men of intelligence are established in the country in the character of consular agents, merchants, or missionaries, who may thus be enabled to acquire the language, and mingle in intimate social relations with the people.

The common people were found much more disposed to fraternize than were the Japanese officials. It seemed evident that nothing but a fear of punishment deterred the former from entering into free intercourse with the Americans; but they were closely watched by their superiors, as in fact the latter were by their equals.

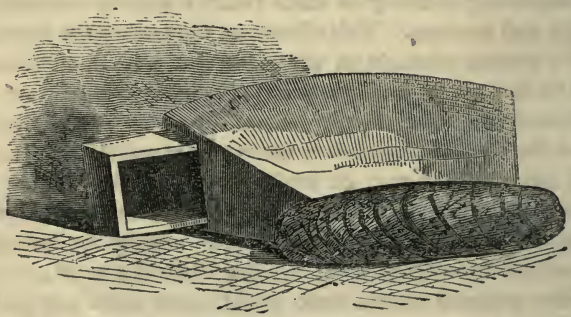
In Japan, as in Lew Chew, probably, a closer intimacy would have ensued, during the visits of the squadron, with all classes, if they had been allowed to follow their own natural inclinations, and had not been so jealously guarded by the numerous spies. No one, even of the highest dignitaries, is intrusted with public business of importance, without having one or more associated with him, who is ever on the alert

to detect and take note of the slightest suspicion of delinquency.

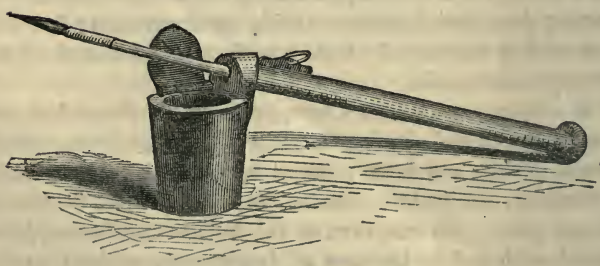
* * * * * * *

[At a subsequent interview between the Commodore and the Princes, the following remarkable scene occurred:]

The attention of all was suddenly riveted upon a body of monstrous fellows, who tramped down the beach like so many huge elephants. They were professional wrestlers, and formed part of the retinue of the princes, who kept them for their private amusement and for public entertainment. They were some twenty-five in number, and were men enormously tall in stature, and immense in weight of flesh. Their scant costume,



JAPANESE PILLOW.



JAPANESE WRITING IMPLEMENTS.

which was merely a colored cloth about the loins, adorned with fringes and emblazoned with the armorial bearings of the prince to whom each belonged, revealed their gigantic proportions in all the bloated fulness of fat and breadth of muscle. Their proprietors, the princes, seemed proud of them, and were careful to show their points to the greatest advantage before our astonished countrymen. Some two or three of these huge monsters were the most famous wrestlers in Japan, and ranked as the champion Tom Cribs and Hyers of the land. Koyanagi, the reputed bully of the capital, was one of them, and paraded himself with the conscious pride of superior immensity and strength. He was especially brought to the commodore, that he might examine his massive form. The commissioners insisted that the monstrous fellow should be minutely inspected, that the hardness of his well-rounded muscles should be felt, and that the fatness of his cushioned frame should be tested by the touch. The commodore accordingly attempted to grasp his immense arm, which he found as solid as it was huge, and then passed his hand over the monstrous neck, which fell in folds of massive flesh, like the dewlap of a prize ox. As some surprise was naturally expressed at this wondrous exhibition of animal development, the monster himself gave a grunt expressive of his flattered vanity.

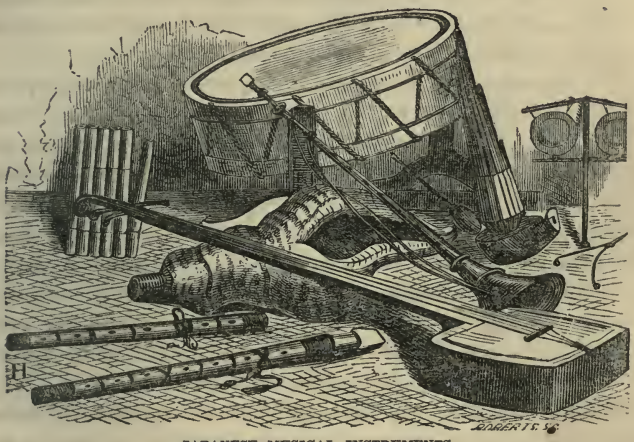
They were all so immense in flesh that they appeared to have lost their distinctive features, and seemed to be only twenty-five masses of fat. Their eyes were barely visible through a long perspective of socket, the prominence of their noses was lost in the puffiness of their bloated cheeks, and their heads were almost set directly on their bodies, with merely folds of flesh where the neck and chin are usually found. Their great size, however, was more owing to the development of muscle than to the deposition of fat, for, although they were evidently well fed, they were not less well exercised, and capable of great feats of strength. As a preliminary exhibition of the power of these men, the princes set

them to removing the sacks of rice to a convenient place on the shore for shipping. Each of the sacks weighed not less than one hundred and twenty-five pounds, and there were only a couple of the wrestlers who did not carry each two sacks at a time. They bore the sacks on the right shoulder, lifting the first from the ground and adjusting it without help, but obtaining aid for the raising of the second. One man carried a sack suspended by his teeth, and another, taking one in his arms, turned repeated somersaults as he held it, and apparently with as much ease as if his tons of flesh had been only so much gossamer, and his load a feather.

After this preliminary display, the commissioners proposed that the commodore and his party should retire to the treaty house, where they would have an opportunity of seeing the wrestlers exhibit their professional feats. The wrestlers themselves were most carefully provided for, having constantly about them a number of attendants, who were always at hand to supply them with fans, which they often required, and to assist them in dressing and undressing. While at rest they were ordinarily clothed in richly-adorned robes of the usual Japanese fashion, but when exercising they were stripped naked, with the exception of the cloth about the loins. After their performance with the sacks of rice, their servitors spread upon the huge frames of the wrestlers their rich garments, and led them up to the treaty house.

A circular space of some twelve feet in diameter had been enclosed within a ring, and the ground carefully broken up and smoothed in front of the building, while in the portico, divans covered with red cloth, were arranged for the Japanese commissioners, the commodore, his officers, and their various attendants. The bands from the ships were also present, and enlivened the intervals during the performance with occasional lively strains. As soon as the spectators had taken their seats, the naked wrestlers were brought out into the ring, and the whole number, being divided into two opposing parties, tramped

heavily backward and forward, looking defiance at each other, but not engaging in any contest, as their object was merely to parade their points, to give the beholders, as it were, an opportunity to form an estimate of their comparative powers, and to make up their betting-books. They soon retired behind some screens placed for the purpose, where all, with the exception of two, were again clothed in full dress and took their position on seats in front of the spectators.



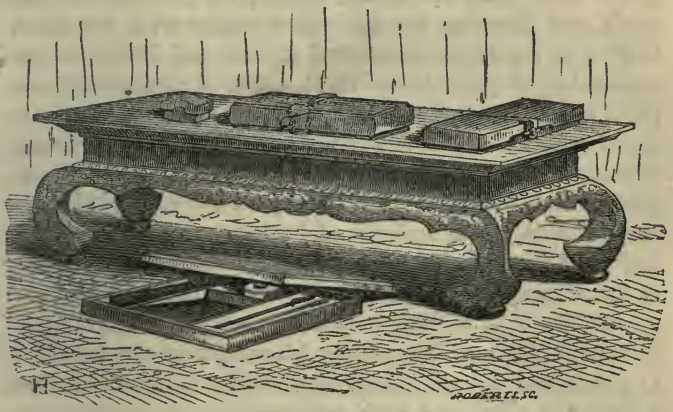
JAPANESE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

The two who had been reserved out of the band, now, on the signal being given by the heralds, who were seated on opposite sides, presented themselves. They came in, one after the other, from behind the screen, and walked with slow and deliberate steps, as became such huge animals, into the centre of the ring. Then they ranged themselves, one against the other, at a distance of a few yards. They crouched for a while, eyeing each other with a wary look, as if each were watching for a chance to catch his antagonist off his guard. As the spectator looked on these over-fed monsters, whose ani-

mal natures had been so carefully and successfully developed, and as he watched them, glaring with brutal ferocity at each other, ready to exhibit the cruel instincts of a savage nature, it was easy for him to lose all sense of their being human creatures, and to persuade himself that he was beholding a couple of brute beasts thirsting for one another's blood. They were, in fact, like a pair of fierce bulls, whose nature they had not only acquired, but even their look and movements. As they continued to eye each other they stamped the ground heavily, pawing as it were with impatience, and then stooping their huge bodies, they grasped handsful of dirt and flung it with an angry toss over their backs, or rubbed it impatiently between their giant palms, or under their stout shoulders. They now crouched low, still keeping their eyes fixed upon each other and watching every movement, until, in an instant, they had both simultaneously heaved their massive forms in opposing force, body to body, with a shock that might have stunned an ox. The equilibrium of their monstrous frames was hardly disturbed by the concussion, the effect of which was but barely visible in the quiver of the hanging flesh of their bodies. As they came together, they had thrown their brawny arms around each other, and were now entwined in a desperate struggle, each striving with all his enormous strength to throw his adversary. Their great muscles rose with the distinct outline of the sculptured form of a colossal Hercules, their bloated countenances swelled up with gushes of blood which seemed ready to burst through the skin of their reddened faces, and their huge bodies palpitated with emotion as the struggle continued. At last, one of the antagonists fell, with his immense weight, heavily upon the ground, and being declared vanquished, was assisted to his feet and conducted from the ring.

The scene was now somewhat varied by a change in the kind of contest between two succeeding wrestlers. The heralds, as before, summoned the antagonists, and one, hav-

ing taken his place in the ring, assumed an attitude of defence with one leg in advance, as if to steady himself, and his bent body, with his head lowered, placed in position, as if to receive an attack. Immediately after, in rushed the other, bellowing loudly like a bull, and, making at once for the man in the ring, dashed, with his head lowered and thrust forward, against the head of his opponent, who bore the shock with the steadiness of a rock, although the blood streamed down his face from his bruised forehead, which had been struck in the encounter.



JAPANESE CABINET WARE.

This manœuvre was repeated again and again, the same one acting always as the opposing, and the other as the resisting, force; and thus they kept up their brutal contest until their foreheads were besmeared with blood, and the flesh on their chests rose in great swollen tumors, from the repeated blows. This disgusting exhibition did not terminate until the whole twenty-five had, successively, in pairs, displayed their immense powers and savage qualities.

From the brutal performance of these wrestlers, the Americans turned with pride to the exhibition—to which the Japan-

ese commissioners were now in their turn invited—of the telegraph and the railroad. It was a happy contrast, which a higher civilization presented, to the disgusting display on the part of the Japanese officials. In place of a show of brute animal force, there was a triumphant revelation, to a partially enlightened people, of the success of science and enterprise. The Japanese took great delight in again seeing the rapid movement of the Lilliputian locomotive; and one of the scribes of the commissioners took his seat upon the car, while the engineer stood upon the tender, feeding the furnace with one hand, and directing the diminutive engine with the other. Crowds of the Japanese gathered around, and looked on the repeated circlings of the train with unabated pleasure and surprise, unable to repress a shout of delight at each blast of the steam whistle. The telegraph, with its wonders, though before witnessed, still created renewed interest, and all the beholders were unceasing in their expressions of curiosity and astonishment. The agricultural instruments having been explained to the commissioners by Dr. Morrow, a formal delivery of the telegraph, the railway, and other articles, which made up the list of American presents, ensued. The Prince of Mimasaki had been delegated by his coadjutors ceremoniously to accept, and Captain Adams appointed by the commodore to deliver, the gifts; and each performed his separate functions by an interchange of suitable compliments and some half dozen stately bows. After this, a detachment of marines from the squadron were put through their various evolutions, drills, &c., while the bands furnished martial music. The Japanese commissioners seemed to take a very great interest in this military display, and expressed themselves much gratified at the soldierly air and excellent discipline of the men. This closed the performances of the day; and, the commissioners having accepted an invitation from the commodore to dine with him on the twenty-seventh, the Japanese retired to the treaty-house, and the Americans returned to the ships.

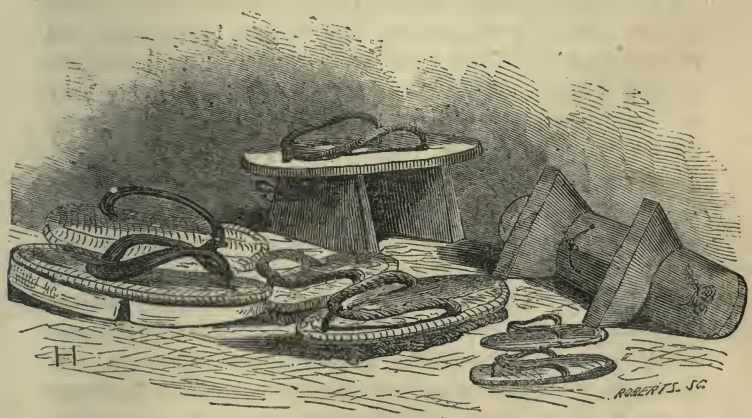
The Japanese presents were all boxed up and sent, together with the rice and charcoal, on board the storeship Supply, when, after being duly addressed to the proper department of the Government, they were stored away for future shipment.

* * * * * * *

[It will be seen by the following narrative that the commodore could play the host as gracefully as the guest.]

The commodore was determined to give the Japanese a favorable impression of American hospitality, and had accord-

JAPANESE CLOCK.



SHOES WORN BY JAPANESE.

ingly spared no pains in providing most bountifully for the large party expected, which was understood to comprise no less than seventy, exclusive of the boatmen and menials. As it was known that the strictness of Japanese etiquette would

not allow the high commissioners to sit at the same table with their subordinates, the commodore ordered two banquets, one to be spread in his cabin for the chief dignitaries, and another on the quarter-deck. The commodore had long before made up his mind to give this entertainment as soon as the negotiations with the Japanese took a turn sufficiently favorable to justify some degree of convivial rejoicing. He had accordingly reserved for it live bullocks, some sheep, and a supply of game and poultry. The ordinary cabin stores of preserved meats, fish, vegetables, fruits, and a choice supply of the best wines, furnished every requisite for the preparation of a generous feast. These abundant materials, under the cunning hands of the commodore's *chef de cuisine*, assumed nearly every variety of dish attractive to the eye and appetizing to the taste.

Previous to coming on board the Powhatan, the commissioners visited the sloop-of-war Macedonian, being saluted as they stepped on her deck by seventeen guns from the Mississippi, lying near. The great guns and boarders having been exercised for their entertainment, the commissioners, with their numerous attendants, left for the Powhatan, the Macedonian firing a salvo in their honor, as they took their departure. On arriving on board the flag-ship, they were first conducted through the different departments of the steamer, and examined with minute interest the guns and the machinery. A boat was lowered, with a howitzer in its bows, and this was repeatedly discharged, much to their amusement; for, although not a very warlike people (at least in their modern history), the Japanese evidently had a great fondness for martial exercise and display. The engines were next put in motion, and they evinced the usual intelligence of the higher class of Japanese in their inquiries and remarks. After satisfying their curiosity, dinner was announced, and the five commissioners were conducted to the commodore's cabin, where a very handsome banquet awaited them. The subordinate officials, amount-

ing to about sixty, were provided for under the awning on the quarter-deck, where a large table had been spread with an abundant supply.

The commodore had invited the four captains of the squadron, his interpreter, Mr. Williams, and his secretary, to join the commissioners at his table. Yenoske, the Japanese interpreter, was allowed the privilege, as a special condescension on the part of his superiors, to sit at a side-table in the cabin, where his humble position did not seem to disturb either his equanimity or his appetite. Hayashi, who always preserved his grave and dignified bearing, ate and drank sparingly, but tasted of every dish and sipped of every kind of wine. The others proved themselves famous trencher men, and entered more heartily than their chief into the conviviality of the occasion. Matsusaki was the soul of the party, and showed at once a very decided appreciation of American fare, and a special fondness for the champagne, with no marked aversion, however, to the other wines and beverages. The liquors, particularly the maraschino, seemed to suit the tastes of the Japanese exactly, and they drank unnumbered glasses of it. Matsusaki, who was a jovial fellow, soon showed the effects of his copious libations, and became very particularly happy. Hayashi, the grave prince, was the only one, in fact, whose sobriety was proof against the unrestrained conviviality which prevailed among his bacchanalian coadjutors.

The Japanese party upon deck, who were entertained by a large body of officers from the various ships, became quite uproarious under the influence of overflowing supplies of champagne, Madeira, and punch, which they seemed greatly to relish. The Japanese took the lead in proposing healths and toasts, and were by no means the most backward in drinking them. They kept shouting at the top of their voices, and were heard far above the music of the bands that enlivened the entertainment by a succession of brisk and cheerful tunes. It was, in short, a scene of noisy conviviality, and of very evi-

dent enjoyment on the part of the guests. The eating was no less palatable to them than the drinking, and the rapid disappearance of the large quantity and variety of the viands profusely heaped upon the table was quite a marvel, even to the heartiest feeders among the Americans. In the eagerness of the Japanese appetite, there was but little discrimination in the choice of dishes and in the order of courses, and the most startling heterodoxy was exhibited in the confused commingling of fish, flesh, and fowl, soups and syrups, fruits and fricas-

BAY OF YEDO.

sees, roast and boiled, pickles and preserves. As a most generous supply had been provided, there were still some remnants of the feast left, after the guests had satisfied their voracity, and most of these, the Japanese, in accordance with their usual custom, stowed away about their persons to carry off with them. The Japanese always have an abundant supply of paper within the left bosom of their loose robes in a capacious pocket. This is used for various purposes; one species, as soft as our cotton cloth, and withal exceedingly tough, is used for a pocket handkerchief; another furnishes the material for

taking notes, or for wrapping up what is left after a feast. On the present occasion, when the dinner was over, all the Japanese guests simultaneously spread out their long folds of paper, and gathering what scraps they could lay their hands on, without regard to the kind of food, made up an envelope of conglomerate eatables, in which there was such a confusion of the sour and sweet, the albuminous, oleaginous, and saccharine, that the chemistry of Liebig, or the practised taste of the commodore's Parisian cook, would never have reached a satisfactory analysis. Nor was this the result of gluttony, or a deficiency of breeding; it was the fashion of the country. These unsavory parcels they stowed away in their pockets, or in their capacious sleeves, to carry away with them. The practice was universal, and they not only always followed it themselves, but insisted that their American guests, when entertained at a Japanese feast, should adopt it also. Whenever the commodore and his officers were feasted on shore, they had paper parcels of what was left thrust into their hands on leaving, which they were obliged to take away with them, as it seemed an important part of Japanese hospitality, which could not be declined without giving offence.

After the banquet, the Japanese were entertained by an exhibition of negro minstrelsy, got up by some of the sailors, who, blacking their faces and dressing themselves in character, enacted their parts with a humor that would have gained them unbounded applause from a New York audience even at Christy's. The gravity of the saturnine Hayashi was not proof against the grotesque exhibition, and even he joined with the rest in the general hilarity provoked by the farcical antics and humorous performances of the mock negroes. It was now sunset, and the Japanese prepared to depart with quite as much wine in them as they could well bear. The jovial Matsusaki threw his arms about the commodore's neck, crushing, in his tipsy embrace, a pair of new epaulettes, and repeating, in Japanese, with maudlin affection, these words,

as interpreted into English: "Nippon and America, all the same heart." He then went toddling into his boat, supported by some of his more steady companions, and soon all the happy party had left the ships and were making rapidly for the shore. The Saratoga fired the salute of seventeen guns as the last boat pulled off from the Powhatan, and the squadron was once more left in the usual quiet of ordinary ship's duty.

LEW CHEW.

The group of Islands known as the Lieou Kieou, or Lew Chew, is said to be in number thirty-six, at considerable distances from each other, and lying between the islands of Kioosioo and Formosa; they are between 24° 10′ and 28° 40′ north latitude, and 127° and 129° east longitude from Greenwich.

It is a question yet discussed to what power Lew Chew belongs. By some it is said to be a dependency of the Prince of Satzuma, of Japan; others suppose it to belong to China. The probabilities, however, are all on the side of the dependence, more or less absolute, of Lew Chew on Japan, and probably, also, of some qualified subordination to China, as they undoubtedly send tribute to that country. Language, customs, laws, dress, virtues, vices, and commercial intercourse, all are corroborative of such an opinion.

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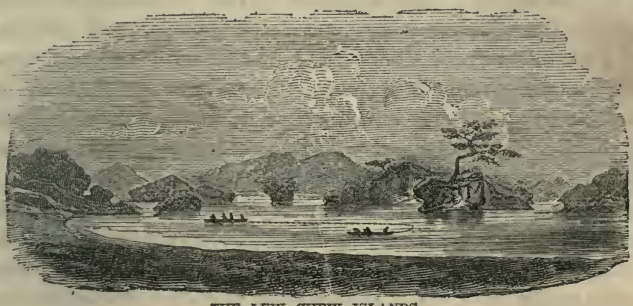
[The following entertaining account of Commodore Perry's interview with the regent of Lew Chew, we copy from the "Expedition."]

The hour of departure had been fixed at nine o'clock. Presently the signal was made from the flag-ship, and all the boats of the other ships pushed off at the same time, and as they pulled to the land presented a very lively appearance.

The point selected for landing was the little village of Tumai, about two miles from the palace of Shui. After all the other boats had gone, the commodore set out in his barge, and on his arrival the marines were found, under arms, and in line, under a grove of trees by the road-side, near the landing. Groups of officers in uniform were gathered in little knots under the shade of the trees; the boat's crews rested on their oars, looking with interest on the proceedings, while the natives to the number of hundreds (many of them of the better class) stood around, evidently not a little moved and excited by the scene before them.



THE LEW CHEW ISLANDS.

The commodore, with the captain of the fleet and Commanders Buchanan, Lee, and Walker, then passed down the line of the marines and artillerymen, when the procession was immediately formed. First came two field-pieces, under the command of Lieutenant Bent, each having above it the American ensign, and immediately preceded by the master of the Susquehanna (Mr. Bennet), with Mr. Williams and Dr. Bettelheim, the interpreters. Next followed the band of the Mississippi with a company of marines, under command of Major Zeilin. The commodore followed then in a sedan chair, which had been manufactured for the nonce, by the carpenter on board the ship. It was emphatically a dignified

vehicle, as became the occasion, large and stately, deeply indebted to paint and putty, not quite as polished as a turnout from Newark or Longacre, but, on the whole, decidedly a feature in the procession, though its hangings of red and blue were not of the finest. At all events, it was the most imposing sedan the Lew Chewans ever saw. It was borne by eight Chinese coolies, four relieving each other alternately. On each side of it marched a marine as body guard, while a handsome boy had been selected as a page, who, with a Chinese steward, were the immediate personal attendants.

Captain Adams, Lieutenant Contee, and Mr. Perry, followed the sedan. Next appeared six coolies bearing the presents designed for the prince and queen dowager, and guarded by a file of marines. Then came the officers of the expedition, headed by Captains Buchanan, Lee, and Sinclair, followed by their servants. Next were the band of the Susquehanna, and a company of marines closed the procession, which in numbers amounted to some two hundred or more.

The whole procession was well arranged and picturesque in effect; while the beauty of the day, the verdure of the hills and fields, and the cheerful music of the bands, gave life and spirit to the occasion. The natives clustered thickly on the sides of the road to gaze on the glittering novelty, while crowds of them hung in the rear of the cortege. They did not manifest the smallest apprehension, notwithstanding the presence of the marines under arms, and evidently were pleasantly excited by the spectacle before them. When the procession passed through any narrow lane the natives nearest to them knelt, the rank behind stooped down, and the rear remained erect, that all might have an opportunity of seeing. Very soon the procession emerged from the village, and came out upon the open undulating country south of Shui. The picture here was perfect. The fields of upland rice were gracefully bending like waves before the wind; the groves and hill-sides were dark with the deep-green foliage, so suggestive of cool

shady retreats, while, in the distance, the roof-tops of Shui, glittering in the sun, revealed, here and there, a spot of dazzling brightness amid the thick, leafy covering of the trees in which the city was embosomed. Under clumps of the Lew Chew pine the pleased natives were gathered in groups, while others might be seen running along the ridges that divided the rice fields, that they might head the procession, and thus gain another view; while over all the music from the bands floated far around, and added to the pleasurable excitement of the march. As the procession ascended the hill of Shui, the officers and men, who had been so long confined to the monotony of ship board life, gazed around with delight, perfectly charmed with the rich cultivated landscape that stretched away to the southward and westward.

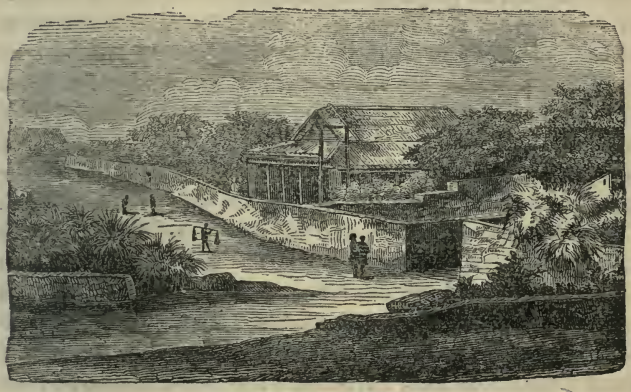
The officer designated to receive the commodore at the landing, and conduct him to the capital, was the Pe-ching who had been, in the previous week, with the exploring party into the interior. When the procession arrived at the gate of Shui, it was met by a crowd of native dignitaries, with their attendants, all in their best robes of grass cloth, and with the red and yellow *hatchee-matchees*, or peculiar Lew Chew cap, on their heads. The old regent and his three venerable coadjutors here appeared, and after salutations, turned and accompanied the procession into the city. It passed on without halting, through the central arch, and marched up the principal street. A large train of attendants was in the retinue of the regent and chiefs; some carried umbrellas, others bore *chow-chow*, or refreshment boxes, cases for cups, and other articles. There was an inscription in Chinese characters over the central arch, which was translated by Mr. Williams to signify "The place of authority;" under this arch the common people were not allowed to pass.

The main street showed, on either side, high walls, with occasional alleys branching from it on both sides. The native officers kept the streets clear of spectators, except at one spot,

where an alley branched off to the left. Here was a dense crowd, and here also was exhibited the final device to prevent the commodore from going to the palace. The regent's own residence was not far from the entrance of the street thus crowded, and here the dignitary requested, through the interpreter, that the procession should at once go to his house, and partake of the refreshments he had provided. Mr. Williams, who saw at once the object of the request, paid no attention to it, but marched straight on to the palace gate. It was obvious that the regent had anticipated that his stratagem would prove successful, for the gate of the palace was closed. A messenger, however, was despatched, at full speed, to cause it to be opened, and preparations to be made for the commodore's reception. On arriving at the entrance, the artillery and marines were drawn up in line, and the commodore and his suite walked past them into the castle or palace; the troops presented arms, the ensigns were lowered, and the band played "Hail Columbia."

On entering the first gateway, a second wall and portal were seen above (for the edifice stood on a cliff or elevation of rock, which formed, indeed, part of its foundation), and this second gateway formed the entrance to the outer court of the palace, which crowned the height. This court was surrounded by houses, which seemed to be designed for servants and others belonging to the royal household. On the eastern side, however, was another gateway, resembling the Chinese portals of honor. This consisted of *two* arches, and the commodore was conducted, as a mark of honor and respect due to his rank, through that on the right hand, into what appeared to be the central court of the palace. It was about eighty feet square, with very plain wooden buildings, of one story only, on its sides, and was paved with gravel and large tiles, arranged in alternate lozenges. The hall of reception was on the north side. All the other buildings, on the other sides, were protected by screens from the view of those in the court.

The commodore was conducted into the hall of audience, and placed in a chair at the head of the room, on the right hand side; the officers followed, and were ranged in chairs on a single line, next to the commodore, according to rank. These chairs were of some dark wood, lacquered, and were like our camp stools. There was also a double line of members of the commodore's retinue across the bottom of the room. On the left side of the apartment sat the regent, with his three principal councillors, and a double rank of attendants stood behind



SCENE IN LEW CHEW.

them. The interpreters stood at the head of the room, near the commodore, but between him and the regent. All having been thus accommodated, time was afforded for looking around. On the wall was a large red tablet, inscribed with Chinese characters, which signify, in English, "The elevated inclosure of fragrant festivities;" an inscription, by the way, which seems more appropriate to a place of feasting than to a hall of diplomacy or state receptions, where there is ordinarily little fragrance and less festivity.

The queen dowager, who had been so pathetically represented as being sick, did not, of course, make her appearance; nor did the boy prince, for whom the regent governed. After mutual salutations, tables were brought, and cups of very weak tea were presented to the guests. Smoking boxes were also distributed around the room, and twists of very tough gingerbread were placed on the table. In short, it was obvious that the visit at the palace was unexpected; it had been supposed, probably, that the stratagem of the regent to prevent it, by taking the commodore to his own house, would succeed; and, consequently, no preparations had been made for the reception of the company at the palace. Presently the commodore invited the regent and his three colleagues to visit him on board the Susquehanna. He stated that he intended leaving Napha in a day or two, but that, after ten days, he should return again, and would receive them at any time they might choose to appoint, either before his departure or after his return. They replied, that they would leave the time of the visit to be named by the commodore, and he stated that he would prefer it should be made after his return. To this they assented with seeming satisfaction. The next step in the ceremonies consisted in the regent's taking several large red cards, similar to those used on state occasions in China, when he and his three companions rose, advanced a few steps, and bowed profoundly. The commodore and all the officers rose and bowed in return, but without precisely understanding what the homage of the Lew Chewans particularly meant; they were determined, however, not to be outdone in the outward symbols of civility.

The commodore then tendered to the regent such articles as he might need or desired to possess, provided he had them on board any of the ships, adding that it would give him pleasure to supply them. Hereupon the four dignitaries rose again, advanced, and bowed as before. The interview was becoming rather uninteresting, and it was quite plain that the

magnates of Lew Chew were, from some cause or other, not quite at their ease.

After about an hour the regent rose and proposed that the commodore should visit him now, at his own house. This was alike intelligible and agreeable, and the procession was formed and marched to the street where it had been invited to enter on its way to the palace. The house of the regent was spacious, consisting of a central hall, with wings open to the court-yard, from which it was separated by a narrow verandah only. The floor was covered with fine matting. It was at once apparent that most hospitable preparations had here been made for the entertainment of the American visitors. Four tables were set in the central apartment and three in each of the wings, and these were covered with a most bountiful collation. Immediately on entering the guests were desired to seat themselves, the commodore, with Captains Buchanan and Adams, occupying the highest table on the right hand, and the regent and his associates the one opposite on the left. A pair of chop-sticks was placed at each corner of every table; in the centre was an earthern pot filled with *saki* (the intoxicating drink made by the Lew Chewans), surrounded with four acorn cups, four large, coarse China cups, with clumsy spoons of the same material, and four teacups. On each table were dishes to the number of some twenty, of various sizes and shapes, and the exact basis of some of which no American knoweth to this day; *possibly* it was a pig. Of the dishes, however, which were familiar to western apprehension, there were sliced boiled eggs, which had been dyed crimson, fish made into rolls and boiled in fat, pieces of cold baked fish, slices of hog's liver, sugar candy, cucumbers, mustard, salted radish tops, and fragments of lean pork, fried. Cups of tea were first handed round; these were followed by very small cups of saki, which had the taste of French *liqueur*. Small bamboo sticks, sharpened at one end, and which some of the guests mistook for toothpicks, were furnished, to be used as

forks in taking balls of meat and dough from the soup, which made the first course. Soup constituted also the next *seven* courses of the twelve, whereof the repast consisted. The other four were gingerbread, salad made of bean sprouts and young onion tops, a basket of what appeared to be some dark red fruit, but proved to be artificial balls composed of a thin dough rind covering a sugary pulp, and a delicious mixture compounded of beaten eggs and a slender white root with an aromatic taste.

Novel as was this bill of fare, the gentlemen of the expedition endeavored, with true courtesy, to do honor to the repast, and at the end of the twelfth course respectfully took leave, though they were assured there were twelve more to come. The number of the courses indicated the desire to do our countrymen a double share of honor, inasmuch as twelve is the prescribed number for a royal entertainment. The Lew Chewans, far removed as they are from the conventionalities of western civilization, seemed, notwithstanding, to understand very well the habit of drinking toasts and giving sentiments, and, indeed, were ready enough to drink, on private account, without any stately formality, as the saki circulated freely during the eight courses of soup. When the commodore supposed the solids were about to appear, he rose, and proposed as a toast the health of the queen mother and the young viceroy, adding, "Prosperity to the Lew Chewans, and may they and the Americans always be friends." This, having been translated to the regent, appeared greatly to gratify him, and was drunk standing, with Lew Chew honors, which consist of draining the small cup of saki, holding a teaspoon full, at one gulp, and turning the vessel bottom upward. The commodore afterward proposed the health of the regent and his associates, which the latter returned by proposing the health of the commodore and the officers of the squadron. By this time the embarrassment and anxious looks of the Japanese officials had entirely vanished; from what cause they had proceeded

our officers could not learn, but most probably from the consciousness that they were under espionage, and that all they said or did would be reported to those above them. The entertainment, however, proceeded and terminated with the best possible feeling on both sides.

BAMBOO VILLAGE, LEW CHEW.

At length the feast was over, and the American guests took their departure, the procession forming in the same order as before. The subordinate Japanese officials escorted it to the gate, and the old Pe-ching again took his station in advance. On starting down the hill, four little ponies which had gone up without finding riders, were now led by the grooms to the rear of the procession, and some of the younger officers determined to try their mettle in a ride down. They were very small animals, of bay color, but exceedingly spirited; and kicking and plunging with untiring vivacity, and somewhat of temper, treated, at first, with sublime contempt all efforts to reduce them to a gravity befitting the occasion, and indignantly resisted every attempt to induce them, with the rational sobriety of discreet brutes, to take their places in the rear, and march understandingly, as became them. Like ill-bred ponies, as they were, they kicked up their heels, and endeavored

to do much as they pleased. This, however, merely afforded more fun to the officers than if the wiry little creatures had behaved themselves discreetly as part of the American procession.

The descent of the hill was rather warm, as it was not far from noon, and the sun shone full in the faces of the procession; but, on reaching the wooded slopes, it was met by the grateful sea-breeze, and the boats were seen quietly resting on the waters of the bay, while their crews were scattered in groups under the trees, watching the coming on of the procession, and waiting to know whether due honor had been shown to the United States in the person of their "Old Commodore." Each boat had the American colors flying, and Jack was made happy by the assurance that all possible respect had been paid to his flag. By half-past two, the whole procession was again on board the ships, without any accident or untoward incident having occurred to mar either the pleasure or success of the trip; and thus ended the grand official visit to the palace. It was a judicious determination on the part of the commodore to make it; and, having announced such determination to the Lew Chewans, it was especially wise to carry it through to the letter. The moral influence produced by such a steadfast adherence to his avowed purposes very soon exhibited itself. It was part of the commodore's deliberately-formed plan, in all his intercourse with these orientals, to consider carefully before he announced his resolution to do any act; but, having announced it, he soon taught them to know that he would do precisely what he had said he would. To this single circumstance much of his success is to be attributed. He never deceived them by any falsehood, nor ever gave them reason to suppose that his purposes could be altered by their lies and stratagems. They, of course, saw at once that he was resolute, and that it was dangerous to trifle with him. His whole diplomatic policy was simply to stick to the truth in every thing—to mean just what he said, and do just what he prom-

ised. Of course, it triumphed over a system which admitted of no truth, but for purposes of deception.

Several little circumstances connected with the excursion attracted the attention of the commodore, and, as illustrative of manners and customs, deserve a passing notice. The first was the exceeding cleanliness of the Lew Chewans, and their striking contrast to the Chinese in this particular. The commodore, in speaking of Shui, says: "Never have I seen a city or town exhibiting a greater degree of cleanliness; not a particle of dirt, or even dust, could be seen, so different is it from the filthiness of all Chinese cities."

The road over which the procession passed was remarkably well constructed. It was elaborately paved with coral rock, very neatly fitted together, and the upper surface rendered smooth, either by artificial means or the constant attrition of travel.

The peasantry who hung upon the edges of the procession seemed to be of the lowest orders seen in Lew Chew, and exhibited a squalid and rather miserable appearance; many of them were naked, with the exception of a small piece of cloth about the loins; and among the thousands of these people attracted by the novelty of the spectacle, singular as it may appear, not a woman was to be seen. The great population of the island may, therefore, fairly be inferred from the large multitudes assembled, composed of but one-half of the common people. These men who were seen probably compose the laboring class, receiving for their daily toil scanty food and harsh treatment. The idlers are the priests, and the hordes of spies and policemen who throng the highways, and who are watching every thing by day and night.

On the whole, the commodore was pleased with the suavity and politeness of the higher classes, and with the seeming cordiality of the hospitality which had been shown him; if the Lew Chewans were not sincere, they were, at least, very good actors. As to the culinary skill that had been employed in

preparing the regent's feast, there were certainly dishes of the composition of which the guests were ignorant, but still they were, in general, savory and very good; much more so than those presented by Chinese cookery. Whenever a fresh course

LEW CHEW PEASANT

was brought in at the regent's feast, the host and his brother dignitaries rose, and emptied their small cups of saki to the health of the guests; and the regent always gave a signal to the commodore when to commence on a new course.

At the reception in the palace, though the queen did not appear, yet the commodore was quite satisfied that the story he had been told about her desperate illness, by the regent, was all fiction; and, in fact, if she were not, as some suspected, a myth, he thought it not improbable that she and her attendant ladies were behind the screen, looking through some crevice at the western strangers, possibly not a little amused at the novel show. At any rate, he was so certain that she would survive his visit, that he caused to be sent to the palace a present for her of a handsome mirror, and a quantity of French perfumery; and left there also the gifts which he designed for the prince, the regent, the mayor of Napha, and other dignitaries.

AN ADVENTURE IN CHINA.

In August, 1822, when opium smuggling into China by English ships was in its infancy, three of these vessels were at anchor in the pretty little land-locked bay called Cumson Moon, about twelve miles to the northeast of Macao. The inhabitants about that part of the country had, up to this time, scarcely ever been visited by foreigners; and although it turned out that they were filled with the usual Chinese ill feeling toward them, yet the report from the ship which had been longest there was so favorable, as to cause all arms to be dispensed with by the crews on going on shore at any time, until the following occurrence took place.

Soon after breakfast one fine clear day, Mr. A——, a young officer belonging to the "Swinger," was sent on shore to fill water in the launch, with a crew of eight Lascars and

one Englishman. It so happened that he met another officer from the "Nymph" on shore, who was on the same duty as himself. The two youngsters proceeded to take a walk into the country, for the purpose of amusement and information. In doing so, however, they had to leave the boats and ships entirely out of sight, turning sharp round a bluff point very near to the watering-place; which will be seen in the sequel to have been a gross want of prudence, giving the hidden enemy all the advantage which they seem to have been stealthily watching for.

The walk was pursued for about a mile inland, toward a hill; and then on returning by the same path, about five hundred yards from the boat, but hidden by the bluff, they were met by thirty or forty Chinamen, some with hoes, and some with heavy sticks, used for carrying weighty things across their shoulders. The Chinamen, after passing, and having a great deal to say among themselves, came after the officers, pulling them by the sleeve once or twice to stop them, and stood in the way also to prevent progress. Mr. A——, seeing that they were bent on a disturbance, thought, under the circumstances, that discretion would be the best mode of tactics. He stopped and turned round, but in a moment was knocked down by a blow from some of the crowd of Chinamen. This was followed up by tying the unfortunate officer's hands and feet, stealing his neckerchief (nearly strangling him in the act), and one shoe from his foot, and then letting him lie on the ground.

Mr. B——, seeing this state of things, and possessing good long legs, considered that now was the time to use them, by running through the mob to the boats for assistance, which he fortunately effected. The two crews of Lascars and the one English sailor now took oars and stretchers from the boats, and bravely fought the Chinamen for a short time, till they were driven back to their boats by overpowering numbers, and shoved off, without further loss, to their respective ships, to tell the tale of Mr. A—— being in the hands of the enemy.

The captain of the "Swinger" (an old lieutenant, R. N.) immediately boarded the "Nymph" and "Sea Gull," and advised a razzia of the country till Mr. A—— should be found and brought back, dead or alive, which was forthwith put in execution, by mustering on shore in due time all the officers, petty officers, Lascars and sepoys who could be spared from the three ships, well armed with muskets, fowling-pieces, swords, pistols, etc., of which opium ships in those days had no niggardly supply.

PEKIN, CHINA.

But we must now return to Mr. A——. The moment the Chinamen saw the boats shove off from the shore, the order was given to put Mr. A—— on his legs, by untying them; and he, having picked up his hat, but still minus the shoe and neckerchief, stood for a moment, till the words, "Fye, fye,"

were given by one of four villanous-looking fellows who were now left in sole charge of the prisoner. Not knowing the meaning of this, however, at the time—namely, "run, run"—he still stood, and was forthwith saluted by a stroke from a bamboo across the back of the legs near the heels, and dragged forward at the same instant by two of the four men, the other two following in the rear with bamboos, in case any slackening of the pace should appear.

In this manner, at a hard trot, did these wretches drive Mr. A—— through paddy fields, and all sorts of ground, till they reached the top of a hill, about two hundred feet high, although he was in great pain from the blow which he had received, and hardly able to move at all. Before ascending the hill on the other side, Mr. A—— turned round to look at the ships in the distance with feelings of a somewhat melancholy nature, as may be supposed, when the same man who had struck him said, in half Portuguese, half Chinese, "Do you want to look? look! it is your last look!" These words Mr. A—— happened to understand, from having heard occasionally a little of this jargon at Macao, and they certainly did not tend to soothe his mind in its then anxious state. Still, he had a kind of hope that *dollars* might gain his release, although up to this time appearances were far from favoring such an idea. Having descended the hill toward the beach, on the opposite side from the ships, and after a two miles' run with the heat at 100° at least, they halted under some trees close to a small stream of water, of which Mr. A—— asked to be allowed to drink, which was granted. He then, seeing that his wrists were already considerably swollen, from the tightness of the rope by which they were bound, asked to have it slackened. This was also not only granted, but he was then only tied by one hand; and in a few minutes the run was again commenced for a further distance of about two miles, nearly the whole of which was through heavy sand, till at last a village was entered, and Mr. A—— was safely housed in a large ground-

floor room on one side of a square court, where were two long tables, and benches on either side of them.

Tired and fagged with a four-mile march at the double, and dragged along by the rope like a bullock to be slaughtered, he sat down at one of the tables with feelings more easily imagined than described. These were certainly not much relieved when, in a few minutes, the demon of the bamboo

CHINESE BOAT GIRL.

brought some huge knives from a corner of the room, and put them to his neck with a grin of delight, saying that the mandarin would soon be there to pass sentence of death on him, when he should cut off his head in the manner then shown.

Meanwhile, hundreds of people came to see the Fankwei —men, women, and children—who had never beheld one in their lives before; some wondered at his dress, others at his

hair, and nearly all jeered and laughed at his position; even the women, whose compassion Mr. A—— had tried to gain, abused him and talked of the mandarin, making signs also of cutting off a head, etc.

The crowd being by this time very great, and adding much to the almost insufferable heat, Mr. A—— begged to be relieved from such unwelcome visitors if possible, which request was immediately acceded to, by his being placed in a small room on the other side of the court, where was the usual Chinese bed—namely, a mat and glazed pillow on a board, and a stool and table with a teapot and cup on it. The door of this place was only a mat hung from the top, which was occasionally lifted up, to allow the favored few to have a peep at the Fankwei, or foreign devil.

Mr. A—— here threw himself down on the mat bed, to await, as he hoped, the coming of the captain to his rescue, which he knew from experience he would do immediately on learning the circumstances of the case from the boat's crew (for he did not then know of the escape of Mr. B——), and he prayed sincerely that this might happen before the arrival of the said mandarin. The natives offered him tea, which he gladly accepted, after he had first seen them drink out of the same pot; and in a short time, amongst the "favored few" who were allowed to peep into this raree-show, appeared a man who accosted Mr. A—— with the well-known sounds of "Hey, yah, how you do? I have seen you before; I thinkee at Macao." Never was mongrel English more welcome. Mr. A—— recollected having seen the man somewhere, and at once looked upon him as a friend, and asked if he thought there was any danger of his being killed, as had been threatened; to which the man said, in a careless, unsatisfactory sort of way, "No, I no thinkee so."

"Do they want dollars?" asked Mr. A——.

"Yes," was the reply.

"How much?"

"Two thousand," said the man.

"Maskee" (never mind), answered the prisoner. "If you will give me a pen and ink, with a sheet of paper, and take a letter to the captain when written, he will give you the dollars." To this an assent was at once given, and the necessary articles being produced, a letter was forthwith written by Mr. A——, descriptive of the state of the case and his whereabouts, as near as he could guess, not forgetting the bearing of the village from the ship by compass, and requesting that the number of dollars should be paid which were demanded, and no killing or wounding at the watering place; as Mr. A—— was so completely in the Chinamen's hands that he would then be sure to be beheaded. He also asked for a pair of shoes to be sent, to enable him to walk back to the ship.

When this letter was despatched, Mr. A—— lay down once more on the mat, and was now in a comparatively composed state of mind, being under the impression that he would be a prisoner for four or five days at least, as the captain would require to get the ship under weigh and proceed to Macao for such an amount as two thousand dollars, if that sum should really be demanded by the messenger. Far different was the result, however.

On the man's arrival at the watering place, he found a considerable number of well-armed men and officers, all ready for an attack, and vowing vengeance against all Chinamen. The letter was delivered to the captain, and when read, the man was asked how many dollars were demanded, Mr. A—— having in the letter stated no particular number, but merely "to pay" the amount "demanded." His answer was fifty, which the captain immediately went on board the ship and procured, taking the opportunity of getting a pair of shoes to send, and writing a letter to Mr. A—— at the same time; all of which he delivered into the hands of the messenger, the dollars sealed up in a bag, addressed to Mr. A——.

As this man objected to any Englishman going to the village along with him, from fear of a fight, it was thought advisable to give in to him, and send a Chinese carpenter, who belonged to one of the ships, to assist in the negotiation, and show the road back to Mr. A——, no difficulty being appre-

CHINESE WOMAN AND CHILD.

hended, as the whole sum asked for had been given, and the captain having no knowledge of any greater having been spoken of. He told the man, however, that, having satisfied his demands, he would allow a reasonable time for the release

of Mr. A——; but if this was not then accomplished, he would burn the village, and "make a second Linton business of it, and take him by force:" alluding to what had been done there a few months before by H. M. frigate "Topaze," which caused a stoppage of trade for six weeks at Canton.

With this warning, the two Chinamen left the little "army" at the watering place, and in due time made their appearance at the village, and delivered the bag of dollars, letter, and shoes to Mr. A——, who, on recognizing the carpenter, immediately gave him the dollars to hand over to the four "braves," and expected to be allowed to decamp forthwith. But, "man, man!" (stop!) was the order, and a long angry conversation took place in the large room amongst many Chinamen, who were not a little annoyed at the small sum received by their messenger; but *they* had not seen the "guns and swords, and rungs and gads" which caused this craven to reduce his figures so instantaneously; and it took at least twenty minutes of verbal war for him to convince his friends that it was better to pocket fifty dollars with a whole skin, than lose their village and their lives by standing out for a larger sum. The carpenter, no doubt, had some weight in the argument, and at last Mr. A—— was "granted a pass" to the watering place, in company with the carpenter. He tried hard to induce the four braves to accompany him back, by way of showing the road, having a distant glimmering of seeing them tied up at the gangway of his ship, and expatiating their offences under the boatswain's tuition; but as the probability of such a climax had no doubt been hinted to their own minds, the invitation was politely refused, saving so far as to the skirts of the village.

With a light heart, Mr. A—— now travelled along with the carpenter, and in the course of an hour had the gratification of being welcomed at the watering place by three cheers from the armed party in waiting, and many a hearty shake of congratulation by the hand; feeling at the same time deeply

thankful to the Almighty for his merciful escape, and particularly for having so willed it that he should have been without arms on the occasion of his capture; as they certainly would have been used, and, as a consequence, would almost as certainly have been the cause of his murder.

As it is customary in China for all mandarins to live upon those under them, by "squeezing," or making them pay dollars, it was not much to be wondered at that some of them should try to make capital out of the above occurrence; and consequently, three or four days afterwards a man-of-war junk, sent by the admiral from Cheun-pee, came to anchor in the bay, and in a short time the mandarin went on board the "Swinger," and made inquiries touching the description of the attacking parties, and particularly that of the four "braves," which was easily given by Mr. A——, their features being indelibly imprinted on his mind, and he having in addition been able to get hold of their names from some of the natives at the watering place.

The mandarin said he should go on shore and seize those men, and, if successful, bring them on board the "Swinger" the following day for Mr. A—— to identify, when he should tie them up and flog them till Mr. A—— was satisfied. But on that same evening an East India Company's ship arrived and anchored at Linton, and the captain of the "Swinger" having business to transact with it, it was necessary for him to get under weigh at daylight on the following morning, and sail for that island, distant about six or seven miles, which prevented Mr. A—— witnessing the flogging of the four "braves;" for it was shortly afterwards known that the mandarin did seize them, and not only flogged them well, but "squeezed" them well also.

The ship which had arrived was that to which Mr. A—— properly belonged, he having only been lent to do duty in the "Swinger" during her temporary absence at Penang; and as he then forever quitted the opium service, he has had no sub-

sequent opportunity of learning any further particulars concerning the men who committed this outrage, or even the name of the village to which he was dragged. The facts are, however, strictly true, and will tend to show how absolutely necessary it is for all boats' crews to use the greatest caution on landing on the coasts of China.

A NIGHT AMONG CHINESE PIRATES.

Everybody knows that the coasts of China are sadly infested with pirates. Of this ugly fact I was forcibly reminded as I stood on the deck of the good ship S——, in which I was to sail from Hong Kong to Amoy. As we were about to weigh anchor, a boat came alongside, from which several Chinese sailors clambered on deck and inquired for the captain. Having found him, they explained that they had been deputed by the captains of eight junks which were bound for Kap-Che, to ask whether we would consent to be their convoy for protection against the pirates. Our captain having a well-armed ship, and being an old naval officer, was nothing loath to un-

dertake the task. The two passengers (myself and another) offering no objection, the bargain was soon concluded, and we set sail. As the old barque stood out of the harbor, with her eight clumsy-looking little junks around her, she looked very much like a hen with her chickens. The ten guns that peeped out from her port-holes, however, qualified her to act the protecting part of the cock should occasion require.

For the first four days of our voyage the only enemy we had to contend with was the strong head-wind, against which neither we nor our convoy could make much progress. Every evening at sunset we were obliged, in compliance with the timorous usage of Chinese sailors, to come to an anchor in some bight or bay. To men accustomed to travel by steam, this seemed slow work; yet I did not regret it, since it afforded me opportunities of going ashore to visit several towns and villages on the coast, which are rarely seen by Europeans. Wretched enough these outlying villages looked. With their mud-built houses, their few and dingy shops, their narrow and filthy streets, where fat pigs strolled about, and children, scarcely less fat, were their companions, they gave the visitor no very exalted idea of the so-called Celestial Empire. These sea-coast villages, however, mean-looking as they are, would in less populous empires rank as cities. They owe their existence to the fisheries, which are so industriously prosecuted along the whole seaboard of China.

But to return to our voyage. The wind, which for four days had so retarded our progress, on the fifth increased to something like a gale. Our poor junks, and our puissant selves, had enough to do to hold our own. In the teeth of such a gale, progress was out of the question, and a safe anchorage for the night was the chief anxiety. The only safe anchorage which seemed at all available, was that marked in the charts as Mico Bay. To reach that was the object for which we and our junks now toiled hard. If we could only get round that headland, we should be safe. But no! tack after tack still

found us on the wrong side of that bluff cape; and at last we were forced to come to anchor in a small and exposed bight outside of that Mico Bay which had been our "desired haven."

While we were dropping anchor, the ship's carpenter (a Chinaman) came up to the captain, and with a look of importance in his face said, "That no good ship," pointing to a strange junk, which was just then crossing our bows; "she a pirate."

"Pirate!" exclaimed the captain, taking up his telescope and surveying the junk indicated. "I see no signs of piracy about her."

The carpenter walked off, evidently in a huff at the little importance attached to his warning; and the suspected junk dropped anchor alongside of one of our convoy.

Night fell, and as dark a night as evil-doer could wish. About nine o'clock, while I was trudging up and down the quarter-deck with our captain, our eyes were dazzled by a flash, followed instantly by the report of a gun. We stood still, looking rather than saying, "What can be the meaning of that?" Presently there came another and another and another of these ominous sounds. Our captain rushed off, mustered all hands, gave orders to load all the guns, and clear for action. While this was being done—and it was the work of a very few minutes—the firing was still going on all around us; though whether it was directed against our ship or others we could not tell. To find myself, peace-loving man as I am, thus suddenly surrounded by "war's alarms," was not a little astonishing. Nor was my confidence restored when, on going into the cabin, I found the first mate busied over the open arm-chest and powder magazine, handing out pistols, muskets, cutlasses, cartridges, and other death-dealing articles. Man of peace though I was and am, I selected a cutlass, thinking that in an emergency it would be well to have a weapon for self-defence.

Thus armed, I regained the deck, and found that the firing, though less frequent, was still going on. "Fire right in amongst them!" was the fiery young mate's exhortation to our old captain. "No, no," replied the captain; "when we can distinguish friends from foes, we'll fire; but not till then."

At length the firing ceased, and darkness and silence returned. Still we retained the impression that pirates were somewhere close upon us, and that we must be on the alert, lest, as is their custom, they should stealthily approach, clamber up the ship's stern, and take us by surprise. All that night the matches were kept lit, the men lay by their guns, and the captain and myself paced the deck. A weary, long night it seemed. But day broke at last. Peering through its first gray light, we counted our junks and found them all there. But where was the stranger which the carpenter had pointed out as a pirate?

"There she is!" cried the mate, "hugging the shore and making her escape!"

The carpenter being called, was asked, "Is that the junk you pointed out last night?"

"Yes," was the quick reply.

Several guns were soon brought to bear on the fugitive. The word "Fire!" was given, and our first shot skipped along the waves, but fell short. The second was not more successful. The third struck, and disabled the rover for a time; but she soon righted again, and stood away beyond further annoyance from our shot.

The daylight being now clear, the captain ordered a boat to be lowered, and boarded one of our junks to inquire into the cause of last night's uproar. He was told that the junk which had just sailed away had attacked one of our convoy, but had been beaten off with the loss of several men.

And so ended our night of anxiety and suspense. But do not suppose, dear reader, that my story is ended; for on that

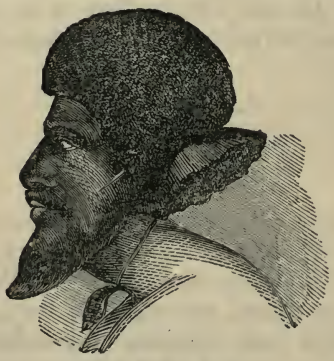
same day we saw a steamer rounding that headland which we had labored so hard to round and had not been able. What steamer she was, or what was her errand to Mico Bay, we knew not. On our arrival at our destination, however, we ascertained that the steamer in question was Her Majesty's Ship "Media;" and that her mission to Mico Bay was the destruction of a whole fleet of piratical junks, a mission which she most effectually accomplished. Had we succeeded in our efforts to get into the anchorage of Mico Bay, we and our convoy would probably have fallen a prey (though not an easy prey) to the piratical fleet. Let this little incident in my life remind us afresh of the watchful care and merciful dealing of God.

FIJI AND THE FIJIANS.

The population of the Fiji islands has been stated by some authorities at 300,000; and by Commodore Wilkes, of the United States Exploring Expedition, at 133,500, which is nearer the truth, though somewhat too low; 150,000 I am convinced being a truer estimate. My opinion of Wilkes's computation is based upon the following considerations: Several islands which he states to be uninhabited, have a small population; and he is wrong in giving sixty-five as the number of inhabited islands, eighty being the real number. Speaking of the larger islands, he correctly remarks that the climate of the mountains is unsuited to the taste and habits of the natives; but he is not so correct in confining the production of their food to the low ground. The cocoa-nut only is restricted to the coast; yams, taro, and other esculents, flourish several hundred feet above sea-level, and the dwellers on the heights purchase fish of those on the coast, or supply its lack with fowls and pork. His deduction therefore does not hold good, that the interior of the large islands is thinly populated; that

there are not, for instance, more than 5,000 inhabitants in the inland districts of Great Fiji. Adding therefore to the above considerations my own personal observation and inquiry, I must regard Wilkes's number as too low, and am persuaded that, whatever necessity had to do originally with the selection of the inland districts, the tribes dwelling there remain now from choice.

Native tales about the great size and ferocity of the mountaineers, and of their going naked, deserve no credit; the



ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

chief difference between them and the rest of the people being that they bestow less care on their persons, and are more rustic in their manners. On visiting these highlanders, I always found them friendly, nor do I remember that they ever used me unkindly, though their opportunities of doing so were many.

The natives of the group are generally above the middle height, well made, and of great variety of figure. They exceed the white race in average stature, but are below the Tongans. Men above six feet are often seen, but rarely so tall as six feet six inches. I know only one reliable case of a Fijian

giant. Corpluent persons are not common, but large, powerful, muscular men abound. Their mould is decidedly European, and their lower extremities of the proportion generally found among white people, though sometimes narrower across the loins. Most have broad chests and strong, sinewy arms, and the prevailing stoutness of limb and shortness of neck is at once conspicuous. The head is often covered by a mass of black hair, long, frizzled, and bushy, sometimes encroaching on the forehead, and joined by whiskers to a thick, round, or pointed beard, to which moustaches are often added. The outline of the face is a good oval; the mouth large, with white and regular teeth; the nose well shaped, with full nostrils, yet distinct from the negro type; the eyes are black, quick, and restlessly observant. Dr. Pickering, of the United States Exploring Expedition, observes concerning the Fijian countenance, that it was "often grave and peculiarly expressive."

Thakombau, the chief known as "King of Fiji," is thus described by an American gentleman: "He is extremely good-looking, being tall, well made, and athletic. He exhibits much intelligence both in his expression of countenance and manners. His features and figure resemble those of a European, and he is graceful and easy in his carriage." This opinion agrees with Captain Erskine's description of the same chief. He says, "It was impossible not to admire the appearance of the chief: of large, almost gigantic size, his limbs were beautifully formed and proportioned; his countenance, with far less of the Negro cast than among the lower orders, agreeable and intelligent; while his immense head of hair, covered and concealed with gauze, smoke-dried and slightly tinged with brown, gave him altogether the appearance of an Eastern Sultan. No garments confined his magnificent chest and neck, or concealed the natural color of the skin, a clear but decided black; and in spite of this paucity of attire—the evident wealth which surrounded him showing that it was a

matter of choice and not of necessity—he looked 'every inch a king.'" These descriptions will apply to many of the Fijian dignitaries; and the difference between chiefs and people is not so marked as in some groups: the lower ranks have neither the sleek skin nor portly mien of their superiors, yet supply a fair ratio of fine men, supple in joint, strong in limb, and full of activity.

SAVU FALLS.

Any thing like a slight deeply offends a native, and is not soon forgotten. Crying is a favorite method of giving utterance to wounded pride. If the suffering individual is a woman, she will sit down—the more public the place the better—she will sigh, sob, whine, until she gets a good start, when she will trust to the strength of her lungs to let every one within hearing know that one of their species is injured. A reflection on a woman's character, her rank, her child, her domestic qualifications, or any one of a hundred other things,

gives sufficient occasion for a wearisome cry. Nor is this demonstration restricted to the sex: men adopt it also. I once saw four villages roused, and many of the inhabitants under arms, in consequence of a man crying in this style: "War! war! Will no one kill me, that I may join the shade of my father? War! war!" This was the cry which, one clear day, sounded with singular distinctness through the air, and drew many beside myself to the top of a hill, where we found a little Mata goaded to desperation, because his friend, without consulting him, had cut several yards from some native cloth which was their joint property. To be treated so rudely made the little man loathe life; and hence the alarm. A native of Mbua put together the frame of a house, and then applied to his friends, in due form, for help to thatch it. They readily assented; but in the course of the conversation which ensued, a remark was made that touched the pride of the applicant, who angrily resolved to make the unfinished house a monument of his high stomach, by leaving it to rot; as it actually did, in front of my own dwelling.

The Fijian is a great adept in acting as well as telling an untruth. The expectation of an order to set about some difficult job, often makes a man wear his arm in a sling: another, while seeming to work with fearful exertion, is all the time careful not to strain a single muscle; and the appearance of seeking their neighbor's benefit, while intent only on their own, is shown continually. It has already been seen that the Fijian can be cruelly deceitful. Here is an instance in which foreigners were concerned. Four seamen left Fotuna for Fiji in a canoe less than thirty feet in length. They sighted land after being one night at sea, and, in a few hours, were in communication with the natives of Thikombia-i-ra. One of the sailors, having formerly lived in the group, knew a little of the language, and went ashore to ask where they were. A native, who had adjusted his *masi* in the style of a *lotu* dress, said, "This is Somosomo; we are Christians, and I am Teacher

in this place." This was pleasant news to the inquirer; but, on looking round, he saw the wreck of a boat on the beach, and on one of the natives a pea-jacket which had belonged to a white man who had miserably perished by the hands of the savages. Though his suspicions were thus aroused, the sailor preserved his self-command, and very composedly replied, "This is good; this is the land I seek: I will return and bring my companions on shore." Directly on reaching the canoe, he announced their danger to his comrades, and the sail was immediately hoisted. A native who had laid hold on the end of the canoe was frightened off, by having a rusty musket presented at him. Those on shore, seeing their prey likely to escape, gave a loud shout, when many more rushed out from their ambush, and a shower of bullets followed the canoe. Several passed through the sail; but as the savages fired high, the little party escaped uninjured, and one of them afterwards related the circumstances to me.

Intense and vengeful malignity strongly marks the Fijian character. When a person is offended, he seldom says any thing, but places a stick or stone in such a position as to remind him continually of his grudge, until he has had revenge. Sometimes a man has hanging over his bed the dress of a murdered friend; or another will deprive himself of some favorite or even necessary food; while another will forego the pleasures of the dance; all being common ways of indicating sworn revenge. Sometimes a man is seen with the exact half of his head closely cropped, to which disfigurement another will add a long twist of hair hanging down the back; and thus they will appear until they have wreaked vengeance on those who slew their wives while fishing on the reef. From the ridge-pole of some chief's house, or a temple, a roll of tobacco is suspended; and there it must hang, until taken down to be smoked over the dead body of some one of a hated tribe. A powerful savage, of sober aspect, is seen keeping profound silence in the village council. To ordinary inquiries he replies

with a whistle. His son, the hero of the village, fell by a treacherous hand, and the father has vowed to abstain from

FIJIAN CLUBS.

the pleasures of conversation, until he opens his lips to revile the corpse of his son's murderer, or to bless the man who deprived it of life. Irritating songs are employed to excite the hatred of those who are likely to let their vengeance sleep. The youths of the place assemble before the house, and, *lele-taka*, or lament, that none revenge the death of their friend. The effect of such a song, framed so as to appeal to the most sensitive points of the Fijian's nature, is to awaken the malice and fury of those to whom it is addressed with all their original force, and vows of bloody retribution are made afresh.

The natives usually take two meals in the day; the principal one being in the afternoon or evening. Where ovens are chiefly used, they cook but once a day, but twice where boiling is most in vogue. Their general food is light and plain, fish being highly esteemed. Contrary to the taste of civilized gormands, these people will have all their meat quite fresh, and some small kinds of fish are eaten alive as a relish. The Fijian bill of fare for usual consumption is somewhat lengthy, and contains many different vegetables, and shell and other fish in perhaps unequalled variety. Almost every thing found living on the sea-reef, whether molluscous, articulate, or radiate, is eaten and enjoyed. To these are added a dozen varieties of bread, nearly thirty kinds of puddings, and twelve sorts of broths or soups, including—though the distinctions calipash and calipee are unknown—turtle-soup. Several kinds of warm infusions are made from aromatic grasses and leaves. These, however, they sometimes macerate, and eat with the liquid in which they are prepared. Some of the native dishes recom mend themselves at once to European taste, and some strongly remind the English visitor of what he has been accustomed to see at home. A rich sort of gruel is made from the milk and pulp of the young cocoa-nut. Shrimps are used to make an elegant and delicious sandwich, being arranged between two thicknesses of taro leaves. Fish is sometimes served up with a relishing sauce; and sweet sauces are made

for the richer sorts of pudding by expressing the juices of the nut, the ti-root, and the sugar-cane. Roasting and frying are added to the other methods of cookery.

The refreshing milk of the nut is much used by the Fijian; but his general beverage is water. In drinking without a cup, the head is thrown back with the mouth opened, the water-vessel held several inches above the lips, and a stream allowed to run down the throat—a process whereby a novice is more likely to be choked than refreshed. This method of drinking is adopted to avoid touching the vessel with their lips—a prac-

FIJIAN POTTERY.

tice to which they strongly object. To drink from the long bamboos sometimes used is no easy task. These vessels are from two to ten feet long. One of the longest will hold two gallons; and to slake one's thirst from its open end, while a native gradually elevates the other, requires care, or a cold bath will be the unsought result.

Very few Fijians drink to excess; the intemperate are easily distinguished by their inflamed eyes and a scaly appearance of the skin. By one or two ordinary draughts a stupor is produced, from which the drinker manifests an unwilling-

ness to be aroused. The yaqona-ring is often the prelude to a feast, for which, when on a large scale, preparations commence months beforehand. Yams and taro are planted with special reference to it, a *tabu* is put upon pigs and nuts, and the turtle-fishers are sent to set their nets. As the time approaches, messengers are sent far and near to announce the day ap-

HEAD OF CHIEF IN FULL DRESS.

pointed. This announcement, which is a respectful way of inviting the guests, is made to the several chiefs, and through them to their people. The invitations are liberal, including all the male population of the town or district to which the Mata is sent.

In their dress, scanty as it, the Fijians display great care and pride. In judging of this matter, it is very difficult for a civilized stranger to form a right opinion, influenced, as he must be, by the conventionalities of costume to which he is accustomed. Hence the natives are frequently spoken of as naked; but they only seem so when compared with other

HEAD OF CHIEF IN FULL DRESS.

nations. It must be borne in mind, that the character of the climate and the quality of their skin both render dress, as far as mere utility is concerned, unnecessary: the people, therefore, ought to receive full credit for modesty in the partial covering which they adopt, and about the use of which they

are scrupulously particular. Vanity adds ornament to the simple dress, and decorates or defaces, according to the prevailing custom, different parts of the body.

The dress of the men is a kind of sash of white, brown, or figured *masi*, varying in length from three to a hundred yards. Six or ten yards, however, is the usual measure. This sash is passed between the legs, and wound two or three times round the loins, securing one end in front, so as to fall over to the knees like a curtain; the end behind is fastened in a bunch, or left to trail on the ground. When a chief is dressed in style, a few folds are taken higher up round his body, like a sword belt, and both ends of the sash form long trains.

The women are not allowed to use *masi*, but wear the *liku*, or fringed band, which has been already described. It is tied on the right side with bass, which, on high days, is long enough to form a train.

The turban, consisting of a gauze-like scarf of very fine white *masi*, from four to six feet long, is worn by all Fijians who can lay claim to respectibility, except such as are forbidden its use. The apparent size is entirely regulated by the quantity of hair underneath, which is generally considerable. This head-dress may be fastened by a neat bow in front, or tied in a tassel-knot on the top of the head, or arranged so as to hang in lappets on one side. By some it is worn as a band or cord at the root of the hair, the greater part being allowed to fall down the back. In most cases it is ornamental and graceful.

Genuine tattooing is only found on the women; but not much of it is seen, as it is covered by the *liku*. Young women have barbed lines on their hands and fingers; and the middle-aged, patches of blue at the corners of the mouth. The custom of tattooing is said to be in conformity with the appointment of Ndengei, and its neglect punished after death. The native name is *qia*, and, as it is confined to women, so the operators are always of the same sex. An instrument called a

"tooth," consisting of four or five fine bone teeth fixed to a light handle six inches long, is dipped in a pigment made of charcoal and candle-nut oil; the pattern having been previously marked on the body, the lines are rendered permanent by the blackened comb, which is driven through the skin in the same manner as a fleam, though with less violence. Months

SLEEPING BURES.

are often occupied in the process, which is painful, and only submitted to from motives of pride and fear. Feasts are held also in connection with this. The command of the god affects but one part of the body, and the fingers are only marked to excite the admiration of the chief, who sees them in the act of presenting his food. The spots at the corners of the mouth notify, on some islands, that the woman has borne children, but oftener are for the conccalment of the wrinkles of age.

DISCOVERIES IN NINEVEH.

On my return to Mosul, says Mr. Layard, I found Ismail Pasha installed in the government. He received me with courtesy, offered no opposition to the continuation of my researches at Nimroud, and directed the irregular troops stationed at Selamiyah to afford me every assistance and protection. The change since my departure had been as sudden as great. A few conciliatory acts on the part of the new Governor, an order from the Porte for an inquiry into the sums unjustly levied by the late Pasha, with a view to their repayment, and a promise of a diminution of taxes, had so far reassured and gained the confidence of those who had fled to the mountains and the desert, that the inhabitants of the villages were slowly returning to their homes; and even the Arab tribes, which were formerly accustomed to pasture their flocks in the districts of Mosul, were again pitching their tents on the banks of the Tigris. The diminished population of the province had been so completely discouraged by the repeated extortions of Keritli Oglu, that the fields had been left untilled. The villagers were now actively engaged, although the season was already far advanced, in sowing grain of various kinds. The palace was filled with Kurdish chiefs and Arab Sheikhs, who had accepted the invitation of the new Pasha to visit the town, and were seeking investiture as heads of their respective tribes. The people of Mosul were looking forward to an equal taxation, and the abolition of the system of torture and arbitrary exactions, which had hitherto been adopted by their governors.

During my absence my agents had not been inactive. Several trenches had been opened in the great mound of Baasheikha; and fragments of sculpture and inscriptions, with much entire pottery and inscribed bricks, had been discovered there. At Karamles a platform of brickwork had been uncov-

ered, and the Assyrian origin of the ruin was proved by the inscription on the bricks, which contained the name of the Khorsabad king.

I rode to Nimroud on the 17th of January, having first engaged a party of Nestorian Chaldæans to accompany me.

The change that had taken place in the face of the country during my absence, was no less remarkable than that which I had found in the political state of the province. To me they were both equally agreeable and welcome. The rains, which had fallen almost incessantly from the day of my departure for Baghdad, had rapidly brought forward the vegetation of spring. The mound was no longer an arid and barren heap; its surface and its sides were equally covered with verdure. From the summit of the pyramid my eye ranged, on one side, over a broad level inclosed by the Tigris and the Zab; on the other, over a low undulating country bounded by the snow-capped mountains of Kurdistan; but it was no longer the dreary waste I had left a month before; the landscape was clothed in green, the black tents of the Arabs checkered the plain of Nimroud, and their numerous flocks pastured on the distant hills. The Abou Salman, encouraged by favorable reports of the policy of the new Pasha, had recrossed the Zab, and had sought their old encamping grounds. The Jehesh and Shemutti Arabs had returned to their villages, around which the wandering Jebours had pitched their tents, and were now engaged in cultivating the soil. Even on the mound the plough opened its furrows, and corn was sown over the palaces of the Assyrian kings.

Security had been restored, and Nimroud offered a more convenient and more agreeable residence than Selamiyah. Hiring, therefore, from the owners three huts, which had been hastily built in the outskirts of the village, I removed to my new dwelling-place. A few rude chairs, a table, and a wooden bedstead, formed the whole of my furniture. My Cawass spread his carpet, and hung his tobacco-pouch in the corner

of a hovel, which he had appropriated, and spent his days in peaceful contemplation. The servants constructed a rude kitchen, and the grooms shared the stalls with the horses. Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, the brother of the British Vice-Consul, came to reside with me, and undertook the daily payment of the workmen and the domestic arrangements.

My agent, with the assistance of the chief of the Hytas, had punctually fulfilled the instructions he had received on my departure. Not only were the counterfeit graves carefully removed, but even others, which possessed more claim to respect, had been rooted out. I entered into an elaborate argument with the Arabs on the subject of the latter, and proved to them that, as the bodies were not turned toward Mecca, they could not be those of true believers. I ordered the remains, however, to be carefully collected, and to be reburied at the foot of the mound.

I had scarcely resumed my labors when I received information that the Cadi of Mosul was endeavoring to stir up the people against me, chiefly on the plea that I was carrying away treasure; and, what was worse, finding inscriptions which proved that the Franks once held the country, and upon the evidence of which they intended immediately to resume possession of it, exterminating all true believers. These stories, however absurd they may appear, rapidly gained ground in the town. Old Mohammed Emin Pasha brought out his Yakuti, and confirmed, by that geographer's statements with regard to Khorsabad, the allegations of the Cadi. A representation was ultimately made by the Ulema to Ismail Pasha; and as he expressed a wish to see me, I rode to Mosul. He was not, he said, influenced by the Cadi or the Mufti, nor did he believe the absurd tales which they had spread abroad. I should shortly see how he intended to treat these troublesome fellows, but he thought it prudent at present to humor them, and made it a personal request that I would, for the time, suspend the excavations. I consented with regret;

and once more returned to Nimroud without being able to gratify the ardent curiosity I felt to explore further the extraordinary building, the nature of which was still a mystery to me.

The Abou Salman Arabs, who encamp around Nimroud, are known for their thieving propensities, and might have caused me some annoyance. Thinking it prudent, therefore, to conciliate their chief, I rode over one morning to their principal encampment. Sheikh Abd-ur-rahman received me at the entrance of his capacious tent of black goat-hair, which was crowded with his relations, followers, and strangers, who were enjoying his hospitality. He was one of the handsomest Arabs I ever saw; tall, robust, and well-made, with a countenance in which intelligence was no less marked than courage and resolution. On his head he wore a turban of dark linen, from under which a many-colored handkerchief fell over his shoulders; his dress was a simple white shirt, descending to the ankles, and an Arab cloak thrown loosely over it. Unlike Arabs in general, he had shaved his beard; and, although he could scarcely be much beyond forty, I observed that the little hair which could be distinguished from under his turban was gray. He received me with every demonstration of hospitality, and led me to the upper place, divided by a goat-hair curtain from the harem. The tent was capacious; half was appropriated by the women, the rest formed the place of reception, and was at the same time occupied by two favorite mares and a colt. A few camels were kneeling on the grass around, and the horses of the strangers were tied by the halter to the tent-pins. From the carpets and cushions, which were spread for me, stretched on both sides a long line of men of the most motley appearance, seated on the bare ground. The Sheikh himself, as is the custom in some of the tribes, to show his respect for his guest, placed himself at the furthest end; and could only be prevailed upon, after many excuses and protestations, to share the carpet with me. In the centre of the group,

near a small fire of camel's dung, crouched a half-naked Arab, engaged alternately in blowing up the expiring embers, or pounding the roasted coffee in a copper mortar, ready to replenish the huge pots which stood near him.

After the customary compliments had been exchanged with all around, one of my attendants beckoned to the Sheikh, who left the tent to receive the presents I had brought to him—a silk gown and a supply of coffee and sugar. He dressed himself in his new attire and returned to the assembly. "Inshallah," said I, "we are now friends, although scarcely a month ago you came over the Zab on purpose to appropriate the little property I am accustomed to carry about me." "Wallan, Bey," he replied, "you say true, we are friends; but listen: the Arabs either sit down and serve his Majesty the Sultan, or they eat from others, as others would eat from them. Now my tribe are of the Zobeide, and were brought here many years ago by the Pashas of the Abd-el-Jelleel.* These lands were given us in return for the services we rendered the Turks in keeping back the Tai and the Shammar, who crossed the rivers to plunder the villages. All the great men of the Abou Salman perished in encounters with the Bedouin, and Injeh Bairakdar, Mohammed Pasha, upon whom God has had mercy, acknowledged our fidelity and treated us with honor. When that blind dog, the son of the Cretan, may curses fall upon him! came to Mosul, I waited upon him, as it is usual for the Sheikh; what did *he* do? Did he give me the cloak of honor? No; he put me, an Arab of the tribe of Zobeide, a tribe which had fought with the Prophet, into the public stocks. For forty days my heart melted away in a damp cell, and I was exposed to every variety of torture. Look at these hairs," continued he, lifting up his turban; "they turned white in that time, and I must now shave my beard, a shame amongst the Arabs. I was released at last; but how did I re-

* The former hereditary governors of Mosul.

turn to the tribe?—a beggar, unable to kill a sheep for my guests. He took my mares, my flocks, and my camels, as the price of my liberty. Now tell me, O Bey, in the name of God, if the Osmanlis have eaten from me and my guests, shall I not eat from them and theirs?"

The fate of Abd-ur-rahman had been such as he described it; and so had fared several chiefs of the desert and of the mountains. It was not surprising that these men, proud of their origin and accustomed to the independence of a wandering life, had revenged themselves upon the unfortunate inhabitants of the villages, who had no less cause to complain than themselves. However, the Sheikh promised to abstain from plunder for the future, and to present himself to Ismail Pasha, of whose conciliatory conduct he had already heard.

It was near the middle of February before I thought it prudent to make some fresh experiments among the ruins. To avoid notice I only employed a few men, and confined myself to the examination of such parts of the mound as appeared to contain buildings. All the slabs were sculptured, and uninjured by fire; but unfortunately had been half destroyed by long exposure to the atmosphere. Three consecutive slabs were occupied by the same subject; others were placed without regularity, portions of a figure, which should have been continued on an adjoining stone, being wanted. It was evident from the costume, the ornaments, and the nature of the relief, that these sculptures did not belong either to the same building, or to the same period as those previously discovered. I recognized in them the style of Khorsabad, and in the inscriptions particular forms in the character, which were used in the inscriptions of that monument. Still the slabs were not "in situ;" they had been brought from elsewhere, and I was even more perplexed than I had hitherto been.

The most perfect of the bas-reliefs was in many respects interesting. It represented a king, distinguished by his high conical tiara, standing over a prostrate warrior; his right

hand elevated, and the left supported by a bow. The figure at his feet, probably a captive enemy or rebel, wore a pointed cap, somewhat similar in form to that already described. I was, from this circumstance, at first inclined to believe that the sculpture represented the conquest of the original founders of Nimroud, by a new race—perhaps the overthrow of the first by the second Assyrian dynasty; but I was subsequently led to abandon the conjecture. An eunuch holds a fly-flapper or fan over the head of the king, who appears to be conversing or performing some ceremony with a figure standing in front of him; probably his vizier or minister. Behind this personage, who differs from the king by his head-dress—a simple fillet round the temple—are two attendants, the first an eunuch, the second a bearded figure, half of which was continued on the adjoining slab. This bas-relief was separated from a second above, by a band of inscriptions, the upper sculpture was almost totally destroyed, and I could with difficulty trace upon it the forms of horses and horsemen. A wounded figure beneath the horses wore a helmet with a curved crest, resembling the Greek. These two subjects were continued on either side, but the slabs were broken off near the bottom, and the feet of a row of figures, probably other attendants, standing behind the king and his minister could only be distinguished.

Another slab in this wall was occupied, with the exception of the prisoner, by figures resembling those on the slab just described. The king, however, holds his bow horizontally, and his attendant eunuch is carrying his arms, a second bow, the mace, and a quiver. All these figures are about three feet eight inches in height, the dimensions of those before discovered being somewhat smaller.

The rest of the wall, which had completely disappeared in some places, was composed of gigantic winged figures, sculptured in low relief. They were found to be almost entirely defaced.

These experiments were sufficient to prove that the building I was exploring had not been entirely destroyed by fire, but had been partly exposed to gradual decay. No sculptures had hitherto been discovered in a perfect state of preservation, and only one or two could bear removal. I determined, therefore, to abandon this corner, and to resume excavations near the chamber first opened, where the slabs had in no way been injured. The workmen were directed to dig behind the small lions, which appeared to form an entrance, and to be connected with other walls. After removing much earth, a few unsculptured slabs were discovered, fallen from their places, and broken in many pieces. The sides of the room of which they had originally formed a part could not be traced.

As these ruins occurred on the edge of the mound, it was probable that they had been more exposed than the rest, and consequently had sustained more injury than other parts of the building. As there was a ravine running far into the mound, apparently formed by the winter rains, I determined to open a trench in the centre of it. In two days the workmen reached the top of a slab, which appeared to be both well preserved, and to be still standing in its original position. On the south side I discovered, to my great satisfaction, two human figures, considerably above the natural size, sculptured in low relief, and still exhibiting all the freshness of a recent work. In a few hours the earth and rubbish had been completely removed from the face of the slab, no part of which had been injured. The ornaments delicately graven on the robes, the tassels and fringes, the bracelets and armlets, the elaborate curls of the hair and beard, were all entire. The figures were back to back, and furnished with wings. They appeared to represent divinities, presiding over the seasons, or over particular religious ceremonies. The one, whose face was turned to the East, carried a fallow deer on his right arm, and in his left hand a branch bearing five flowers. Around his temples

was a fillet, adorned in front with a rosette. The other held a square vessel, or basket, in the left hand, and an object resembling a fir cone in the right. On his head he wore a

EAGLE-HEADED FIGURE. (N. W. Palace, Nimroud.)

rounded cap, at the base of which was a horn. The garments of both, consisting of a stole falling from the shoulders to the

ankles, and a short tunic underneath, descending to the knee, were richly and tastefully decorated with embroideries and fringes, whilst the hair and beard were arranged with study and art. Although the relief was lower, yet the outline was perhaps more careful, and true, than that of the Assyrian sculptures of Khorsabad. The limbs were delineated with peculiar accuracy, and the muscles and bones faithfully, though somewhat too strongly, marked. An inscription ran across the sculpture.

To the west of this slab, and fitting to it, was a corner-stone ornamented with flowers and scroll-work, tastefully arranged, and resembling in detail those graven on the injured tablet, near the entrance of the S. W. building. I recognized at once from whence many of the sculptures, employed in the construction of that edifice, had been brought; and it was evident that I had at length discovered the earliest palace of Nimroud.

The corner-stone led me to a figure of singular form. A human body, clothed in robes similar to those of the winged men on the previous slab, was surmounted by the head of an eagle or of a vulture.* The curved beak, of considerable length, was half open, and displayed a narrow pointed tongue, which was still covered with red paint. On the shoulders fell the usual curled and bushy hair of the Assyrian mages, and a comb of feathers rose on the top of the head. Two wings sprang from the back, and in either hand was the square vessel and fir cone.

On all these figures paint could be faintly distinguished, particularly on the hair, beard, eyes, and sandals. The slabs on which they were sculptured had sustained no injury, and could be without difficulty packed and moved to any distance. There could no longer be any doubt that they formed part of a

* It has been suggested that this is the head of a cock, but it is unquestionably that of a carnivorous bird of the eagle tribe.

chamber, and that, to explore it completely, I had only to continue along the wall, now partly uncovered.

On the morning following these discoveries, I rode to the encampment of Sheikh Abd-ur-rahman, and was returning to the mound, when I saw two Arabs of his tribe urging their mares to the top of their speed. On approaching me they stopped. "Hasten, O Bey," exclaimed one of them—"hasten to the diggers, for they have found Nimrod himself. Wallah, it is wonderful, but it is true! we have seen him with our eyes. There is no God but God;" and both joining in this pious exclamation, they galloped off, without further words, in the direction of their tents.

On reaching the ruins I descended into the new trench, and found the workmen, who had already seen me, as I approached, standing near a heap of baskets and cloaks. Whilst Awad advanced, and asked for a present to celebrate the occasion, the Arabs withdrew the screen they had hastily constructed, and disclosed an enormous human head sculptured in full out of the alabaster of the country. They had uncovered the upper part of the figure, the remainder of which was still buried in the earth. I saw at once that the head must belong to a winged lion or bull, similar to those of Khorsabad and Persepolis. It was in admirable preservation. The expression was calm, yet majestic, and the outline of the features showed a freedom and knowledge of art, scarcely to be looked for in the works of so remote a period. The cap had three horns, and, unlike that of the human-headed bulls hitherto found in Assyria, was rounded and without ornament at the top.

I was not surprised that the Arabs had been amazed and terrified at this apparition. It required no stretch of imagination to conjure up the most strange fancies. This gigantic head, blanched with age, thus rising from the bowels of the earth, might well have belonged to one of those fearful beings which are pictured in the traditions of the country, as appearing to mortals, slowly ascending from the regions below. One

of the workmen, on catching the first glimpse of the monster, had thrown down his basket and run off towards Mosul as fast as his legs could carry him. I learnt this with regret, as I anticipated the consequences.

Whilst I was superintending the removal of the earth, which still clung to the sculpture, and giving directions for the

DISCOVERY OF THE GIGANTIC HEAD.

continuation of the work, a noise of horsemen was heard, and presently Abd-ur-rahman, followed by half his tribe, appeared on the edge of the trench. As soon as the two Arabs had reached the tents, and published the wonders they had seen, every one mounted his mare and rode to the mound, to satisfy

himself of the truth of these inconceivable reports. When they beheld the head they all cried out together, "There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his Prophet!" It was some time before the Sheikh could be prevailed upon to descend into the pit, and convince himself that the image he saw was of stone. "This is not the work of men's hands," exclaimed he, "but of those infidel giants of whom the Prophet, peace be with him! has said, that they were higher than the tallest date tree; this is one of the idols which Noah, peace be with him! cursed before the flood." In this opinion, the result of a careful examination, all the bystanders concurred.

I now ordered a trench to be dug due south from the head, in the expectation of finding a corresponding figure, and before night-fall reached the object of my search about twelve feet distant. Engaging two or three men to sleep near the sculptures, I returned to the village and celebrated the day's discovery by a slaughter of sheep, of which all the Arabs near partook. As some wandering musicians chanced to be at Selamiyah, I sent for them, and dances were kept up during the greater part of the night. On the following morning Arabs from the other side of the Tigris, and the inhabitants of the surrounding villages, congregated on the mound. Even the women could not repress their curiosity, and came in crowds, with their children, from afar. My Cawass was stationed during the day in the trench, into which I would not allow the multitude to descend.

As I had expected, the report of the discovery of the gigantic head, carried by the terrified Arab to Mosul, had thrown the town into commotion. The news soon got to the ears of the Cadi, who, anxious for a fresh opportunity to annoy me, called the Mufti and the Ulema together, to consult upon this unexpected occurrence. Their deliberations ended in a procession to the Governor, and a formal protest, on the part of the Musulmans of the town, against proceedings so directly contrary to the the laws of the Koran. The Cadi had

no distinct idea whether the bones of the mighty hunter had been uncovered, or only his image; nor did Ismail Pasha very clearly remember whether Nimrod was a true-believing prophet, or an Infidel. I consequently received a somewhat unintelligible message from his Excellency, to the effect that

WINGED FIGURE. (N. W. Palace, Nimroud.)

the remains should be treated with respect, and be by no means further disturbed, and that he wished the excavations to be stopped at once, and desired to confer with me on the subject.

I called upon him accordingly, and had some difficulty in

making him understand the nature of my discovery. As he requested me to discontinue my operations until the sensation in the town had somewhat subsided, I returned to Nimroud and dismissed the workmen, detaining only two men to dig leisurely along the walls without giving cause for further interference. I ascertained by the end of March the existence of a second pair of winged human-headed lions, differing from those previously discovered in form, the human shape being continued to the waist and furnished with arms. In one hand each figure carried a goat or stag, and in the other, which hung down by the side, a branch with three flowers. They formed a northern entrance into the chamber of which the lions previously described were the southern portal. I completely uncovered the latter, and found them to be entire. They were about twelve feet in height, and the same number in length. The body and limbs were admirably portrayed; the muscles and bones, although strongly developed to display the strength of the animal, showed at the same time a correct knowledge of its anatomy and form. Expanded wings sprung from the shoulder and spread over the back; a knotted girdle, ending in tassels, encircled the loins. These sculptures, forming an entrance, were partly in full and partly in relief. The head and fore-part, facing the chamber, were in full; but only one side of the rest of the slab was sculptured, the back being placed against the wall of sun-dried bricks. That the spectator might have both a perfect front and side view of the figures, they were furnished with five legs; two were carved on the end of the slab to face the chamber, and three on the side. The relief of the body and three limbs was high and bold, and the slab was covered, in all parts not occupied by the image, with inscriptions in the cuneiform character. These magnificent specimens of Assyrian art were in perfect preservation; the most minute lines in the details of the wings and in the ornaments had been retained with their original freshness. Not a character was wanting in the inscriptions.

I used to contemplate for hours these mysterious emblems, and muse over their intent and history. What more noble forms could have ushered the people into the temple of their gods? What more sublime images could have been borrowed from nature, by men who sought, unaided by the light of re-

THE KING. (N. W. Palace, Nimroud.)

vealed religion, to embody their conception of the wisdom, power, and ubiquity of a Supreme Being? They could find no better type of intellect and knowledge than the head of the man; of strength, than the body of the lion; of rapidity of

motion, than the wings of the bird. These winged human-headed lions were not idle creations, the offspring of mere fancy; their meaning was written upon them. They had awed and instructed races which flourished 3,000 years ago. Through the portals which they guarded, kings, priests, and warriors had borne sacrifices to their altars, long before the wisdom of the East had penetrated to Greece, and had furnished its mythology with symbols long recognized by the Assyrian votaries. They may have been buried, and their existence may have been unknown, before the foundation of the eternal city. For twenty-five centuries they had been hidden from the eye of man, and they now stood forth once more in their ancient majesty. But how changed was the scene around them! The luxury and civilization of a mighty nation had given place to the wretchedness and ignorance of a few half-barbarous tribes. The wealth of temples, and the riches of great cities, had been succeeded by ruins and shapeless heaps of earth. Above the spacious hall in which they stood, the plough had passed and the corn now waved. Egypt has monuments no less ancient and no less wonderful; but they have stood forth for ages to testify her early power and renown; whilst those before me had but now appeared to bear witness in the words of the prophet, that once "the Assyrian was a cedar in Lebanon with fair branches and with a shadowing shroud of a high stature; and his top was among the thick boughs . . . . his height was exalted above all the trees of the field, and his boughs were multiplied, and his branches became long, because of the multitude of waters when he shot forth. All the fowls of heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young, and under his shadow dwelt all great nations;" for now is "Nineveh a desolation and dry like a wilderness, and flocks lie down in the midst of her; all the beasts of the nations, both the cormorant and bittern, lodge in

the upper lintels of it; their voice sings in the windows; and desolation is in the thresholds."

* * * * * * *

[Soon after these remarkable discoveries Mr. Layard's explorations brought to light an obelisk about seven feet in height.]

It was sculptured on the four sides; there were in all twenty small bas-reliefs, and above, below, and between them was carved an inscription 210 lines in length. The whole was in

THE OBELISK.

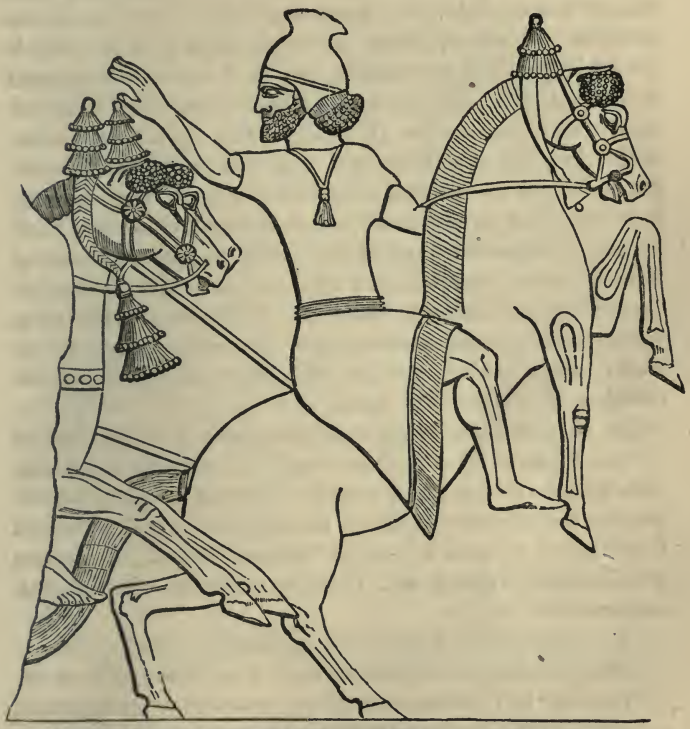
the best preservation; scarcely a character of the inscription was wanting; and the figures were as sharp and well defined as if they had been carved but a few days before. The king is twice represented, followed by his attendants; a prisoner is at his feet, and his vizier and eunuchs are introducing men leading various animals, and carrying vases and other objects of tribute on their shoulders, or in their hands. The animals are the elephant, the rhinoceros, the Bactrian, or two-humped camel, the wild bull, the lion, a stag, and various kinds of monkeys. Amongst the objects carried by the tribute-bearers, may perhaps be distinguished the tusks of the elephant, shawls, and some bundles of precious wood. From the nature, therefore, of the bas-reliefs, it is natural to conjecture that the monument was erected to commemorate the conquest of India, or of some country far to the east of Assyria, and on the confines of the Indian peninsula. The name of the king, whose deeds it appears to record, is the same as that on the centre bulls; and it is introduced by a genealogical list containing many other royal names.

I lost no time in copying the inscriptions, and drawing the bas-reliefs, upon this precious relic. It was then carefully packed, to be transported at once to Baghdad. A party of trustworthy Arabs were chosen to sleep near it at night; and I took every precaution that the superstitions and prejudices of the natives of the country, and the jealousy of rival antiquaries could suggest.

* * * * * * *

The tradition, placing the tomb of the prophet Jonah on the left bank of the river opposite Mosul, has led to the identification of the space comprised within the quadrangular mass of mounds, containing Kouyunjik and Nebbi Yunus, with the site of ancient Nineveh. These ruins, however, taken by themselves, occupy much too small a space to be those of a city, even larger, according to Strabo, than Babylon. Its dimensions, as given by Diodorus Siculus, were 150 stadia on

the two longest sides of the quadrangle, and 90 on the opposite, the square being 480 stadia, or about 60 miles. In the book of Jonah, it is called "an exceeding great city of three days' journey;" the number of inhabitants, who did not know their



ENEMY ASKING QUARTER OF ASSYRIAN HORSEMEN. (S. W. Palace, Nimroud.)

right hand from their left, being six score thousand. I will not stop to inquire to what class of persons this number applied; whether to children, to those ignorant of right or wrong, or to the whole population. It is evident that the city was one

of very considerable extent, and could not have been comprised in the space occupied by the ruins opposite Mosul, scarcely five miles in circumference. The dimensions of an Eastern city do not bear the same proportion to its population as those of an European city. A place as extensive as London, or Paris, might not contain one-third of the number of inhabitants of either. The custom, prevalent from the earliest period in the East, of secluding women in apartments removed from those of the men, renders a separate house for each family almost indispensable. It was probably as rare, in the time of the Assyrian monarchy, to find more than one family residing under one roof, unless composed of persons very intimately related, such as father and son, as it is at present in a Turkish city. Moreover, gardens and arable land were inclosed by the city walls. According to Diodorus and Quintus Curtius, there was space enough within the precincts of Babylon to cultivate corn for the sustenance of the whole population, in case of siege, besides gardens and orchards. From the expression of Jonah, that there was much cattle within the walls, it may be inferred that there was also pasture for them. Many cities of the East, such as Damascus and Ispha han, are thus built; the amount of their population being greatly disproportionate to the site they occupy, if computed according to the rules applied to European cities. It is most probable that Nineveh and Babylon resembled them in this respect.

The ruins hitherto examined have shown, that there are remains of buildings of various epochs, on the banks of the Tigris, near its junction with the Zab; and that many years, or even centuries, must have elapsed between the construction of the earliest and the latest. That the ruins at Nimroud were within the precincts of Nineveh, if they do not alone mark its site, appears to be proved by Strabo, and by Ptolemy's statement that the city was on the Lycus, corroborated by the tradition preserved by the earliest Arab geographers. Yakut,

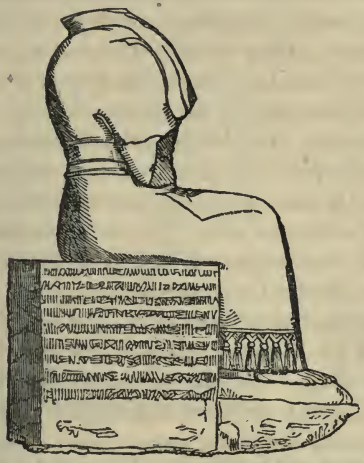
and others mention the ruins of Athur, near Selamiyah, which gave the name of Assyria to the province; and Ibn Said expressly states, that they were those of the city of the Assyrian kings who destroyed Jerusalem. They are still called, as it has been shown, both Athur and Nimroud. The evidence

PART OF A BAS-RELIEF, SHOWING A PULLEY, AND A WARRIOR CUTTING A BUCKET FROM THE ROPE.

afforded by the examination of all the known ruins of Assyria, further identifies Nimroud with Nineveh. It would appear from existing monuments, that the city was originally founded on the site now occupied by these mounds. From its immediate vicinity to the place of junction of two large rivers, the Tigris and the Zab, no better position could have been chosen.

It is probable that the great edifice, in the northwest corner of the principal mound, was the temple or palace, or the two combined; the smaller houses were scattered around it, over the face of the country. To the palace was attached a park, or paradise as it was called, in which was preserved game of various kinds for the diversion of the king. This enclosure, formed by walls and towers, may perhaps still be traced in the line of low mounds branching out from the principal ruin. Future monarchs added to the first building, and the centre palace arose by its side. As the population increased with the duration and prosperity of the empire, and by the forced immigration of conquered nations, the dimensions of the city increased also. A king founding a new dynasty, or anxious to perpetuate his fame by the erection of a new building, may have chosen a distant site. The city gradually spreading, may at length have embraced such additional palaces. This appears to have been the case with Nineveh. Nimroud represents the original site of the city. To the first palace the son of its founder added a second, of which we have the ruins in the centre of the mound. He also built the edifice now covered by the great mound of Baasheikha, as the inscriptions on the bricks from that place prove. He founded, at the same time, a new city at Kalah Sherghat. A subsequent monarch again added to the palaces at Nimroud, and recorded the event on the pavement slabs, in the upper chambers of the western face of the mound. At a much later period, when the older palaces were already in ruins, edifices were erected on the sites now marked by the mounds of Khorsabad, and Karamles. The son of their founder built the great palace at Kouyunjik, which must have exceeded those of his predecessors in extent and magnificence. His son was engaged in raising one more edifice at Nimroud; the previous palaces, as it has been shown, having been long before deserted or destroyed, when some great event, perhaps the fall of the empire and destruction of the capital, prevented its completion.

The city had now attained the dimensions assigned to it by the book of Jonah, and by Diodorus Siculus. If we take the four great mounds of Nimroud, Kouyunjik, Khorsabad, and Karamles, as the corners of a square, it will be found that its four sides correspond pretty accurately with the 480 stadia or 60 miles of the geographer, which make the three days'



SITTING FIGURE IN BASALT, FROM KALAH SHERGHAT.

journey of the prophet.* Within this space there are many large mounds, including the principal ruins in Assyria, such as

* From the northern extremity of Kouyunjik to Nimroud, is about eighteen miles; the distance from Nimroud to Karamles, about twelve; the opposite sides of the square the same: these measurements correspond accurately with the elongated quadrangle of Diodorus. Twenty miles is the day's journey of the East, and we have consequently the three days' journey of Jonah for the circumference of the city. The agreement of these measurements is remarkable. Within this space was fought the great battle between Heraclius and Rhazates (A. D. 627). "The city and even the ruins of the city, had long since disappeared: the vacant space afforded a spacious field for the operations of the two armies." (GIBBON, *Decline and Fall*, ch. xlvi.)

Karakush, Baasheikha, Baazani, Husseini, Tel-Yara, &c., &c.; and the face of the country is strewed with the remains of pottery, bricks, and other fragments.

The space between the great public edifices was probably occupied by private houses, standing in the midst of gardens, and built at distances from one another; or forming streets which inclosed gardens of considerable extent, and even arable land. The absence of the remains of such buildings may easily be accounted for. They were constructed almost entirely of sun-dried bricks, and, like the houses now built in the country, soon disappeared altogether when once abandoned, and allowed to fall into decay. The largest palaces would probably have remained undiscovered, had there not been the slabs of alabaster to show the walls. There is, however, sufficient to indicate that buildings were once spread over the space above described; for, besides the vast number of small mounds everywhere visible, scarcely a husbandman drives his plough over the soil, without exposing the vestiges of former habitations. Each quarter of the city may have had its distinct name; hence the palace of Evorita, where Saracus destroyed himself, and the Mespila and Larissa of Xenophon applied respectively to the ruins at Kouyunjik and Nimroud.

Existing ruins thus show, that Nineveh acquired its greatest extent in the time of the kings of the second dynasty; that is to say, of the kings mentioned in Scripture. It was then that Jonah visited it, and that reports of its size and magnificence were carried to the west, and gave rise to the traditions from which the Greek authors mainly derived the information handed down to us.

* * * * * * *

The monuments hitherto discovered furnish us with few details illustrating the private life and domestic economy of those who raised them. The bas-reliefs are mostly public records of conquests, triumphs, and great religious ceremonies. As they were placed in palaces and temples, they could, of

course, but refer to national events; no others being worthy of so conspicuous a position. If any memorial of the private life of an individual were preserved, or if his peculiar profession or trade were indicated, it must have been in his own dwelling or in his tomb, as in Egypt. Hitherto only the public buildings of Assyria have been discovered, and we have

SCRIBES WRITING DOWN THE NUMBER OF HEADS OF THE SLAIN AND THE AMOUNT OF THE SPOIL. (Kouyunjik.)

consequently only the public records. If the interiors of houses and the occupations of their inmates, are represented in the bas-reliefs, they are casually introduced, to illustrate or to convey more fully the meaning of the general subject. Thus, within the walls of castles belonging to the Assyrians, or captured by them, are seen buildings and tents. The inhabitants are slaying sheep, and engaged in domestic occupations, seated and conversing together, feeding their horses, and preparing their couches. But these details are all made subservient to the main action, which is the siege or triumph.

With such scanty materials at our command, we can scarcely venture to form any conjecture as to the manners and private life of the Assyrians. The subject must be deferred until further discoveries have supplied us with additional information.

From casual notices in the Bible and in ancient history, we learn that the Assyrians, as well as those who succeeded them in the empire of Asia, were fond of public entertainments and festivities, and that they displayed on such occasions the greatest luxury and magnificence. The Assyrian king, called Nabuchodonosor in the book of Judith, on returning from his victorious expedition against Arphaxad, feasted with his whole army for one hundred and twenty days. The same is related by the Greek authors of Sardanapalus, after his great victory over the combined armies of the Medes. The book of Esther describes the splendor of the festivals given by the Babylonian king. The princes and nobles of his vast dominions were feasted for one hundred and eighty days; and for one week all the people of Susa assembled in the gardens of his palace, and were served in vessels of gold. The richest tapestries adorned the halls and tents, and the most costly couches were prepared for the guests. Wine was served in abundance, and women, including even the wives and concubines of the monarch, were frequently present to add to the magnificence of the scene. According to Quintus Curtius, not only did hired female performers exhibit on these occasions, but the wives and daughters of the nobles, forgetting their modesty, danced before the guests, divesting themselves even of their garments. Wine was drunk immoderately. When Babylon was taken by the Persians, the inhabitants were celebrating one of their great festivals, and even the guards were intoxicated. The Babylonian king, ignorant of the approaching fate of his capital, and surrounded by one thousand of his princes and nobles, and by his wives and concubines, drank out of the golden vessels that had been carried away from the Jewish temple. On the

walls of the palace at Khorsabad was a bas-relief representing a public feast, probably in celebration of a victory. Men were seen seated on high chairs with drinking-cups in their hands; whilst attendants were bringing in bowls, goblets, and various fruits and viands, for the banquet. At Nimroud part of a similar bas-relief was discovered.

Music was not wanting on these occasions. It is probable that the Assyrians, like the Egyptians, had various musical

THE EGYPTIAN GODDESS KEN. From a tablet in the British Museum.

ASSYRIAN DEITY (? the Astarte of the Assyrians and the Ken of the Egyptians.) From a rock tablet at Malthaiyahi, near Mosul.

instruments; only one kind, however, is represented in the sculptures. It is in the shape of a triangle, is held between the left arm and the side, and appears to have been suspended from the neck. The strings, nine or ten in number, are stretched between a flat board and an upright bar through which they pass. Tassels are appended to the ends of the strings, and the bar itself is generally surmounted by a small hand, probably of metal or ivory. The instrument was struck with a plectrum held in the right hand: the left appears to

have been used either to pull the strings, or to produce notes by pressure. Like the Egyptian harp, it had no cross-piece between the upright bar and the flat board or base; it is difficult, therefore, to understand how the strings could have been sufficiently tightened to produce notes.

In describing the dress of the Assyrians, I have had occasion to allude to their skill in the manufacture of linen and woollen stuffs, which were dyed, and embroidered not only with a variety of beautiful ornaments, but with groups of human figures and animals. Of all Asiatic nations, the Babylonians were most noted for the weaving of cloth of divers colors. In these stuffs gold threads were introduced into the woof of many hues. Amongst those who traded in "blue clothes and embroidered work" with Tyre, were the merchants of Asshur or Assyria; and that the garments of Babylon were brought into Syria, and greatly esteemed at a very early period, we learn from their being classed amongst the most precious articles of spoils, even with gold, in the time of Joshua. They formed, perhaps, "the dyed attire and embroidered work" so frequently mentioned in the Scriptures as the garments of princes, and the most costly gifts of kings. The ornaments and figures upon them may either have been dyed, worked in the loom, or embroidered with the needle, "like the prey of divers colors of needle-work, of divers colors of needle-work on both sides."

The cotton manufactures of Babylon were as remarkable for brilliancy of color as fineness of texture, and Pliny attributes the invention of cotton weaving to Semiramis. The silken robes of Assyria were equally esteemed. The looms of Babylon maintained their celebrity long after the fall of the Assyrian empire—even to the time of the Roman supremacy.

The carpets of Babylon were no less prized than her other manufactures. Like the Assyrian robes, they appear to have been embroidered with figures of animals and flowers. A

purple carpet covered the tomb of Cyrus; and on the bed upon which the body was placed, were Babylonian garments, carpets, and purple drapery.

These manufactures probably formed one of the principal branches of trade of "this land of traffic and city of mer-

BAS-RELIEF REPRESENTING WARRIORS BEFORE A BESIEGED CITY. A BATTERING-RAM DRAWN UP TO THE WALLS, AND CAPTIVES IMPALED. (Centre Palace, Nimroud.)

chants." The Babylonians and Assyrians carried on a considerable commerce with India; and the costly produce of that peninsula was conveyed through the Babylonian territories to the most distant regions of Syria, from whence it was diffused over western Europe and Asia Minor.

The Assyrians were no less celebrated for their skill in

working metals than for their embroideries. Their mountains furnished a variety of minerals—silver, iron, copper, and lead, and perhaps even gold. Iron, the most useful of all metals, was the one which most abounded, and which could be most easily procured, as soon as the process of extracting it from the ore was known. I have observed that it is found in great quantities scattered on the sides of mountains, three or four days' journey from Mosul. Amongst the objects of tribute enumerated in the statistical tablet of Karnak, iron is mentioned as brought to the Egyptians almost exclusively by the inhabitants either of Assyria Proper, or of the countries immediately adjacent—by the Tahai, the Ruten-nu, and the Asi. It was generally exported in the form of bricks or pigs, but also occasionally in the ore. The same nations, particularly the Tahai, offered gold, silver, tin (?), copper, brass, lead, and antimony (?). These metals were not only brought in the rough state, or, if gold and silver, in rings, but even manufactured into vases of beautiful form. Mr. Birch remarks: "The silver vases of the Tahai are a remarkable tribute, as they show an excellence in working metals among these people; indeed, the art of toreutic work in Asia influenced so largely even the Greek world at a later period, as to rival and gradually supersede the fictile painted vases of the Greeks." And he then mentions "the offerings of vases of gold and silver, with handles, and feet, and covers in the shape of animals, such as the bull and gazelle (or wild goat?), kneeling Asiatics, the heads of lions, goats, and even of the god Baal." All these are pure Assyrian emblems. The vase in the form of a lion's head, probably similar to that represented in the sculptures of Khorsabad, is particularly alluded to amongst the offerings of the Tahai. The tribute obtained by the Egyptians from Naharaina, or Mesopotamia, consisted of vases of gold, silver, and copper, and precious stones; and vases of gold, silver, and brass, were the presents brought by the prince of northern Syria to David.

Gold is not now, I believe, known to exist in the mountains of Kurdistan. As, both according to sacred and profane authors, it was collected in such extraordinary quantities in Nineveh and Babylon, and as it is generally included in the Egyptian inscriptions amongst metals brought from that part of Asia, it is to be presumed that mines of it were once worked within the Assyrian dominions.* It was used by the Assyrians, as I have already mentioned, in their architectural ornaments, bricks and tiles of gold and silver being even placed in the exterior walls of their palaces.† That they were at a very early period acquainted with the art of gilding is proved by the remains of very thin gold leaf, found not only on the ivories and on bricks, but even under the great throne or altar in the northwest palace, where it must have been deposited during the building of the edifice.‡

Silver is found in the mountains of Kurdistan, and mines

* Sardanapalus is said to have placed one hundred and fifty golden beds, and as many tables of the same metal, on his funeral pile, besides gold and silver vases and ornaments in enormous quantities, and purple and many-colored raiments. (Athenæus, lib. xii.) When Nineveh was taken, it contained, according to some absurd traditions, £25,000,000,000 sterling in gold! The spoiler might well have exclaimed, "Take ye the gold, take ye the silver —the riches of Nineveh are inexhaustible—her vases and precious furniture are infinite." (Nahum, ii. 9.) That this precious metal, however, was most plentiful, we can scarcely doubt. The statue of solid gold raised by Nebuchadnezzar in the plain of Dura was threescore cubits high, and six cubits broad. (Daniel, iii. 1.) Herodotus and Diodorus describe the statues of this metal in the temple of Belus, at Babylon. The base of the table, the seat of the throne, and an altar on which sacrifices were offered, were all of the purest gold. Xerxes carried away the golden statue of the god, twelve cubits in height, which his father Darius had not ventured to seize. (Herod. l. i. c. 183.) According to Diodorus, the value of the gold taken from the temple of Belus alone by Xerxes amounted to above 7,350 Attic talents, or £21,000,000 sterling money!

† Thus the walls of Ecbatana were partly plated with gold and silver. (Herod. l. i. c. 98.)

‡ Gold and silver "spread into plates" are mentioned in Jeremiah among the objects of trade brought from Uphaz and Tarshish (ch. x. ver. 9);

of it are still worked by the Turkish government near the frontiers of ancient Assyria and in Armenia. It is very probable that others exist in a country whose mineral riches have not been explored.

Although the precious metals were known at a very early period, even Abraham, a dweller in tents, being rich in gold and silver,* no coins have been discovered amongst Assyrian ruins, nor is there any thing in the sculptures to show that the Assyrians were acquainted with money, as in Egypt. Metals in their rough state, or in bars or rings, may have been passed by weight, or, if precious, in ring-ingots, or as gold dust, in exchange for merchandise, and in other transactions, but not as stamped coins or tokens.† It is remarkable, that no coin has yet been discovered in Egyptian ruins.‡

Copper mines, worked at a very remote period, probably by the Assyrians themselves, still exist in the mountains within the confines of Assyria. This metal appears to have been extensively used by the Assyrians, both for ornaments, and in the construction of weapons and tools. It was inlaid into their iron helmets, and formed part of their armor. Daggers and the heads of arrows were frequently made of it, mixed, it would appear, with a certain quantity of iron and hardened, as in Egypt, by an alloy of tin. The tools of the sculptor were probably of some such combination; but as the Egyptians appear to have been acquainted, at a very early period,

and Solomon's throne was partly overlaid with gold; as was also the inside of his temple (1 Kings, vi. 22, and x. 18).

* Genesis, xiii. 2.

† The money mentioned in the Bible is always passed by weight. (Genesis, xliii. 21.)

‡ The earliest mention in authentic history of a coin current in the Persian dominions is in Herod. lib. iv. c. 166; the same author declaring (lib. i. c. 94) that the Lydians were the first people who coined money. It was issued by Darius Hystaspes, and called after him "the Daric." It was long afterwards celebrated for its purity, and gave its name to all gold pieces subsequently coined in Persia even by kings of the Macedonian race.

with steel, and to have used it, as well as bronze, in sculpturing stone, marble, and granite, it may be inferred that the Assyrians were not ignorant of this useful form of iron. The soft limestone of their monuments would not, however, like the granite of Egypt, require a very highly-tempered instrument. But the black basalt is hard, offering considerable resistance to the tools of the sculptor; and we find that the Assyrian

A SHIP. (Khorsabad.)

statues in this material are less carefully finished than the bas-reliefs of alabaster.

Antimony is, I believe, found in the Kurdish mountains; but I am not aware of the existence of tin in any part of Assyria. Still the Assyrians and the adjoining nations must have obtained this metal from their own dominions, or from some country to the east of them, as it is mentioned amongst

the objects of tribute brought to the Egyptians from that part of Asia. It would scarcely have been procured, merely for the purpose of an offering, from the Phœnicians, who were so much nearer Egypt.

The Assyrians were equally skilled in working and casting metals. Amongst the copper figures from Nimroud, I must particularly mention the lions in solid metal found under the fallen bull in the great hall, which are of great beauty, almost rivalling the bronzes of Greece; and three hollow lions' paws, which apparently formed the feet of a throne or couch.

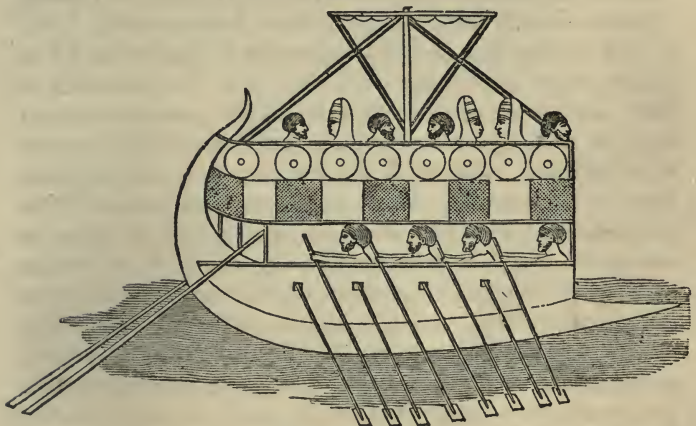
I have already had occasion to speak of their dexterity in carving ivory, and have described the beautiful ornaments in that material discovered at Nimroud. Although the elephant was not an inhabitant of Assyria, but was probably brought from India, its tusks appear to have been an article of trade between the Assyrians and the nations to the westward. The workmen, too, of Assyria were employed by foreign nations as carvers in ivory; and we find the company of the Ashurites or Assyrians, making the benches of that material in the Tyrian galleys.* The Assyrians had already extensively used it in the construction of their palaces; and it was from them, perhaps, that the Jews adopted it in the decoration of their palaces and furniture.† The human head and limbs carved in ivory, discovered at Nimroud, probably belonged to an entire figure, the body of which may have been of wood or metal,

* Ezekiel xxvii. 6. It is possible that some tribe, and not the Assyrians, is meant. Mr. Birch conjectures that the Phœnicians, who appear to have supplied the Greeks with ivory ornaments at a very early period, may have chiefly derived the elephant's tusk from an indirect communication with India and Bactria through Assyria.

† Ahab had an ivory house. (1 Kings, xxii. 39.) Ivory palaces are mentioned in Psalm xlv. 8. And compare Amos, iii. 15. Solomon made a throne of ivory. (1 Kings, x. 18.) Beds of ivory are spoken of in Amos (vi. 4). Mr. Birch has collected, in his Memoir on the Nimroud Ivories (Trans. of R. Soc. of Lit. New Series), various instances of the early use of ivory amongst the Assyrians, Egyptians, and Greeks.

like the Chryselephantine statues of the Greeks, which were of wood inlaid with gold and ivory. The Assyrians were acquainted with the art of inlaying. Blue opaque glass and other substances of various colors are let into the ivory tablets from Nimroud.

They had also acquired the art of making glass.* Several small bottles or vases of elegant shape, in this material, were found at Nimroud and Kouyunjik. One bears the name of



SHIP. (Kouyunjik.)

the Khorsabad king; and to none of the specimens discovered can we with certainty attribute a higher antiquity than the time of that monarch; although some fragments in the shape of a dagger from a hall of the most ancient palace of Nimroud may possibly be more ancient. The gems and cylinders still frequently found in ruins prove that the Assyrians were very skilful in engraving on stone. Many of their seals are most delicately and minutely ornamented with various sacred devices and with the forms of animals. Those of the Baby-

* Pliny attributes the invention of glass to the Phœnicians.

lonians are mentioned by Herodotus, who also describes the heads of the walking-sticks in the shape of an apple, a rose, a lily, or an eagle. These ornaments were probably carved in ivory or in precious stones.

Herodotus alludes to the extreme fertility of Assyria, and to its rich harvests of corn, the seed producing, according to his account, two or three hundred-fold. The blades of wheat and barley grew to full four fingers in breadth; and, such was the general richness of Babylonia, that it supplied the Persian king and his vast army with subsistence for four months in the year, whilst the rest of the Persian dominions furnished provisions for the other eight. This, it must be remembered, was when the country had lost its independence, and had been reduced to a mere province. I have already described the mode of irrigation by artificial canals derived from the Tigris and Euphrates, intersecting the whole of the lower part of Mesopotamia, and the country in the neighborhood of the rivers in the upper. The Assyrians also used machines for raising water from the river, or from the canals, when it could not be led into the fields through common conduits. They were generally obliged to have recourse to this artificial mode of irrigation, as the banks of the rivers, and consequently those of the canals, were high above the level of the water, except during the spring. At that season of the year the streams, swollen by the melting of the snows in the Armenian hills, or by violent rains, overflowed their beds.

The only representation of an agricultural instrument yet found in Assyria or Babylonia is that of a plough, on a black stone from the ruins opposite Mosul. From the form of the arrow-headed characters in the inscription, this appears to be a Babylonian relic. The plough somewhat resembles in shape that now in common use. On the same tablet is an altar or low building, before which stands a priest, apparently performing some religious ceremony; near him are the sacred tree, a bull, a heap of corn or a hill, a palm-tree, and a square instru-

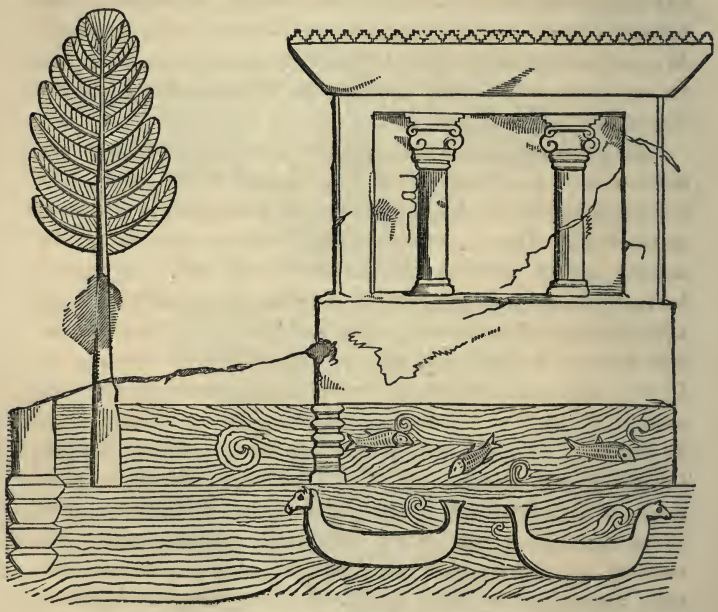
ment with a small circle or wheel at each corner, the nature of which I am unable to determine.

Sesame, millet, and corn, formed anciently, as they still do, the principal agricultural produce of Assyria. Herodotus, who had visited this fruitful country, says that he dares not men-

EMBLEMS OF THE DEITY. (N. W. Palace, Nimroud.)

tion the height to which the sesame and millet grew. The only oil used in the country, according to the historian, was extracted from sesame; and such is now the case, although the olive-tree is cultivated at the foot of the Kurdish hills.

The palm-tree whilst growing in the greatest abundance within the ancient limits of the Assyrian empire, does not now produce fruit further north than the junction of the Lesser Zab with the Tigris. It is not, indeed, found on the banks of the latter river more than sixty miles above Baghdad; but



A TEMPLE OR FISHING PAVILION SUPPORTED BY PROTO-IONIC COLUMNS, AND STANDING IN A RIVER OR ARTIFICIAL LAKE. (Khorsabad.)

this is chiefly owing to the absence of cultivation and settled habitations. It is raised inland as far north as the small town of Taza Kurmali, which takes its name, "the place of fresh dates," from the ripe fruit being there first met with on the road from Constantinople. A line drawn due west from this place to the Mediterranean would, I think, give the limits of the growth of the fruit-producing palm. The unproductive

tree will grow and will attain a considerable size much further north, even on the southern coast of Asia Minor, and in the south of Italy and Dalmatia. That the fruit was exported in large quantities from the Babylonian plains, as it now is, as an article of commerce, may be inferred from palm wine, or spirits extracted from the date, being mentioned by Herodotus as the principal cargo brought by rafts to Babylon from Armenia. We find, also, what is probably palm wine included in the statistical table of Karnak among the tribute offered to the Egyptians by the Tahai.

As lofty mountains rise abruptly from the plains, opposite degrees of temperature mark the climate of Assyria. The soil being naturally rich, its produce is consequently as varied as plentiful. The plains watered by the rivers are parched by a heat almost rivalling that of the torrid zone. Aromatic herbs, yielding perfumes celebrated by the poets, indigo, opium, and the sugar-cane,* besides corn and grain of various kinds, and cotton and flax in abundance, were raised in this region. In the cooler temperature of the hills, the mulberry afforded sustenance to the silk-worm, and many kinds of fruit trees flourished in the valleys. When Herodotus says that the Assyrians did not cultivate the vine, the olive, or the fig, he must allude to the inhabitants of the plains. The vine is represented in the sculptures; and that the Assyrians not only enjoyed the various luxuries which those trees afford, but possessed the trees themselves, we learn from their own general, Rabshakeh, who described his country to the Jews as a "land of corn and wine, a land of bread and vineyards, a land of olive oil and of honey." Among the objects of tribute brought to the Egyptians from the Tahai, and from Naharaina, are corn, bread, palm wine, wine, honey, incense, and conserve of dates.

* Indigo and opium are still cultivated in the south of Baghdad. The sugar-canes, which, in the time of the Persian kings, covered the banks of the rivers of Susiana, have now disappeared; and this plant is no longer cultivated to any extent to the east of the Euphrates.

STORY OF ALDIBARAN.

MANY years since, there reigned in Persia a good king named Shah Abas, who was dethroned and put to death by an ambitious and unnatural brother. The late monarch left an only son, yet a child, who also came very near being destroyed, but was saved by the kindness and presence of mind of his father's prime minister and devoted friend, who eluded the cruelty of the usurper, and fled with the boy to a distant part of the empire. This worthy man then assumed the life of a hermit, taking up his abode in a cave among the mountains, and passed his time among his books and in the education of the young prince, who he hoped and believed would one day recover his lost rights and ascend the throne. He had taken the precaution when he fled to carry with him an abundance of wealth; and though he lived an austere life himself, he took care that the boy should be as well attended to as circumstances would permit, and that he should be in want of nothing that might conduce to his real welfare.

In the same neighborhood was a splendid castle, in which lived a powerful and renowned emir, whose family consisted of an only daughter. The castle was often the scene of mirth and festivity, for, as its owner possessed great wealth, and was of a kind and generous disposition, frequent visits were made to it by the neighboring emirs and nobles, who partook of its hospitality and indulged in the sports of hunting and hawking. The hermit was always a welcome guest at the establishment; his courtly manners and instructive conversation delighted the emir, who often wondered what had induced a man of such accomplishments to retire as he had from the world, though he was too polite to question him as to his former life, or as to the motive that had impelled him to turn hermit. However, his visits to the emir were rare; for, as we said before, he spent the greater part of his time in study and meditation, and

in the instruction of his young companion, who grew up to manhood accomplished in body and mind, and a favorite with every one.

Aldibaran, for so was he called, passed a great portion of his time at the castle, and began to be looked upon as part of the family; mingling in all the festivities and becoming acquainted with all the visitors who frequented its halls. The hermit was well pleased at this, and encouraged him in it; for as he confidently looked forward to the day when he should ascend the throne, he knew that such society would be of advantage to him, and assist in giving him that grace and demeanor which would be suitable to his future state. But nature, in this respect, had been bountiful to him, for he had an amenity of manner and sweetness of disposition which rendered him attractive to every one. This was heightened, too, by a certain dignity which sprung from a consciousness of his high rank, for his protector had early imparted to him the secret of his birth and royal title, impressing upon him, however, the importance of divulging it to no one.

The emir's daughter, also, by this time had grown to womanhood. Zelume, for such was her name, was distinguished for beauty and intelligence, and possessed, withal, so sweet a disposition that every one loved her. She was the idol of her father, who took a pride in making her acquainted with his numerous friends, and in beholding the effect which her rare loveliness and accomplishments produced; for wherever she went or with whomsoever she mingled she was without a rival. Such amiable traits were not lost on Aldibaran, who became strongly attached to her; nor was his love unrequited, for the young lady, who was thrown a good deal in his society, could not be insensible to his good qualities, and thus there grew up between them a mutual affection which the emir and hermit both looked upon with complacency.

Meanwhile, the usurping king of Persia drew near his end. The crown which he had so wickedly gained had not brought

with it much satisfaction; he had been haunted continually with remorse for his past crimes, and now, when about to die, a secret presentiment warned him that the throne was not to remain long in his family, but that the lost prince would some day return to reassert his rights and take vengeance on his wrong-doers. He, therefore, called his son, Shiraz, to his bedside, and thus spake:

"My son," said he, "you know by what means it was that I became possessed of my crown, and it is needless to say any thing further on the subject; but I must tell you that when I made way with your uncle, it was my intention to have destroyed your cousin also, knowing that while he lived my throne would never be secure. I was defeated, however, in my design, by an old counsellor who fled with the child, and thus saved his life. I have made search for him these many years, but have never succeeded in finding him; yet certain I am that he is alive and that your authority will never be secure while this is the case, as I have a secret presentiment that he will appear and give you trouble. I have lately heard that the old counsellor, his protector, has taken the disguise of a hermit, and this may be of some use to you in finding out the prince's whereabouts; and the fact also of your cousin being precisely of the same age with yourself and bearing a strong resemblance to you. I know that you are wise and energetic; do not then lose a moment, but make diligent search throughout your dominions, and try to find out and destroy your most deadly foe."

Soon after the old king died, and scarcely were the funeral rites over before Shiraz took measures to follow his father's advice. Having arranged his affairs, he put on the habit of a knight, and, unaccompanied by any one, made a journey over his territories. He was many months thus engaged, travelling from place to place and making inquiry of all persons who would be likely to give him any information as to the individuals he was in pursuit of. But for a long while his efforts

were fruitless, yet he continued still to prosecute his search with unabated ardor.

In the meanwhile things went on quietly and prosperously at the emir's castle. The emir attended to his affairs, and dispensed his usual hospitality to his friends, delighted above all at the happiness of his beloved daughter, and well pleased that she had placed her affections on so worthy an object; whilst the hermit spent his time chiefly in his cell, engaged in study and meditation.

One afternoon, a little before sunset, the emir and his daughter and Aldibaran were seated on the terrace enjoying the pleasant breeze from the mountains, and the beautiful and extensive view which the place afforded. Presently a horseman was seen approaching; he stopped at the gate, and sent a message by the porter to the emir, asking him if he could give shelter till the next day to a weary traveller. The emir, even at the distance he was at, perceived something noble in the air of the horseman, and proceeded to the gate to welcome him.

"Sir," said he, embracing the stranger, "my castle and all it contains are welcome to you, not only for this one night, but for as long a time as you think proper to honor me with your company: this common hospitality would require at my hands; but I perceive in your appearance and demeanor something far more dignified than a common traveller, and, more than that, a striking resemblance to one of my dearest friends."

The stranger started when he heard this, for it was Shiraz, the young king, in pursuit of his rival; however, he soon recovered from his surprise, and thus returned answer:

"My most worthy host," said he, "your beautiful palace is a fit residence for such a courtly and illustrious emir, and I shall count it one of the happiest events of my life to have passed a night under your roof; but of this friend of whom

you speak, pray tell me who is he, and where is he to be found, and is there a possibility of my seeing him?"

"Nothing is easier," replied the other; "for yonder he sits on the terrace, conversing with my daughter; but come, follow me, and you shall soon be introduced to them both." So saying, he led the knight inside the castle and into the presence of Aldibaran and his daughter. They received him very cordially; and supper soon being served, they sat together conversing, and enjoying the pleasant summer evening.

The stranger knight pleased them all by his intelligence and courtly manners, which showed that he was evidently a person of high rank. All were struck with the resemblance he bore to Aldibaran, with whom he became very intimate, putting to him many questions, and endeavoring to find out who he was. He became more and more impressed with the idea that it was his cousin, and congratulated himself that, after so much labor and research, he had now discovered him, and had him in his power. Their ages too were about the same; and Shiraz began, in as artful a manner as he could, to try to find out where he was born, and other matters of his former history. These questions the unsuspecting Aldibaran answered as fully as he could, though without revealing any thing as to his royal birth; and told the stranger that his early life was involved in some mystery, as he had been brought to this part of the country at a very tender age, under the care and protection of an old and valued friend, who now passed his life in the neighborhood as a hermit.

At the word hermit, Shiraz started; for he was now fully convinced that he had found the person he was in pursuit of, and resolved not to leave the castle till he had fulfilled the purpose of his journey, and his father's dying advice. He therefore told the young man that, among other studies, he had spent much of his youth in that of astrology; and that he intended to pass the night on one of the towers watching the stars, and would esteem it a great favor if he would honor him

with his company. Aldibaran very graciously accepted the invitation, telling the stranger that nothing would afford him greater pleasure; and that he would meet him on the tower about midnight, for he had in the meanwhile a little business to attend to with his friend the hermit, which would not detain him long. The stranger now bid the company good-night, and was escorted to the tower by one of the servants, and the emir and his daughter retired to their apartments.

Meanwhile, Aldibaran proceeded to the hermit, whom he found waiting for him sitting by a lamp reading some papers. Having despatched his business, he told the old man that the castle had been enlivened with the presence of a most courtly and agreeable knight, with whose society the emir and his daughter, as well as himself, had been charmed; and what was most singular, that he was of the same age, and bore a striking resemblance to himself. He informed him further, that the stranger had retired to the battlements to watch the stars, and had exacted from him a promise to meet him there about midnight; and as the hour was now come, he was compelled to depart and join him.

The hermit on hearing this turned pale, and begged his young friend to remain with him during the night, and, by no means, to have an interview with the stranger; "for, to tell you the truth," continued he, "I have a strong suspicion that this agreeable visitor is none other than your cousin, who has come here on purpose to destroy you. Take my advice, then, and do not enter the castle while he remains, much less trust yourself with him on the battlements."

Aldibaran smiled at what he thought his friend's timidity, telling him he was sure his suspicions were misplaced; "besides," said he, "it would be cowardly in me to fear to meet a single man unattended; and having given him my word, I must stand by it at all hazards."

"Very well," replied the hermit; "you may be right, and I may be wrong; but take this sword with you, and carry it

concealed under your robe: it may be of use to you, and can do you at least no harm; and be sure to return to me as early in the morning as possible, and let me know all that has transpired."

The young man took the weapon, and bidding his friend good evening, repaired to the appointed place. He found the stranger pacing the tower with an air of some impatience; he saluted him, remarking what a beautiful night it was, and with a smile inquired if the stars were auspicious.

"Yes," replied the other, sternly; "to me they are auspicious, for the very hour has arrived when I am to become rid of a hated enemy and rival—the disturber of my father's peace and the plotter against my throne. I am Shiraz, king of Persia, and thou I know art Aldibaran: ask Allah, then, to pardon thy sins, for by this good sword that I now draw thy last hour has come."

"It is true," replied the youth, "that I am Aldibaran, but wherein I have injured thee I know not; but this I know, that thy father slew mine, and deprived him of his throne, seeking, too, for many years, to take my life also; but, notwithstanding all this, I bear no malice to his son, and am still willing to be at peace with thee, especially as thou art our guest, whom it is my duty to shield and protect."

"Protect!" cried the other, "what protection need I from one whom I have in my power, and whose last hour is come?" and so saying he made a thrust at Aldibaran, who slipped aside and eluded the weapon, at the same time throwing off his robe and drawing his own sword.

They fought for some time desperately, and Shiraz, making one last effort, rushed on his foe, and, receiving the blade in his heart, fell dead. Aldibaran then hastily descended from the tower, and proceeded to the cell of the hermit, who had not yet retired to rest.

"My father," said he, "you were right about that stranger: he has turned out to be the person you took him for."

"And pray," replied the other, "what was the object of the interview he sought with you? What did he want?"

"He wanted my life!" answered the youth, "and has lost his own, which I was compelled to take in self-defence."

"And is he then dead?" said the old man.

"Yes," returned the other, "he lies on the top of yonder battlement drenched in his blood."

"Then," said the hermit, "the hour of thy deliverance is at last come, and you will soon resume the position you are truly entitled to, and of which you have been so long and un-

ISPAHAN, PERSIA.

justly deprived. Go now to the emir's stables and mount one of his fleetest horses; set off with all speed for Ispahan; show this signet ring to the vizier: tell him that Shiraz, the young king, is dead, that the old minister still lives, and that thou art Aldibaran. He is your friend, and will tell you what to do; but be careful to return and report to me as soon as possible; be back in ten days at the utmost."

The young man kissed the hermit, and promised faithfully to fulfil all his directions; and proceeding at once to the stables he mounted one of the swiftest steeds, and started for the capital.

In the morning the emir and his daughter were up early to enjoy the pleasant society of the stranger; but after waiting a considerable time and finding he did not appear, they sent a servant to call him. Great was their surprise and horror when news came that the young knight was lying dead on the tower, slain by some unknown hand.

The emir's grief and anger were unbounded. "Who can this assassin be," said he, "who has dared to kill a guest of mine—one whom it was my duty to protect the moment he crossed my threshold, and to defend whom I was bound to lay down my own life, if necessary? But he shall be revenged; for no pains nor cost shall be spared till the murderer be found out, and punished as he deserves." Diligent search was made, but no clue was seen by which the criminal could be discovered, though it was soon known that Aldibaran was missing; and that the weapon by which the bloody deed had been committed belonged to him. Suspicion, of course, fastened upon him, and though the idea of such a thing was most painful to the emir, yet he could not shut his eyes to facts, and swore he would bring the perpetrator to justice; for the sacred rites of hospitality had been invaded, and the criminal, if found guilty, should die, even if he were his own son.

The beautiful Zelume was in despair: she besought her father with tears to moderate his wrath and be patient: certainly there was some mistake; the young man would soon return, and explain all, for whatever were the proofs against him she was sure that Aldibaran was innocent.

"If he be innocent," cried the emir, "why has he fled? and tell me, I pray, what is the meaning of this bloody sword?"

To this his daughter could make no answer, but retired to her chamber to weep.

In the mean time horsemen had been despatched in all directions in search of Aldibaran, but no traces of him were to be found, and Zelume's faith in his innocence began to waver, and every hour of his absence added to her apprehension and augmented her distress. She knew not who to look to for comfort; her father's rage against her lover was so intense that she almost feared to speak to him, and every one in the castle naturally partook of his feelings more or less, so that she seemed, as it were, to stand alone as the friend. and confident of one who was regarded by all as a detested criminal. She resolved to go to the hermit to see whether he could give her any comfort, or impart to her any thing that might tend to clear up the mystery. She accordingly set out for his cell, and found him sitting calmly in front of his abode engaged in meditation.

"Good hermit," said she, "tell us where is Aldibaran, for you are his friend, and must certainly know whither he has gone."

"It is true," replied the old man, "that I am his friend, and that I also know whither he has gone; but I cannot at present reveal it."

"Tell me at least," continued the lady, "whether he is the murderer of this unhappy stranger."

"No," said the other, "Aldibaran is no murderer, nor did he ever in his life inflict wrong on any one."

"Thanks," replied Zelume, "for what you have told me; you have taken a heavy weight from my heart."

The old man rose up and took her by the hand. "Return to thy home in peace," said he; "be patient and put thy trust in Heaven; for if I read thy destiny aright much happiness is yet in store for thee."

The young lady bedewed the hermit's hand with her tears, and returning in silence to the castle, retired to her apartment.

The persons who had been sent in search of Aldibaran now arrived, but no tidings of him were discovered; where-

upon the emir, believing that the hermit was an accomplice in the bloody deed, gave orders that he should be apprehended and put to death. The old man told the emir not to be hasty, nor give way to his anger in thus punishing the innocent, for he was confident, if he would only be patient, that the young man would appear in a very short time, and show how greatly he had been wronged by their unjust suspicions.

"It is now," said he, "five days since Aldibaran has disappeared; if he does not return in five days more, I am willing to pay the penalty and suffer in his stead."

"Be it so," replied the emir, "I will take thee at thy word;" whereupon the hermit was placed in confinement.

Zelume passed nearly all her time on the tower, straining her eyes and looking in all directions for some sign of her lover appearing. When she thought of the danger the good old man was in, and that if the time should elapse and Aldibaran not appear, that he would have to die, she was overwhelmed with sorrow; but the hopeful words he had spoken to her at their last interview still cheered her up, and she believed that he would not have specified to the emir a fixed time for her lover's arrival, unless he had some good grounds for doing so.

Time soon slipped by, and the tenth day arrived; but, as yet, there was no appearance of Aldibaran. Zelume stood on the tower looking upon the distant horizon, and on the battlements were the emir with his friends and retainers, all anxiously gazing. About sunset he gave orders to have the hermit brought out to undergo his sentence; a rope was round his neck, and he was to be hung from the castle wall as a terror to evil doers, and a propitiatory sacrifice to violated hospitality. Hundreds of eyes were fastened on the old man, and all wondered at the firmness he displayed.

Suddenly, among the mountains, were heard the strains of distant music; every one looked in the direction from which it proceeded, and a vast army was now seen defiling into the plain, with streamers and bright armor.

"Who can this powerful foe be?" said the gazers, "who thus unexpectedly invades us?"

"This music," answered the emir, "is not that of a warlike host; it is soft and pleasant, such as belongs to a gay procession or joyous festival."

The army now covered the plain and approached the castle; and from the front ranks there rode forth a figure of commanding appearance, mounted on a beautiful steed, with a standard-bearer by his side.

"Mark the chief," said the lookers-on; "we will now know what all this means and who this noble stranger is."

"'Tis Aldibaran!" cried Zelume.

"'Tis Aldibaran!" cried a hundred voices on the battlements; and all appealed to the hermit to know if it were not so.

"'Tis the king of Persia," answered the old man; "see, the royal standard is unrolled, and let all present do it homage;" whereupon shouts upon shouts rent the air.

The emir and his friends now descended to the gate and prostrated themselves before Aldibaran; for he it truly was, who, on reaching Ispahan, had succeeded in regaining his crown without difficulty, and was now returned to explain every thing and claim his beloved Zelume. Their marriage was celebrated that night amid great rejoicings and festivities, and after spending a few days at the castle, they returned in triumph to the capital, where they reigned happily many years; the hermit being reinstated in his old post of prime minister.

LIFE IN THE EAST INDIES.

It is all very fine and poetical to read about cloudless eastern skies, shadowy palm-trees, murmuring rills, and so forth. These undoubtedly seem very inviting and charming, as viewed through the medium of gaily-tinted pictures or

books, the production of ready pens and prolific imaginations; but once substitute the reality for the imagery, and the fascination vanishes with uncomfortable rapidity. Apart from the thermometer at 90° in the shade, from monsoons with incessant three-weeks' torrents of rain; from land-winds, hot and unhealthy as the breath of a furnace; setting aside heat, mosquitoes, green bugs, sandflies, insects, and vermin of all descriptions, including musk-rats, bandicoots, *et hoc genus omne*

NATIVES.

—I say, apart from all these nuisances of life in the East, from which we are happily free, there are others even more startling and perilous, which are incidents of every-day occurrence.

Fancy, for instance, being obliged to shake your boots every time you put them on, under the expectation of a snake

or a scorpion or a centipede tumbling out; or being compelled to look under your pillow every night with a like dread. How would you relish moving your portmanteau (supposed to contain cherished papers, letters, portraits, and so forth), and finding, to your utter dismay, the bottom and the whole contents tumble out, one mass of dust, the destructive, speedy, yet quiet results of a colony of white ants, within the space of twenty-four hours? We once knew a lady whose white satin shoes were utterly destroyed in one night. What would you say, or rather shout, to feel your body covered with swarms of large red ants, whose stings produce excruciating agony? or to find your jams and jellies ruined by cockroaches? your beer, in corked and sealed bottles, flat and disgusting, from the contact of musk-rats? your nice aromatic cup of tea, a perfect flotilla of horrid insects? or your candle extinguished by a bat? I reckon that no American, or, for that matter, any European, would relish being exposed to such a catalogue of ills. Nevertheless, such are of daily, nay hourly occurrence in many parts of the vast continent of India; and when we reflect on this, I think we have every cause to be thankful for our country and nationality.

But it is not only on land that we enjoy the advantage; the rivers and seas, lakes and tanks of India abound with all kinds of reptiles and dangerous things. Leaving out sharks and alligators, we may simply enumerate water-snakes, toads, frogs, leeches, etc. As for frogs, they are so abundant in some Indian tanks, that they constitute a nuisance of themselves during wet weather. Thousands of these unsightly reptiles keep up a clamorous concert, producing a sound similar to

"Take an egg—Kill a duck,"

repeated over and over again with a very nasal twang, which, commencing *adagio*, gradually rises to a very high pitch, the whole having a running bass accompaniment of bull-frogs. But these, though loathsome, are harmless; not so water-

snakes, of which a great variety exist—such, at least, is my opinion, although water-snakes are sometimes supposed to be harmless. Possibly they possess various degrees of venom; but whether or not, I opine that few things can be more disagreeable than plunging into a pleasant cool stream on a very hot day, and finding yourself, after the first dive, face to face with a nasty venomous-looking snake, that forthwith sets up hissing like a goose.

On one occasion, a large water-snake introduced itself among a party of natives engaged in their morning ablutions, at the foot of one of the ghauts, in the Sone. A cry of alarm being raised, an idler on shore seized a *lutée* (large strong club) from a bystander, and, jumping into the stream, attacked the unwelcome intruder, who had no business to contaminate the waters bathed in by high-caste natives. The snake, nothing loth, encountered its assailant, and, angrily erecting its head in the air, made ready to give battle. In this interval, the greater number of bathers had betaken themselves to the shore, or scrambled up to the decks of the nearest budgerow, leaving the field clear to the two opponents. With protruded fangs the angry snake waved its head to and fro, watching for a favorable opportunity to strike at the man; but this opportunity never arrived. In the interval, the spectators looked on with breathless anxiety, although the issue of like combats invariably terminated in favor of the biped aggressors. There was something terrible in the consciousness that one false step might expose the man to the deadly fangs of the serpent, and that a bite causing an aperture not much larger than what might be produced by the point of a needle, would result, if not in death, in intense suffering of longer or shorter duration. Moreover, the aggressor, besides being out of his own element, had to contend against a rapid stream, the effects of the late heavy falls of rain. Not long, however, were the lookers-on kept in suspense. The cudgel was seen flourishing in the sunlight, and then descended with lightning rapidity

upon the back of the water-snake, which was crippled by having its back broken by the blow. Still the venomous creature managed to retreat toward the opposite bank, where the stream ran deeper and with greater velocity; but, with one hand cudgelling the snake and swimming with the other, the Indian followed up his advantage, amidst loud plaudits from the shore. For some few minutes both were lost to sight be-

A SECURE RETREAT.

hind a projecting angle in the river; but almost immediately afterwards the man reappeared, holding the now dead reptile high up in the air. On bringing the snake to shore, it was found to be one of an ordinary species in those parts, measuring about seven feet in length, with a brown glossy back, very slightly marked, and white as milk underneath. All the peo-

ple about these ghauts are expert swimmers. The only apparent inconvenience, therefore, experienced by the Indian was, that he seemed to be rather out of breath, as he flung the snake high upon the bank, laughing blithely the while at the success of his exploit. These and other varieties of snakes are very plentiful in the Jumna and other tributaries of the Ganges, though they are seldom to be encountered in the last-named river.

In the Bay of Bengal, the Straits of Malacca, and Gulf of Siam, water-snakes are more frequently to be met with than in any other portion of the globe: neither can any place compete with them for variety in size and color. On a fine day, with a gentle four-knot breeze blowing, we have witnessed upwards of twenty varieties of water-snakes swimming about the vessel, when off the coast of Sumatra. As seen in the water, with the sun shining upon their variegated and brilliant coats, they are beautiful to behold. That there are amongst them some of great size and strength, and some of deadly venom, we have no hesitation in asserting; in proof of which we may be permitted to introduce the following brief anecdotes, founded upon incontrovertible testimony.

In the year 1840, when the writer of this paper was sojourning at Bangkok, the floating capital of Siam, the following incident occurred. The weather had been for some weeks extremely tempestuous, and a very heavy fall of rain in the interior had caused the waters of the Menam to rise higher than usual. At that time our host, Mr. H., had commenced building a fine house on *terra firma*—the only one, with the exception of the king's palace and some missionary houses, to be met with in Bangkok, the rest of the population being compelled to content themselves with floating domiciles, erected upon bamboo rafts. Our dormitory was afloat, and here we had one evening assembled prior to retiring for the night.

Owing to the uncongenial state of the atmosphere out of doors, we had been subjected to the visits of many unwelcome

intruders: rats and mice, and even birds, had sought shelter under our well-thatched roof; but heretofore we had been exempt from guests of a more dangerous character. It will be necessary to state that our floating home consisted of one sitting room, with a railed-in verandah overlooking the river, a large bedroom behind, and a smaller one on either side. There were three of us slept here every night; and, on the eventful occasion in question, we were retiring to our respective couches, when Captain M. suddenly started back from the door of his room, with well-timed presence of mind closing the door after him. On inquiry he informed us, that just as he was about entering, his eye had been attracted by what at first appeared to be a large bit of rope coiled up on the floor; the noise of his footsteps, and the glare of the candle he carried in his hand, seemed to have aroused the slumberer; and to his horror he beheld a huge snake rapidly uncoiling itself.

This being the state of affairs, and as we could now distinctly hear the creature fumbling and tumbling about in its eagerness to escape, we deemed it most prudent to jump on shore, and rouse Mr. H.'s servants, who were sleeping in the warehouses that had been completed, under the new house then building. Speedily armed with guns and sticks, and lighted by flambeaux, we returned to investigate the nature of this nocturnal disturber, and administer speedy retribution; but we came too late. With the assistance of its powerful tail the snake had succeeded in dislodging a good stout plank, and so made its exit—a plank, too, that no ordinary man could have dislodged without a strong effort and a heavy mallet.

Thus much for their size and strength. That they are venomous the records of the royal navy too clearly indicate, when they tell under what tragical circumstances the doctor of her Majesty's sloop "Wolf" fell a victim to his taste for natural history; how, when the crew were washing the ship's

decks in the Madras Roads, a water-snake chanced to be hauled up in a bucket, and, being incautiously handled by the doctor, inflicted a bite that occasioned his death within little more than an hour.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.*

We had a pleasant run for two days, with a light wind, and hoped next morning to land at Kailua, the capital of the island of Owhyhee; but at sunset a sudden squall struck the little vessel, and had not Ben Yool been at the helm, and instantly luffed up, while Jerry and I let fly the fore-sheet, we should in all probability have been over, and become food for the sharks. It came on very dark and blowy; and as it was too late to make a harbor, we gave the shore a wide berth, and ran on. The next forenoon, when we made the land, we found that we were to the southward of Kailua. As we stood in, Mr. Callard told us that on the shore of Karakakooa Bay, which was before us, Captain Cook met his death, and that he would show us the very spot where the event happened. I felt as interested as if I were about to visit classic ground. Often and often as I had been reading through Cook's Voyages with delight, I little thought that I should see the very spots he describes, much less that one which has become sacred in our memory. Before us appeared a line of volcanic cliffs, of considerable height, the land rising again above them, covered with the richest verdure; which makes the summits of the rocky and lofty mountains beyond appear still more sterile and uninviting. To the right, among groves of palms and cocoa-nut-trees, appeared the steep, sloping roofs of a native village; while on the left, where the cliffs sink toward the water, and

[* The Sandwich islands, like the Fiji islands, are included under the head of Asia, for convenience of classification.—Ed.]

groves of various tropical trees appear scattered about, our friend pointed out to us the very spot where Cook was killed. The cliffs near are full of caves, which are used by the natives as places of sepulture; and in one of these, it is said, the bones of the great navigator were deposited by the priests, and valued by them as relics. Our friend told us that he had constantly made inquiries among the chiefs and natives as to the affair, and that he is certain the attack on the whites was not premeditated. Some of the people had stolen a boat for the sake of the nails in her, with which they wished to make fish-hooks. He landed with some boats to recover it. While speaking to some of the chiefs on the subject, a number of natives collected; and without his orders the marines, believing that he was about to be attacked, fired. A chief was killed. The natives advanced, and, while he was in the act of ordering his people to desist, he was pierced through the body by a spear. Grief and dismay took possession of the hearts of both parties when he fell. By the then superstitious natives he had been looked upon as their deified and long-lost sovereign, Rono. This Rono (so their legend asserted) had in a fit of anger killed his wife, when, repenting of the act, his senses deserted him, and he went about the islands wrestling with whomsoever he met. At last he took his departure in a vessel of a strange build, and no one knew where he had gone, but all expected him to return. When Captain Cook appeared, the priests believed that he was Rono, and, clothing him with the garments kept for their god, led him to their temples, and offered sacrifices to propitiate his favor, while the people prostrated themselves before him—he all the time little suspecting the reason of the honors paid him. After his death some of the people naturally doubted that he could be Rono, but others still affirmed that he was; and it is believed that the priests took some of his bones and preserved them in a wicker basket covered over with red feathers, which are highly prized by the natives. In this they were every year

carried about from temple to temple, when the priests went to collect tribute of the people. After the abolition of idolatry in 1819, it is not known what become of them; perhaps they were concealed by some old priest who still clung secretly to the ancient faith.

Talking of nails, it is extraordinary what excellent fish-hooks the natives will manufacture out of them. They prefer them to the best made in England. They still set a high value on them; but they are not quite so simple-minded as some of the Friendly islanders we heard of, who, on obtaining some nails, planted them, in the hope of obtaining a large crop from the produce! Scarcely had we dropped our anchor when we were surrounded by the canoes of the natives, who wore but the primitive maro. They brought off bread-fruits, cocoa-nuts, bananas, and other products of the soil, in the hope of thus making themselves welcome. One of them, who spoke English tolerably, undertook to pilot our boat on shore. We were eager to land. As we pulled in, a number of men, women, and children came down to welcome us. The men, like those in the canoes, wore the taro, but the women were dressed with the loose blue gowns I have described, and with wreaths of flowers round their heads. We ran in among the masses of lava which lined the shore, and were kindly helped by the people to land. We observed that they were all especially grave, for nowhere are more merry creatures found than the native women. As we walked along they followed us in silence. At length our guide stopped and pointed to the ground on which we stood.

"There, white men—there, friends—there it was your great sea chieftain fell." He repeated, we found, the same words in his own language. The natives listened to what he said, and then hung their heads ashamed, as if they had been guilty of the sad deed. We broke off several pieces of the lava from about the spot, to take to our friends at home, and sent them on board the schooner. We were to accompany

the missionary overland to Kailua, where the schooner was to meet us. After the missionary had spoken to the people, we were anxious to proceed on our journey, and one of the principal natives, who lived a few miles to the north, insisted that we should remain at his hut for the night; and we, accordingly, gladly accompanied him. We found the feast preparing outside the door in the usual oven. Knowing that English-

MATAVAI BAY, SANDWICH ISLANDS.

men have an objection to eat dogs, he had killed a fatted pig. The oven was a simple affair. A hole was dug in the earth, in which a large fire was lighted upon some stones, till all the earth round was hot; piggy was then put in, and the hole was covered up with loose earth; clouds of steam then issued from the earth, and when no more was perceptible the meat was declared to be cooked properly. We all sat round on mats in the primitive fashion, the food being placed before us either in calabashes or on large leaves. Instead of bread we had the

bread-fruit. It has somewhat the flavor of bread, and answers its purpose, but has neither the appearance nor consistence of our staff of life. It is about the size of the shaddock, and, when fresh gathered, the flavor of the citron; but it is always eaten baked, when it has the solidity of a roasted chestnut. Besides these luxuries, we had some fish nicely cooked, which we ate with the thick interior of the cocoa-nut, which may truly be called the cream, while the juice served to quench our thirst. We had a number of visitors, who all, both men and women, chatted away most merrily, especially the women, who kept up a continual peal of laughter. At night the hut was lighted up with chips of a resinous wood, called kukia, which were stuck all round on the posts which supported the roof; and when we expressed a wish to retire to rest, mats were hung up to partition off our sleeping chambers.

It is, I find, impossible to describe all the interesting habits and customs we observed of this primitive people. The next day about noon, we found ourselves, on issuing from a grove of cocoa-nut-trees, on the shore of a beautiful bay, with high black rocks running out on either side, and a yellow, sandy beach. From the way the sea broke, first with great violence, and then a second time with diminished force, there were evidently two lines of coral reefs, one without the other. A number of people were seated on the rocks watching with great interest what was going forward. Some men, women, and children were in the water, while others with their boards, about a foot wide and four feet long, in their hands were preparing to follow them. Placing the boards on the water, they threw themselves on them, and then swam out, diving under the breakers of the inner bar, and appearing on the in-shore side of the outer one. The great art appeared to be, to remain on the steep slope of the outer sea roller as it swept majestically on toward the land, and then, just before it broke, to dive under it and to reappear mounting up the side of the following watery hill. Sometimes a lad would keep above

water too long, and the surf would roll him over, and carry away his board; but he quickly recovered it, and soon regained his credit. Shouts of laughter bursted forth on all sides when any such mishap occurred, showing that there was little fear of damage. The women and children kept generally on the inner bar, but were quite as expert as the men. On mounting to the top of the rocks we saw two of the men swim out beyond the rest, on the further side of the breakers. The natives seemed to be watching them attentively. Soon one of them was seen to dive, then the other. In a little time they both appeared, flourishing their knives above their heads, and at the same moment two huge black bodies floated to the surface, and were borne in by the rollers toward the shore.

"What can they be?" I exclaimed to Jerry.

"Sharks," he answered, watching them. "Well, I should like to know how to tackle to with one of these monsters. I own that I shouldn't much like to have to fight one of them with a suit of armor on, and a spear or battle-axe in my hand. I suspect even St. George who killed the dragon would have found it somewhat a tough job, and yet these naked fellows make no difficulty about the matter."

"It is just what a man has been used to," I answered. "I dare say one of them would be very unhappy with a suit of armor on and a battle-axe."

No surprise seemed to be created by the achievement, and the bold swimmers took their places among the rest on the rollers as if nothing had happened. When swimming out in this way, every man has a knife secured to his board. As soon as he sees a shark he swims away a short distance. The shark approaches—he pretends to be very awkward. Keeping his eye on the monster, who begins to fancy he has got a feast prepared, he watches his time, and suddenly diving, sticks his sharp weapon with all his might in the under part of the monster. Sometimes the shark attempts to fly, but generally the blow is fatal, and he is towed in triumph on shore.

After spending a day at Kailua, the capital of the island, where there is a fort and a governor, and where several merchants reside to supply whalers with provisions, we embarked once more on board the schooner, and ran round the south of the island to a small harbor in the neighborhood of Whyhohino, a chief missionary station. We were received very kindly by the missionaries, and they procured us horses to enable us to accomplish one of the chief objects which had brought us to the place—a visit to the summit of the great volcano of Kilanea. They also found us two guides who were to accompany us to the crater, while two other men were to remain with the horses below. Mr. Callard himself had his duties to attend to, so that he could not accompany us. Ben Yool had been left with the schooner, so our party consisted of Mr. M'Ritchie, Cousin Silas, Jerry, and I, not forgetting old Surley. He always kept close to us, suspecting, perhaps, if the natives caught him, they might cook and eat him. We were well supplied with provisions and with bottles of water which we could replenish on the way. We travelled at first along the coast, and then struck inland, directing our course toward the lofty summit of the mountain, whence, even at that distance, we could see pillars of smoke ascending to the sky. It was getting dark when our guides told us that close at hand was a cavern in which we might pass the night sheltered from the weather. Torches of resinous wood were soon procured, and they led the way down a steep path, till we found ourselves at the entrance of an immense cavern formed in the lava. It was some hundred feet square, and from fifteen to twenty high. When lighted up by the torches it had a very wild and picturesque appearance. The horses were tethered in one part, while we all went out and collected grass and fern leaves for our beds, and a good supply of fuel for our fire. Having cooked our supper, we sat round the fire, while one of the natives, who spoke English very well, told us some of the wonderful tales about Pélé, the goddess of

the burning mountain, and her numerous diabolical followers. Though our guides were now Christians, and professed to disbelieve all these fables, it was evident that their minds were considerably affected by them, so difficult is it to get rid of early associations. The cavern had become rather smoky, and Mr. Brand had gone out to enjoy the cool air, when he called us to him. We looked toward the summit of the mountain, which rose in majestic grandeur before us, the summit crowned by wreaths of flame, which rose and fell as if impelled by some secret power within. After admiring it for some time, we returned to our bandit-looking abode for the night.

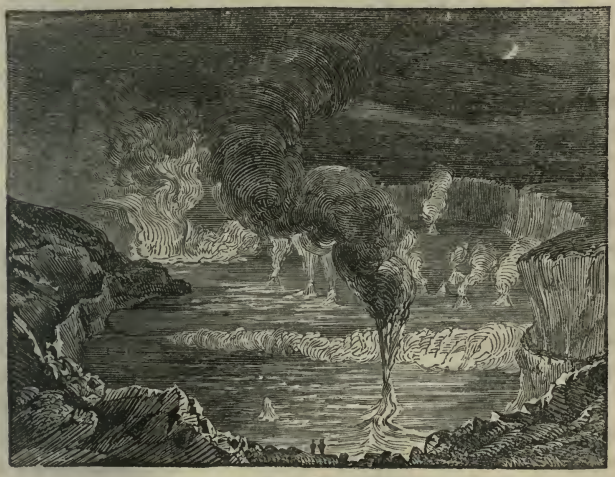
The next morning, leaving our horses, we set out on foot toward the crater. A mass of smoke alone rested on the summit of the mountain. The road was very rough, vegetation in many places destroyed, and, in general, we found ourselves passing over masses of lava, with deep crevices in some places and huge masses in others, while here and there the crust was so thin that it gave way beneath our feet. The heat was very great; but we found a red berry growing on a low bush, which was very refreshing. At length, after some hours of toil, we found ourselves standing on the summit of a cliff, while below us appeared a vast plain full of conical hills, and in the centre of it a mass of liquid lava like a wide lake of fire. It was what we had come to see—the crater of Kilanea. Below the cliff, inside the basin, was a ledge of considerable width of solid lava. We looked about for a path by which we could reach the plain. At last we found a steep bank where the cliff had given way. By this we now descended with the help of sticks, with which we had been provided. The descent was difficult and dangerous in the extreme, as the lava gave way before us, and huge masses went rolling and tumbling away, some in front and some behind us, as we slid down the steep bank. The appearance of the ground was such that we with reason hesitated on trusting ourselves to it.

Old Surley, too, smelled at it, and examined it narrowly, as if very doubtful about running over it. Still, our guides assured us that other Englishmen had been there; and where others had been we knew that we could go. At last we reached the bottom, and walked on, with our staffs in hand feeling the way. More than once I felt the ground cracking under my feet. It was not hot, but it struck me—suppose it is only a crust, and one of us were to slip through into the boiling caldron below! I own that I more than once wished myself back again on cool and solid ground. To go through the ice is disagreeable enough, but to slip down under this black cake would be horrible indeed. Not five minutes after this idea had crossed my mind, I heard a cry. It was Jerry's voice. I looked round—his head and shoulders only were appearing above the ground, and his arms were stretched out wide on either side, while with his fingers he tried to dig into the lava, to prevent himself from slipping further.

"Oh, help me! help me!" he shrieked out; "I cannot find any rest for my feet, and shall sink into some horrible pit."

"Stand back—stand back," shouted Mr. Brand, as the rest of us were running forward; "you will all be going in together. Stay, let me see first what I can do. Hold on, Jerry; don't move, my boy," he added. Then taking another pole from one of the guides, he laid himself along the ground; he gradually advanced till he had placed a pole under each of Jerry's arms. "Now, swing your legs up, and I will draw you away," he cried out. Jerry did as he was told, and was dragged on to firm ground. The ground had given way just as if it had been a piece of egg shell. Probably it had been formed by a sheet of lava flowing rapidly over some fissure without filling it up. Jerry was most thankful for his preservation, but he had too much spirit to wish to go back, and insisted on proceeding on to the borders of the liquid fiery lake. Before us, amidst the burning expanse, rose two lofty

cones, one of them insulated, the other joined by a causeway to the ledge of lava. Besides these, a number of smaller cones were seen in various directions. The ground was also full of pools of burning sulphur, or other liquid matter, while huge black shapeless masses of lava lay scattered about in every direction, thrown out, undoubtedly, from the mouth of one of



A VOLCANO ON ONE OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

the large cones before us. On we pushed our way, notwithstanding, and at last we stood on the very brink of the lake of fire! I could not altogether divest myself of the idea that it might bubble over and destroy us. It was strange that no heat appeared to proceed from it, and yet the points of our sticks were instantly burned to cinders when we put them into it. After we had got accustomed to the strange scene, we agreed that we should like to mount to the top of the cone by the causeway. Off we set. We reached it, and began the hazardous ascent. There was an outer crust, which often

gave way under our feet—still we pushed on. Our guides urged us to desist, saying that no one had ever ventured thus far and returned alive. Still they followed us. Up the cone they climbed. It was a strangely wild scene. The fiery lake below us, around us; the vast masses of lava piled upon the plain; the high black cliffs on every side; the wild, hopeless desolation of the country beyond; and the numerous cones, each the mouth of a miniature volcano, sending forth smoke in every direction. We had nearly reached the summit of the cone, when a thick puff of sulphurous smoke almost drove us back headlong. A loud roar at the same time, louder than a thousand claps of thunder, saluted our ears.

"Fly! fly!" cried our guides; "the mountain is going to vomit forth its fiery breath." Not a moment did we delay. Down the side of the cone we sprung—none of us looked back. Thicker and thicker came forth the smoke. Rivulets of lava began to flow, streaming down the cone into the lake below; some came toward the causeway, leaping down its sides. On we went, every instant dreading a fall through the thin crust. Ashes came forth and fell around us, and then huge masses of rock came down with loud splashes into the fiery plain. Some went even before us, and were buried deep in the ground over which we had to tread. The roar of the mountain continued. Down we sprung; a blow from a stone would have killed us—a false step would have sent us into the fiery pool, to the instant and utter annihilation of our mortal frames. I felt as if I could not cry out. An unspeakable dread and horror had seized me. At length the plain of lava was regained. No one was hurt; yet the danger was not past. Still the lava streamed forth. It might overflow the banks of the lake for aught we could tell. Ashes and masses of rock fell in showers around us. We fled like Lot and his family, nor stopped till we reached the cliff. Then it was searched in vain for a way to mount to the summit. We did now look back to see if the lava was following us, but the glowing lake lay as calm as

before. The outburst seemed to have subsided. Now and then a jet of lava and fire came forth, and a puff of smoke, but both soon ceased. At last, walking round under the cliff, we found a practicable way to the top. We were saved, and grateful for our escape, while our curiosity was amply satisfied. We were suffering much from thirst, when what was our surprise to come upon a pool of clear water with reeds growing round it, though in the very neighborhood of hot basins of sulphur, and of cones sprouting forth wreaths of smoke! We expected to find the water hot, instead of which it was deliciously cool and refreshing. On ascending the cliff, we found that it was too late to descend the mountain that night, so our guides led us to a hut built to afford accommodation for travellers. It stood overlooking the cones and the lake of fire, and never shall I forget the extraordinary appearance of that scene, as we watched it during the greater part of the night, or the magnificent spectacle which gladdened our eyes when the glorious sun rose from out of his ocean bed, and lighted up the distant snow-capped peak of the lofty Mouna Roa, which is 14,000 feet above the level of the sea.

We collected several specimens of sulphur and lava, and also a quantity of what the natives call the hair of Pélé. Every bush around was covered with it. It is produced from the lava when first thrown up, and borne along by the air till it is spun into fine filaments several inches in length. It was of a dark olive color, brittle and semi-transparent. In our descent of the mountain we entered long galleries, the walls and roof hung with stalactites of lava of various colors, the appearance being very beautiful. They are formed by the lava hardening above, while it continues to flow away underneath—thus leaving a hollow in the centre. We might have spent many days in wandering about that strange, wild region, but we had seen enough to talk about ever afterwards. We got back safe to the station; and when there, we found that Mr. Callard had resolved to remain some time on the island.

INSPECTION AND SALE OF A NEGRO.

AFRICA.

CONFESSIONS OF A SLAVE-TRADER.

As I am now fairly embarked (says Capt. Canot, in his extraordinary confessions) in a trade which absorbed so many of my most vigorous years, I suppose the reader will not be loth to learn a little of my experience in the alleged "cruelties" of this commerce; and the first question, in all likelihood, that rises to his lips, is a solicitation to be apprised of the embarkation and treatment of slaves on the dreaded voyage.

An African factor of fair repute is ever careful to select his human cargo with consummate prudence, so as not only to supply his employers with athletic laborers, but to avoid any taint of disease that may affect the slaves in their transit to Cuba or the American main. Two days before embarkation, the head of every male and female is neatly shaved; and, if the cargo belongs to several owners, each man's *brand* is impressed on the body of his respective negro. This operation is performed with pieces of silver wire, or small irons fashioned into the merchant's initials, heated just hot enough to blister without burning the skin. When the entire cargo is the venture of but one proprietor, the branding is always dispensed with.

On the appointed day, the *barracoon* or slave-pen is made joyous by the abundant "feed" which signalizes the negro's

last hours in his native country. The feast over, they are taken alongside the vessel in canoes; and as they touch the deck, they are entirely stripped, so that women as well as men go out of Africa as they came into it—*naked*. This precau-

BRANDING A NEGRESS.

tion, it will be understood, is indispensable; for perfect nudity, during the whole voyage, is the only means of securing cleanliness and health. In this state, they are immediately ordered below, the men to the hold and the women to the cabin, while

boys and girls are, day and night, kept on deck, where their sole protection from the elements is a sail in fair weather, and a *tarpaulin* in foul.

At meal time they are distributed in messes of ten. Thirty years ago, when the Spanish slave trade was lawful, the captains were somewhat more ceremoniously religious than at present, and it was then a universal habit to make the gangs say grace before meat, and give thanks afterwards. In our days, however, they dispense with this ritual, and content themselves with a "*Viva la Habana*," or "Hurrah for Havana," accompanied by a clapping of hands.

This over, a bucket of salt water is served to each mess, by way of "finger glasses" for the ablution of hands, after which a *kidd*—either of rice, farina, yams, or beans—according to the tribal habit of the negroes, is placed before the squad. In order to prevent greediness or inequality in the appropriation of nourishment, the process is performed by signals from a monitor, whose motions indicate when the darkies shall dip and when they shall swallow.

It is the duty of a guard to report immediately whenever a slave refuses to eat, in order that his abstinence may be traced to stubbornness or disease. Negroes have sometimes been found in slavers who attempted voluntary starvation; so that, when the watch reports the patient to be "shamming," his appetite is stimulated by the medical antidote of a "cat." If the slave, however, is truly ill, he is forthwith ticketed for the sick-list by a bead or button around his neck, and despatched to an infirmary in the forecastle.

These meals occur twice daily—at ten in the morning and four in the afternoon—and are terminated by another ablution. Thrice in each twenty-four hours they are served with half a pint of water. Pipes and tobacco are circulated economically among both sexes; but as each negro cannot be allowed the luxury of a separate bowl, boys are sent round with an adequate supply, allowing a few whiffs to each individual. On

regular days—probably three times a week—their mouths are carefully rinsed with vinegar, while, nearly every morning, a dram is given as an antidote to scurvy.

Although it is found necessary to keep the sexes apart, they are allowed to converse freely during the day while on deck. Corporal punishment is *never* inflicted save by order of an officer, and, even then, not until the culprit understands exactly why it is done. Once a week, the ship's barber scrapes their chins without assistance from soap; and, on the same day, their nails are closely paired, to insure security from harm in those nightly battles that occur, when the slave contests with his neighbor every inch of plank to which he is glued. During afternoons of serene weather, men, women, girls, and boys are allowed to unite in African melodies, which they always enhance by an extemporaneous *tom-tom* on the bottom of a tub or tin kettle.

These hints will apprise the reader that the greatest care, compatible with safety, is taken of a negro's health and cleanliness on the voyage. In every well-conducted slaver, the captain, officers, and crew, are alert and vigilant to preserve the cargo. It is their personal interest, as well as the interest of humanity to do so. The boatswain is incessant in his patrol of purification, and disinfecting substances are plenteously distributed. The upper deck is washed and swabbed daily; the slave deck is scraped and holy-stoned; and, at nine o'clock each morning, the captain inspects every part of his craft; so that no vessel, except a man-of-war, can compare with a slaver in systematic order, purity, and neatness. I am not aware that the ship-fever, which sometimes decimates the emigrants from Europe, has ever prevailed in these African traders.

At sundown, the process of stowing the slaves for the night is begun. The second mate and boatswain descend into the hold, whip in hand, and range the slaves in their regular places; those on the right side of the vessel facing forward,

and lying in each other's lap, while those on the left are similarly stowed with their faces toward the stern.

In order to insure perfect silence and regularity during night, a slave is chosen as constable from every ten, and furnished with a "cat" to enforce commands during his appointed watch. In remuneration for his services, which, it may be believed, are admirably performed whenever the whip is required, he is adorned with an old shirt or tarry trowsers. Now and then billets of wood are distributed among the sleepers, but this luxury is never granted until the good temper of the negroes is ascertained, for slaves have often been tempted to mutiny by the power of arming themselves with these pillows from the forest.

It is very probable that many of my readers will consider it barbarous to make slaves lie down naked upon a board; but let me inform them that native Africans are not familiar with the use of feather-beds, nor do any but the free and rich in their mother country indulge in the luxury even of a mat or raw-hide. Among the Mandingo chiefs—the most industrious and civilized of Africans—the beds, divans, and sofas, are heaps of mud, covered with untanned skins for cushions, while logs of wood serve for bolsters! I am of opinion, therefore, that emigrant slaves experience very slight inconvenience in lying down on the deck.

But *ventilation* is carefully attended to. The hatches and bulkheads of every slaver are grated, and apertures are cut about the deck for ampler circulation of air. Wind-sails, too, are constantly pouring a steady draft into the hold, except during a chase, when, of course, every comfort is temporarily sacrificed for safety. During calms or in light and baffling winds, when the suffocating air of the tropics makes ventilation impossible, the gratings are always removed, and portions of the slaves allowed to repose at night on deck, while the crew is armed to watch the sleepers.

Handcuffs are rarely used on shipboard. It is the common

custom to secure slaves in the *barracoons*, and while shipping, by chaining *ten* in a gang; but as these platoons would be ex-

MANDINGO CHIEF.

tremely inconvenient at sea, the manacles are immediately taken off and replaced by leg-irons, which fasten them in pairs by the feet. Shackles are never used but for *full-grown men*, while *women* and *boys* are set at liberty as soon as they embark. It frequently happens that when the behavior of *male* slaves warrants their freedom, they are released from all fastenings long before they arrive. Irons are altogether dispensed with on many *Brazilian* slavers, as negroes from Anjuda, Benin, and Angola, are mild, and unaddicted to revolt like those who dwell east of the Cape or north of the Gold Coast. Indeed, a knowing trader will never use chains but when compelled, for the longer a slave is ironed the more he deteriorates; and, as his sole object is to land a healthy cargo, pecuniary interest, as well as natural feeling, urges the sparing of metal.

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In old times, before treaties made slave-trade piracy, the landing of human cargoes was as comfortably conducted as the disembarkation of flour. But now the enterprise is effected with secrecy and hazard. A wild, uninhabited portion of the coast, where some little bay or sheltering nook exists, is commonly selected by the captain and his confederates. As soon as the vessel is driven close to the beach and anchored, her boats are packed with slaves, while the craft is quickly dismantled to avoid detection from sea or land. The busy skiffs are hurried to and fro incessantly till the cargo is entirely ashore, when the secured gang, led by the captain, and escorted by armed sailors, is rapidly marched to the nearest plantation. There it is safe from the rapacity of local magistrates, who, if they have a chance, imitate their superiors by exacting "*gratifications.*"

In the mean time, a *courier* has been despatched to the owners in Havana, Matanzas, or Santiago de Cuba, who immediately post to the plantation with clothes for the slaves and gold for the crew. Preparations are quickly made through brokers for the sale of the blacks; while the vessel, if small,

is disguised, to warrant her return under the coasting flag to a port of clearance. If the craft happens to be large, it is considered perilous to attempt a return with a cargo, or "*in distress*," and, accordingly, she is either sunk or burnt where she lies.

When the genuine African reaches a plantation for the first time, he fancies himself in paradise. He is amazed by the generosity with which he is fed with fruit and fresh provisions. His new clothes, red cap, and roasting blanket (a civilized superfluity he never dreamed of), strike him dumb with delight, and, in his savage joy, he not only forgets country, relations, and friends, but skips about like a monkey, while he dons his garments wrongside out or hind-part before! The arrival of a carriage or cart creates no little confusion among the Ethiopian groups, who never imagined that beasts could be made to work. But the climax of wonder is reached when that paragon of oddities, a Cuban *postilion*, dressed in his sky-blue coat, silver-laced hat, white breeches, polished jack-boots, and ringing spurs, leaps from his prancing quadruped, and bids them welcome in their mother tongue. Every African rushes to "snap fingers" with his equestrian brother, who, according to orders, forthwith preaches an edifying sermon on the happiness of being a white man's slave, taking care to jingle his spurs and crack his whip at the end of every sentence, by way of *amen*.

Whenever a cargo is owned by several proprietors, each one takes his share at once to his plantation; but if it is the property of speculators, the blacks are sold to any one who requires them before removal from the original depot. The sale is, of course, conducted as rapidly as possible, to forestall the interference of British officials with the captain-general.

Many of the Spanish governors in Cuba have respected treaties, or, at least, promised to enforce the laws. Squadrons of dragoons and troops of lancers have been paraded with convenient delay, and ordered to gallop to plantations desig-

nated by the representative of England. It generally happens, however, that when the hunters arrive the game is gone. Scandal declares that, while brokers are selling the blacks at the depot, it is not unusual for their owner or his agent to be found knocking at the door of the captain-general's secretary. It is even said that the captain-general himself is sometimes present in the sanctuary, and, after a familiar chat about the happy landing of "the contraband"—as the traffic is amiably called, the requisite *rouleaux* are insinuated into the official desk under the intense smoke of a fragrant *cigarillo*. The metal is always considered the property of the captain-general, but his scribe avails himself of a lingering farewell at the door, to hint an immediate and pressing need for "a very small darkey!" Next day, the diminutive African does not appear; but, as it is believed that Spanish officials prefer gold even to mortal flesh, his algebraic equivalent is unquestionably furnished in the shape of shining ounces!

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Before I went to sea again, I took a long holiday with full pockets, among my old friends at Regla and Havana. I thought it possible that a residence in Cuba for a season, aloof from traders and their transactions, might wean me from Africa; but three months had hardly elapsed before I found myself sailing out of the harbor of St. Jago de Cuba to take, in Jamaica, a cargo of merchandise for the coast, and then to return and refit for slaves in Cuba.

My voyage began with a gale, which for three days swept us along on a tolerably good course, but on the night of the third, after snapping my mainmast on a lee shore, I was forced to beach the schooner in order to save our lives and cargo from destruction. Fortunately, we effected our landing with complete success, and at dawn I found my gallant little craft a total wreck on an uninhabited key. A large tent or pavilion was quickly built from our sails, sweeps, and remaining spars, beneath which every thing valuable and undamaged was stored

before nightfall. Parties were sent forth to reconnoitre, while our remaining foremast was unshipped, and planted on the highest part of the sandbank with a signal of distress. The scouts returned without consolation. Nothing had been seen except a large dog, whose neck was encircled with a collar; but as he could not be made to approach by kindness, I forbade his execution. Neither smoke nor tobacco freed us of the cloudy swarms of mosquitoes that filled the air after sunset, and so violent was the irritation of their innumerable stings, that a delicate boy among the crew became utterly insane, and was not restored till long after his return to Cuba.

Several sad and weary days passed over us on this desolate key, where our mode of life brought to my recollection many a similar hour spent by me in company with Don Rafael and his companions. Vessel after vessel passed the reef, but none took notice of our signal. At last, on the tenth day of our imprisonment, a couple of small schooners fanned their way in a nonchalant manner toward our island, and knowing that we were quite at their mercy, refused our rescue unless we assented to the most extravagant terms of compensation. After a good deal of chaffering, it was agreed that the salvors should land us and our effects at Nassau, New Providence, where the average should be determined by the lawful tribunal. The voyage was soon accomplished, and our amiable liberators from the mosquitoes of our island prison obtained a judicial award of seventy per cent. for their extraordinary trouble!

The wreck and the wreckers made so formidable an inroad upon my finances, that I was very happy when I reached Cuba once more, to accept the berth of sailing-master in a slave brig which was fitting out at St. Thomas's, under an experienced Frenchman.

My new craft, the San Pablo, was a trim Brazil-built brig, of rather more than three hundred tons. Her hold contained sixteen twenty-four carronades, while her magazine was stocked with abundance of ammunition, and her kelson lined,

fore and aft, with round shot and grape. Captain * * *, who had been described as a Tartar and martinet, received me with much affability, and seemed charmed when I told him that I conversed fluently not only in French, but in English.

I had hardly arrived and begun to take the dimensions of my new equipage, when a report ran through the harbor that a Danish cruiser was about to touch at the island. Of course, every thing was instantly afloat, and in a bustle to be off. Stores and provisions were tumbled in pell mell, tanks were filled with water during the night; and, before dawn, fifty-five ragamuffins of all castes, colors, and countries, were shipped as crew. By "six bells," with a coasting flag at our peak, we were two miles at sea with our main-topsail aback, receiving six kegs of specie and several chests of clothing from a lugger.

When we were fairly on "blue water" I discovered that our voyage, though a slaver's, was not of an ordinary character. On the second day the mariners were provided with two sets of uniform, to be worn on Sundays or when called to quarters. Gold-laced caps, blue coats with anchor buttons, single epaulettes, and side arms were distributed to the officers, while a brief address from the captain on the quarter-deck, apprised all hands that if the enterprise resulted well, a *bounty* of one hundred dollars would be paid to each adventurer.

That night our skipper took me into council and developed his plan, which was to load in a port in the Mozambique channel. To effect his purpose with more security, he had provided the brig with an armament sufficient to repel a man of war of equal size—(a fancy I never gave way to)—and on all occasions, except in presence of a French cruiser, he intended to hoist the Bourbon lilies, wear the Bourbon uniform, and conduct the vessel in every way as if she belonged to the royal navy. Nor were the officers to be less favored than the sailors in regard to double salary, certificates of which were handed to me for myself and my two subordinates. A memorandum

book was then supplied, containing minute instructions for each day of the ensuing week, and I was specially charged, as second in command, to be cautiously punctual in all my duties, and severely just toward my inferiors.

I took some pride in acquitting myself creditably in this new military phase of a slaver's life. Very few days sufficed to put the rigging and sails in perfect condition; to mount my sixteen guns; to drill the men with small arms as well as artillery; and by paint and sea-craft, to disguise the Saint Paul as a very respectable cruiser.

In twenty-seven days we touched at the Cape de Verds for provisions, and shaped our way southward without speaking a single vessel of the multitude we met, until off the Cape of Good Hope we encountered a stranger who was evidently bent upon being sociable. Nevertheless, our inhospitable spirit forced us to hold our course unswervingly, till from peak and main we saw the white flag and pennant of France unfurled to the wind.

Our drum immediately beat to quarters, while the flag chest was brought on deck. Presently, the French *transport* demanded our private signal; which, out of our ample supply, was promptly answered, and the royal ensign of Portugal set at our peak.

As we approached the Frenchman every thing was made ready for all hazards;—our guns were double-shotted, our matches lighted, our small arms distributed. The moment we came within hail, our captain—who claimed precedence of the lieutenant of a transport—spoke the Frenchman; and, for a while, carried on quite an amiable chat in Portuguese. At last the stranger requested leave to send his boat aboard with letters for the Isle of France; to which we consented with the greatest pleasure, though our captain thought it fair to inform him that we dared not prudently invite his officers on deck, inasmuch as there were "several cases of small-pox among our crew, contracted, in all likelihood, at Angola!"

The discharge of an unexpected broadside could not have struck our visitor with more dismay or horror. The words were hardly spoken when her decks were in a bustle, her yards braced sharply to the wind, and her prow boiling through the sea, without so much as the compliment of a "*bon voyage!*"

Ten days after this *ruse d'esclave* we anchored at Quillimane, among a lot of Portuguese and Brazilian slavers, whose sails were either clewed up or unbent as if for a long delay. We fired a salute of twenty guns and ran up the French flag. The salvo was quickly answered, while our captain, in the full uniform of a naval commander, paid his respects to the governor. Meantime orders were given me to remain carefully in charge of the ship; to avoid all intercourse with others; to go through the complete routine and show of a man-of-war; to strike the yards, haul down signal, and fire a gun at sunset; but especially to get under way and meet the captain at a small beach off the port, the instant I saw a certain flag flying from the fort.

I have rarely seen matters conducted more skilfully than they were by this daring Gaul. Next morning early the governor's boat was sent for the specie; the fourth day disclosed the signal that called us to the beach; the fifth, sixth, and seventh, supplied us with *eight hundred negroes;* and, on the ninth, we were under way for our destination.

The success of this enterprise was more remarkable because fourteen vessels, waiting cargoes, were at anchor when we arrived, some of which had been detained in port over fifteen months. To such a pitch had their impatience risen, that the masters made common cause against all new-comers, and agreed that each vessel should take its turn for supply according to date of arrival. But the astuteness of my veteran circumvented all these plans. His anchorage and non-intercourse *as a French man-of-war* lulled every suspicion or intrigue against him, and he adroitly took advantage of his kegs

of specie to win the heart of the authorities and factors who supplied the slaves.

But wit and cleverness are not all in this world. Our captain returned in high spirits to his vessel; but we hardly reached the open sea before he was prostrated with an ague which refused to yield to ordinary remedies, and finally ripened into fever, that deprived him of reason. Other dangers thickened around us. We had been several days off the Cape of Good Hope, buffeting a series of adverse gales, when word was brought me after a night of weary watching, that several slaves were ill of small-pox. Of all calamities that occur in the voyage of a slaver, this is the most dreaded and unmanageable. The news appalled me. Impetuous with anxiety I rushed to the captain, and regardless of fever or insanity, disclosed the dreadful fact. He stared at me for a minute as if in doubt; then opening his bureau and pointing to a long coil of combustible material, said that it communicated through the decks with the powder magazine, and ordered me to—"*blow up the brig!*"

The master's madness sobered his mate. I lost no time in securing both the dangerous implement and its perilous owner, while I called the officers into the cabin for inquiry and consultation as to our desperate state.

When breakfast was over on that fatal morning, I determined to visit the slave deck myself, and ordering an abundant supply of lanterns, descended to the cavern, which still reeked horribly with human vapor, even after ventilation. But here, alas! I found nine of the negroes infected by the disease. We took counsel as to the use of laudanum in ridding ourselves speedily of the sufferers—a remedy that is seldom and secretly used in *desperate* cases to preserve the living from contagion. But it was quickly resolved that it had already gone too far, when nine were prostrated, to save the rest by depriving them of life. Accordingly, these wretched beings were at once sent to the forecastle as a hospital, and given in charge

to the vaccinated or innoculated as nurses. The hold was then ventilated and limed; yet before the gale abated, our sick list was increased to thirty. The hospital could hold no more. Twelve of the sailors took the infection.

All reserve was now at an end. Body after body fed the deep, and still the gale held on. At last, when the wind and waves had lulled so much as to allow the gratings to be removed from our hatches, our consternation knew no bounds when we found that nearly all the slaves were dead or dying with the distemper. I will not dwell on the scene or our sensations. It is a picture that must gape with all its horrors before the least vivid imagination. Yet there was no time for languor or sentimental sorrow. Twelve of the stoutest survivors were ordered to drag out the dead from among the ill, and though they were constantly drenched with rum to brutalize them, still we were forced to aid the gang by reckless volunteers from our crew, who, arming their hands with tarred mittens, flung the fœtid masses of putrefaction into the sea!

One day was a counterpart of another; and yet the love of life, or, perhaps the love of gold, made us fight the monster with a courage that became a better cause. At length death was satisfied, but not until the eight hundred beings we had shipped in high health had dwindled to four hundred and ninety-seven skeletons!

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At Whydah I found the natives addicted to a very grovelling species of idolatry. It was their belief that the Good as well as the Evil spirit existed in living Iguanas. In the home of the *manfuca*, with whom I dwelt, several of these animals were constantly fed and cherished as *dii penates*, nor was any one allowed to interfere with their freedom, or to harm them when they grew insufferably offensive. The death of one of these crawling deities is considered a calamity in the household, and grief for the reptile becomes as great as for a departed parent.

Whilst I tarried at Whydah, an invitation came from the King of Dahomey, soliciting the presence of Cha-cha and his guests at the yearly sacrifice of human beings, whose blood is shed not only to appease an irritated god but to satiate the appetite of departed kings. I regret that I did not accompany the party that was present at this dreadful festival. Cha-cha despatched several of the captains who were waiting cargoes, under the charge of his own interpreters and the royal *manfucas;* and from one of these eye-witnesses, whose curiosity was painfully satiated, I received a faithful account of the horrid spectacle.

For three days our travellers passed through a populous region, fed with abundant repasts prepared in the native villages by Cha-cha's cooks, and resting at night in hammocks suspended among the trees. On the fourth day the party reached the great capital of Abomey, to which the king had come for the bloody festival from his residence at Cannah. My friends were comfortably lodged for repose, and next morning presented to the sovereign. He was a well-built negro, dressed in the petticoat-trowsers of a Turk, with yellow morocco boots, while a profusion of silk shawls encircled his shoulders and waist, and a lofty *chapeau*, with trailing plumes, surmounted his wool. A vast body-guard of *female* soldiers or amazons, armed with lances and muskets, surrounded his majesty. Presently, the *manfucas* and interpreters, crawling abjectly on their hands and knees to the royal feet, deposited Cha-cha's tribute and the white men's offering. The first consisted of several pieces of crape, silks, and taffeta, with a large pitcher and basin of silver; while the latter was a trifling gift of twenty muskets and one hundred pieces of blue *dungeree.* The present was gracefully accepted, and the donors welcomed to the sacrifice, which was delayed on account of the scarcity of victims, though orders had been given to storm a neighboring tribe to make up three hundred slaves for the festival. In the meanwhile, a spacious house, furnished in European style,

and altogether better than the ordinary dwellings of Africa, was assigned to the strangers. Liberty was also given them to enter wherever they pleased, and take what they wished, inasmuch as all his subjects, male and female, were slaves whom he placed at the white men's disposal.

The sixth of May was announced as the beginning of the sacrificial rites, which were to last five days. Early in the morning, two hundred females of the amazonian guard, naked to the waist, but richly ornamented with beads and rings at every joint of their oiled and glistening limbs, appeared in the area before the king's palace, armed with blunt cutlasses. Very soon the sovereign made his appearance, when the band of warriors began their manœuvres, keeping pace, with rude but not unmartial skill, to the native drum and flute.

A short distance from the palace, within sight of the square, a fort or enclosure, about nine feet high, had been built of *adobé*, and surrounded by a pile of tall, prickly briers. Within this barrier, secured to stakes, stood fifty captives who were to be immolated at the opening of the festival. When the drill of the amazons and the royal review were over, there was, for a considerable time, perfect silence in the ranks and throughout the vast multitude of spectators. Presently, at a signal from the king, one hundred of the women departed at a run, brandishing their weapons and yelling their war-cry, till, heedless of the thorny barricade, they leaped the walls, lacerating their flesh in crossing the prickly impediment. The delay was short. Fifty of these female demons, with torn limbs and bleeding faces, quickly returned, and offered their howling victims to the king. It was now the duty of this personage to begin the sacrifice with his royal hand. Calling the female whose impetuous daring had led her foremost across the thorns, he took a glittering sword from her grasp, and in an instant the head of the first victim fell to the dust. The weapon was then returned to the woman, who, handing it to the white men, desired them to unite in the brutal deed! The

strangers, however, not only refused, but, sick at heart, abandoned the scene of butchery, which lasted, they understood, till noon, when the amazons were dismissed to their barracks, reeking with rum and blood.

I have limited the details of this barbarity to the initial cruelties, leaving the reader's imagination to fancy the atrocities that followed the second blow. It has always been noticed that the sight of blood, which appals a civilized man, serves to excite and enrage the savage, till his frantic passions induce him to mutilate his victims, even as a tiger becomes furious after it has torn the first wound in its prey. For five days the strangers were doomed to hear the yells of the storming amazons as they assailed the fort for fresh victims. On the sixth the sacrifice was over:—the divinity was appeased, and quiet reigned again in the streets of Abomey.

Our travellers were naturally anxious to quit a court where such abominations were regarded as national and religious duties; but before they departed, his majesty proposed to accord them a parting interview. He received the strangers with ceremonious politeness, and called their attention to the throne or royal seat upon which he had coiled his limbs. The chair is said to have been an heir-loom of at least twenty generations. Each leg of the article rests on the skull of some native king or chief; and such is the fanatical respect for the brutal usuages of antiquity, that every three years the people of Dahomey are obliged to renew the steadiness of the stool by the fresh skulls of some noted princes!

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

The Cape of Good Hope forms the southern extremity of a narrow peninsula about thirty miles in length, with the Atlantic Ocean on the west, False Bay on the east, and Table Bay on the north. Cape Town is situated on Table Bay, and

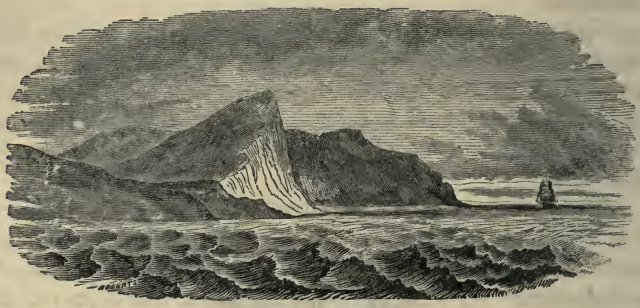
was originally founded by the Dutch in 1650, but fell into the hands of the English in 1795; and, it having been restored to its original possessors after the peace of Amiens, was finally retaken by the British in 1806, in whose possession it now remains.

The town is well built with substantial houses of stone and brick, and wide, regular streets. The general aspect of the place, with its well-constructed public buildings and private residences, and its park in the neighborhood of the government house, shaded by oaks of magnificent growth, is exceedingly agreeable.

The heat, however, in consequence of the position of the town, which is faced by the noonday sun and walled in behind by naked mountains, is excessive. The streets are unpaved, and consequently, when the southeast gales, which prevail in midsummer, blow, the dust is raised in clouds and deposited in drifts of sand along the sidewalks several inches in depth, which keeps the street sweepers in constant occupation, who may be seen continually at work collecting the dirt in heaps, to be carried away by the dirt carts. So general is the experience of this nuisance from the dust, that the male, as well as the female inhabitants, of all classes, are in the practice of wearing veils attached to their hats. The northeastern winds, which prove in raising the dust of such discomfort to the residents of Cape Town, prevail during midsummer, and their approach is always indicated by the appearance of a dense white cloud, which settles upon the summit of Table Mountain, therefore called the Table Cloth, and remains there until the gale subsides. These winds blow with great violence, sweeping along the land east of Table Mountain.

The town seemed to be in a highly prosperous condition, business of every kind was flourishing, and there was a general appearance of affluence among the government officials, and the high rents, among other indications, show the prosperous condition of trade. Handsome equipages are constantly

seen in the streets, and the prosperity is so universal, that even the lowest classes are hardly known to suffer from want. The Cape of Good Hope is of great commercial importance to Great Britain as a convenient rendezvous for her cruisers stationed



CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

in the neighborhood, and as a stopping place for vessels bound to and from the Indian Ocean. Excellent water, fresh provisions, fruit and other necessaries can be obtained in any quantity and at reasonable prices. Wood is scarce, but almost every description of article usually needed by vessels may be procured from the numerous well-stocked stores and warehouses at Cape Town. Live stock can be readily obtained, bullocks at £6 per head, and sheep at fifteen shillings.

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The census of 1848 gives 200,546 as the population of Cape Colony. Of these 76,827 whites, and 101,176 colored inhabitants, make up the whole number of inhabitants of the various parts of the colony, with the exception of Cape Town, which contains a population of 22,543. There are but few of the aboriginal Hottentots of pure race to be found, as their blood has been intermingled with that of the Dutch, the Negro, or the Malay. The first European discoverer of the southern promontory of Africa found it tolerably well peopled, and the natives, in some respects, in better condition than many of the

more northern tribes. They were in possession of herds of cattle and sheep, and led a pastoral life. They were a comparatively happy people, divided into tribes under a patriarchal government, and wandered about with their flocks and herds, taking with them their movable huts, constructed of boughs and poles, which were conveyed from pasture to pasture on the backs of oxen. Their tribes, however, have been mostly exterminated by the cruelty of the Europeans, although a wretched remnant have survived, and live as miserable out-

FINGO WOMAN.

casts in the fastnesses of the desert and the forest, and are known as Bushmen. They are still savage in character, and disgusting in their persons and habits, having received but little benefit from the civilization of their white conquerors.

The warlike Caffres still retain their characteristic wildness, and pursue their predatory life. They are in many respects inferior to the ordinary African, and have some of the peculiarities of the Egyptian races. They are of greater height and strength than the inferior negro; their color is browner, and though their hair is black and woolly, they have fuller beards. Their noses are more prominent, but they have the thick negro lip, and with the prominent cheek bone of the Hottentots they possess the high European forehead. The Fingoes, though traced in origin to some scattered tribes of the Caffres, differ from them in some degree, and although spirited and brave in battle, are of a less savage nature, and have the character of being a comparatively good-natured people. The Fingoes are pastoral, like the Caffres, but more given to the culture of the land, in which the men engage as well as the women, although this kind of labor is confined among the Caffres to the females alone.

The war carried on by the English with the Hottentots and Caffres, which has continued so long, costing an immense amount of blood and treasure, is still prolonged by the obstinacy of the blacks. The whole frontier has been already devastated, and although there is some hope of bringing about a peace, no one believes that any treaty that may be made will be respected longer by the negroes than may suit their convenience. In the last battle, in which the English force, headed by General Cathcart himself, was victorious, it is said that the Caffre chief brought into action six thousand foot and two thousand horse. These numbers are probably exaggerated, but it is well known that the blacks have acquired a tolerable organization, and that they are well supplied with arms and ammunition. They have hitherto had an abundance of provision, obtained from their own herds or from those stolen from the whites, but report says that, owing to the carelessness and waste always attendant upon the military movements of savages, the supply of food is running short with them. The

English declare that the Caffres have been instructed in the art of war by numerous deserters from the British army and by a French missionary settled among them, who passed his early life in the army.

CAFFRE CHIEF.

The principal white inhabitants of Cape Town are the government officials, army officers, and merchants and tradesmen. The laboring class is composed of the mixed races, the Malays, Coolies, and the negroes. The emancipated negroes and their descendants are very much, in character and condition, like the free blacks in the United States, though by no means as intelligent and good-looking. They are perfectly independent of all restraint, so long as they do not violate the laws. They

work when it suits them, and at their own prices, and break off from their labor if spoken to in a manner which they deem offensive. Their ordinary charge for labor is $1 25 for a day of ten hours.

UP THE CASEMANCHE.

Goree is the grand depot of French trade in Senegambia. A number of ships are always lying in the harbor, and are as exclusively French as those at Loanda are exclusively Portuguese. At Dakar, on the mainland opposite, a new town is being built, as there is no more building-room on the island.

As soon as I arrived I presented myself at a pension, which in French Africa is something between shop, boarding-house, and tavern. I was shown into a chamber, and an anomalous little being, sex unknown, came in. It had its head clean shaven except a few stray rat's tails on the scalp; it was dressed in a short robe, open at the back, and made a tinkling noise when it ran. It looked at me with intelligent eyes, and then, as I supposed, cleared its throat somewhat coarsely. I afterward understood that it had addressed me in Wollof, the most guttural language in existence.

Then entered a tall grave matron, in turban, sandals, and flowing cotton robes. She made my bed with nonchalance, and regarded me—an infidel—with contempt. I felt abashed, and went down into the shop, which was a café, haberdasher's, bookseller's, green-grocer's, Italian warehouse, fancy toy, and ready-made clothes' shop, and where, in fact, they seemed to retail every mortal thing. There one might see at the same time sea-captains drinking absinthe at a little marble table, a young lieutenant trying on a pair of patent-leather boots, and a negress choosing, with staring mouth and eyes, some garish pattern in cotton prints.

M. Rapet was a trader in the Casemanche, a French colony which lies to the south of the Gambia. He invited me to accompany him to this river, which he described as a terrestrial paradise; so the day following my arrival at Goree I went aboard his schooner, a vessel of ninety tons, and in the evening we set sail for the south with a fair wind. A voyage of two days brought us to the mouth of our river. We had to beat across the bar, the vessel stirring up the sand with her keel, and leaving a yellow track in our wake. But our progress became so slow that we took to the boat, and after three hours in the sun were landed at Caraban, the fort which commands the entrance of the Casemanche. It is a small island, like Bathurst on the Gambia and St. Louis on the Senegal, and affords to the view a flat surface of sand, with a few cotton trees and mangroves in the distance. We paid a series of rapid visits to traders and officials, and found the cold brandy and water of the English colonies was here represented by vermouth and absinthe, and that one was obliged to drink in every house which one entered.

We escaped in the evening, when a light wind bore us up the river. The scenery was rich, but, like every thing in Africa, monotonous.

It was not long before we were becalmed, and we went ashore to a village of the Jolas or Felloops, a pagan tribe which inhabit the southern bank of the river. The Balengi, who are scattered along the north side near the mouth, are of the same order. They are typical negroes, diseased in body, debased in mind; singing and dancing all the night, drinking and dozing through the day. They possess the great rice-lands of Senegambia; and having slaves and wives whom they compel to be industrious, they supply the native tribes with this favorite article of food. They grow six or seven varieties, the finest of which, a large white grain, grows best in a dry soil. Their country also abounds in the palm-wine-tree, and the Jola women carry thousands of gallons every year on

their heads to Bathurst. This wine, or juice of the tree, when fresh, tastes like sweet turnips, and is then wholesome; but after being fermented in the sun, it becomes sour and heady, and induces dysentery in Europeans, and a painful local disease in the natives. The tapping of these trees is a distinct

AFRICAN WOMEN DRAWING WATER.

trade in itself. The tapster ascends the tree by means of a hoop round his waist and the trunk; he bleeds the tree, places a calabash underneath, and finds it filled the next morning with a liquid resembling cocoa-nut milk. A glass bottle is preferred for this purpose, as monkeys and palm cats often empty the calabash before the proprietor's arrival.

The houses of these people are square, and built of four clay walls. Above these, but not resting on them, is a thatched roof, supported by a pole which occupies the centre of the building. Their instruments of music (?) are the reed flute, the buffalo horn, and the tam-tam.

One evening, being again becalmed, we went ashore at a part of the country which is totally without inhabitants. We entered a plain, of which the grass was high above our heads, and through which we walked with difficulty. I saw a patch of water shining to the left, and, making my way toward it, found ample proofs of the existence of the nobler fauna. I recognized the tracks of antelopes, gazelles, wild boars, leopards, and hippopotami. I remarked an antelope's footprint much larger than any of the others. This, he told me, was *un solitaire;* an antelope who was separated from his wife and family, and who seemed to have grown larger under the infliction. Such misanthropes are found among all gregarious animals, from the "rogue" among elephants to the "old bachelors" among partridges.

Then I found a firm large track which was unknown to me. It was the footprint of a lion.

Leaving the pond, we came to a large savannah of short grass, over which we could look to a great distance. My companion showed me two brown spots a quarter of a mile off. They were antelopes feeding. We crept toward them through the belt of forest which skirted the prairie; but they were quite four hundred yards from cover. I fired at them, but without success. Rapet, who carried a fowling-piece, killed a brace of black and white ducks, and we returned to the vessel delighted with our little promenade.

On the sixth day we anchored off Sedhu, a thriving station a hundred miles up the river. I found that M. Rapet had a grand establishment, and was lord of a whole village. I also found, to my delight and surprise, that he had a good library; and when I read on his shelves the names of Corneille, Moli-

ère, Rousseau, Pascal, and Voltaire, I saw that I could agreeably occupy my spare time.

But Rapet, a veteran of twenty years in the Casemanche, was the best book for me to read. He spoke Wollof and Mandingo as he spoke French, and was as much at home among the marabouts, who came to see him every evening, as if he had been entertaining merchants of Marseilles. These men would come into the large bare room where we took our meals, would seat themselves on the floor, smoke their pipes, and talk scandal with a grave and puritanic air.

They were dressed in blue and white usually, and sometimes in black or yellow robes. These robes are made of cotton, and are shaped like surplices. They are dyed blue with an extract of indigo; black, with the refuse of forged iron thrown into water and mingled with millet flour; and yellow, from the tenderest roots of a tree called *fayar*, and from the barks of three trees, the *ratt*, the *kreule*, and the *aurô*. This color is the most highly prized of all, being worn by princes; and so potent is the dye, that if the robe is worn too soon after it is applied, its poison enters the pores of the skin, and causes death.

These marabouts were all of them commercial travellers. Most of them had been to Timbuctoo, some of them to Mecca even. They pack their wares on donkeys, which they drive before them, setting out at daybreak, resting in the heat of the day, and travelling late into the night when there is a moon. When they arrive at a town they establish an impromptu shop under some large tree, and remain there two or three days, according to the traffic. Thus beads, powder, and cloth are carried into the unknown heart of Africa.

My host, always anxious to please me, would make them talk of the countries through which they had travelled, and of the strange sights which they had seen. They told me of the lions which had long manes near Timbuctoo; of the antelope which was striped like a zebra; and of the tribe near

Segdo, on the Niger, which could live hours under the water, and whom the sultan employed to catch crocodiles alive.

In addition to this they described the tree *Self-fire*. It was found near the water. It bore a fruit which closely resembled the anana, but which was uneatable. When this fruit became perfectly ripe and dry, the heavy dews of the night caused it to explode, which it would do with a sound like a musket-shot, and flames bursting forth would consume the tree, from whose ashes a young shoot, phœnix-like, would arise. The belief in its igneous qualities is so deeply rooted in these people's minds, that M. Rapet (who seemed to believe it himself), wishing to plant one near his house to ascertain the truth, was implored by them not to do so, as they feared that their village would be burned down. He informed me that he had seen the tree charred by fire. It grows in the Gambia as well, where it is called by the English the burning bush. The fruits of trees which belong to its order frequently do explode as described, and this explosion probably suggested the fable of the conflagration.

Then they told me of an antelope called *Djikijunka*, larger than a buffalo, and double the size of a native bullock, with a black mane, spiral horns, and white stripes on its sides. It was found in the great bamboo forest of Bambouka, distant about fifty miles fram Sedhu. I resolved to go there, and to make inquiries of the hunters in that neighborhood. Having engaged a Mandingo named Hassan, who had come from the Gambia and could speak a little English, I borrowed a horse from Rapet, and took two men into my service, who were to carry my necessaries, and to guide me to the village of Missera, on the borders of the great bamboo forest of Bambouka.

My little nag had the blood of the Barbs in its veins, and having been mounted but once before, made me fear that its pranks would delay us considerably; but after it had plunged and reared for a little while, finding a whip of hippopotamus

hide no less active, it became suddenly docile, and my tiny caravan set forth for the bush.

We crossed alternately belts of jungle, and prairies rendered swamps by the recent rains. In the depths of the jungle we could hear the pigeons cooing, as you may of a summer in an English beech-wood; monkeys chattered from the trees, blue jays flew across the path, and sometimes a rustling in the bushes told us that the serpent, timid and harmless till trod upon, was rapidly gliding out of the way.

On the green plains were flocks of white egrets, which, never having been shot at, sat looking at me as I rode past them, gun in hand, with a virgin and touching confidence.

We found villages every five miles, and their neighborhood would be announced by a clearing in the forest, or a patch in the plain reduced to cultivation. Either it would be a crop of ground-nuts, with women pounding them out of the earth; or crops of maize and millet, which they would be reaping with a small knife, cutting off the ears close to the stalk; or fields of cotton. These last excited my chief attention; indeed, it is curious to see, bursting out from the yellow flowers of a small plant, a bunch of that which has all the appearance of a manufactured substance. The cotton of Senegambia is poor (chétif), and inferior to that of Angola. At present, however, it has scarcely received a fair trial; both natives and traders appear to prefer the certainties of the ground nut trade, which is in a flourishing condition.

In the evening we stopped at a Mandingo village. As in the Gaboon country, we went to the patriarch's house, who is here called *Al Mami*. He received us politely, though not, I thought, with the same cordiality as a Mpongwe would have done. Some grass and corn were brought for my horse, and a large calabash of rice and milk was placed before me. Hassan and the two guides joined me, and their three dingy hands and my white one mingled in the bowl. I lived three days upon this fare, which is that of the Mandingoes generally.

I had been in the habit of dining rather freely with Rapet, who kept an excellent table, and always found that a total change of diet was the best medicine in cases of digestive and biliary disarrangements. The Mandingoes never touch milk or butter till the one has been soured, and till the other has been salted and reduced to a kind of oil. It is, I do not doubt, a

AFRICAN CHIEF, SOYOLA.

useful sanitary precaution, as the natives of Angola also use it in respect to milk.

The houses of the Mandingoes are of the bee-hive shape so common in Africa. The roofs look in the distance exactly like the tops of hay-ricks: the body of the house is quite round, and is lightly built of rods interwoven together, as in withy hurdles; but those of the marabouts or priests, and of the men of rank, are built of clay, and have a double wall.

Between these walls is a passage which is cool and protected from the glare of the sun. Here the elders sit during the day, receive visitors, and interchange the news of the day. The interior of the house is quite dark. On the thatch one may see bundles of corn and huge slices of cassada drying in the sun. Small circular store-houses, raised on piles, contain their ground-nuts.

On the thatch of one house I saw some lumps of yellow earth, and on asking Hassan what it was for, he replied that these people took it sometimes as a purge, eating it raw. Curiously enough, M. Rapet had never heard of this custom, and flatly avowed his disbelief in my statement, or rather in that of Hassan. The children of Goree, he said, would eat a kind of clay which is found there, and which is of a glutinous character, being used for polishing buttons, etc.; but only while they were children, in the same manner as puppies eat dung. However, on examining some veteran Mandingoes, he found that this was really the case. I was not so much surprised, as I knew that there were earth-eaters in South America, in some parts of North Guinea, and in Lapland; but I do not think that a case of its being used as a medicine has been brought to light before. I could easily understand its being eatable, for it had a most piquant and agreeable odor.

I lay down on a rude wooden frame, like those of South-western and Equatorial Africa, and attempted to sleep; but, though the people did not dance all night to the tam-tam like the Fans, I found that their religious exercises were no less noisy. Half a dozen theological students were intoning the Koran, as if they had been public criers. When at last they ceased, I was wrought to such a pitch of excitement that I gave up all ideas of sleep, and waited anxiously for the morning. After a couple of hours I heard a sound, which proceeded, as I thought, from a horn. I got up, and went out over the prostrate bodies of my men. It was pitch dark; there was

no sign of the gray dawn; and, to my astonishment, I heard the horn again, this time above my head. I looked up, and could dimly descry between me and the stars the figure of a huge bird. It was evidently the trumpet-bird, which makes a sound like the blast of a cornet-à-piston with a hair in it. I turned in again, and was in due time aroused by the

AN AFRICAN PRINCESS.

muezzan, or prayer of the faithful, an hour before day-break, at which hour the sun is supposed to be rising over Mecca.

That day, at the village where we stopped to breakfast, I saw a marabout and his school. It was held under a tree in the middle of the village. Each pupil had a board, on which he wrote the Arabic characters with a charcoal pencil. Almost all adults are taught to read and write Arabic free of

expense, the marabouts receiving certain dues from the field and fold. They have also the exclusive privilege of making and selling *gris-gris*, or amulets, consisting of scraps of the Koran in little leather cases, beautifully tanned and worked. As far as I could learn, they were a more estimable body of men than usually constitute a priesthood, especially among savage nations.

These Mohammedan negroes do not follow the strict letter of the ceremonial law, nor are they intolerant. When they saw me reading my volume of Voltaire's "Dictionnaire Philosophique" (which Hassan told me was the Koran of my country), they crowded round me with simple curiosity. I was always received by them with courtesy; they offered me their right hands; and when I left them, the chef de village would accompany me half a mile or so on the road, carrying some article which belonged to me, before he bid me farewell. It is true that this was a mere form of politeness, but it would be difficult to invent one more delicate or expressive.

On arriving at Missera I found myself disappointed in the object of my search. A *Djikijunka* skin had lately been in the town, but the Mandingoes are great tanners and curriers, and it had been cut up long ago for sandals and *gris-gris*. In the evening I called two or three of the principal hunters to my lodgings, and asked them about this animal. Their description of its size tallied with that which I had heard before. They said that it went in families; that it was found only in the forest; that it never grazed; and that the male tore down branches from the trees, upon which the does and fawns would feed. I asked them whether I could possibly get a shot at one. Had I asked this of a Gaboon man, he would have replied without hesitation that he could show me one the first day. But the Mandingoes are a higher race. The hunters replied that sometimes they happened to come across a stray Djikijunka, but at this time of year it would be useless to hunt

them. The bush was *dark* now, they said, but in a month's time they would set fire to the high grass of the plains, and to the tangled undergrowth of the forest. The people, collecting from all the neighborhood, would form a vast semicircle, and animated nature, toward the close of the day, would be driven into a large plain. Then there would be a grand battue of gazelles, porcupines, antelopes, and boars. Most of the animals would be so exhausted as to let themselves be killed by sticks; and, indeed, few guns would be allowed, on account of accidents. I then made them promise me to send the first specimen which they killed to M. Rapet, who would buy it for me from them; and it was in this manner that I obtained a good specimen of a female, which he kindly forwarded to me at the Gambia. In that river I obtained two other specimens less complete, which had been killed in the neighborhood of Macarthy's island. A part of the skin of this animal had been previously brought to England by an employé of the Earl of Derby. It had been named by Dr. Gray *Oreas Derbiana*. The French naturalists, however, had denied the existence of this new species of eland, and, oddly enough, it is to a Frenchman that we owe the proof. Superior in size to the eland of South Africa, it is therefore the largest antelope in the world.

The following morning I started before daybreak, and rode the whole distance, reaching Sedhu at eight o'clock P. M. Those who know what it is to ride a young and unbroken horse by night over forest paths and through pathless swamps, can easily understand that I had a nice time of it. But it was Christmas Eve, and I wished to spend some hours of that night in Christian company. I arrived just after dinner, covered with mud; but my horse was still fresh, and my men showed no great signs of fatigue.

I was well rewarded by my haste with the sight of a most singular ceremony. We English once possessed the Senegal, and there, every Christmas Eve, the Feast of Lanterns used

to be held. The native women had picked up the words and airs of the carols; the custom had descended to the Gambia, and even to the Casemanche, where it is still preserved. A few minutes after I had ridden up, sounds of music were heard, and a crowd of blacks came to the door, carrying the model of a ship, made of paper, and illuminated within, and hollowed pumpkins also lighted up for the occasion. Then they sang some of our dear old Christmas carols, and among others one which I had heard years ago one Christmas Eve at Oxford.

Nowel, Nowel, the angels did say
To certain poor shepherds in fields as they lay;
In fields as they lay keeping their sheep
One cold winter's night, which was so deep.
Nowel, Nowel, Nowel, Nowel,
Born is the King of Israel.

You can imagine with what feelings I listened to those simple words sung by negresses who knew not a phrase of English besides. You can imagine what recollections they called up as I sat under an African sky, the palm-trees rustling above my head, and the crocodiles moaning in the river beyond. I thought of the snow lying thick upon the ground, and of the keen, clear, frosty air. I thought of the ruddy fire which would be blazing in a room I knew, and of those young faces which would be beaming still more brightly by its side; I thought of—oh, a hundred things, which I can laugh at now, because I am in England, but which in Africa made me more wretched than I can well express.

The next morning I went out with a native hunter, and, having concealed ourselves behind trees in the jungle, he took his nose between his fingers, and emitted a horrible noise like that made by a gazelle who is looking for his mate. One of these pretty little creatures came running up, and then stopped and stared us in the face with her great startled eyes. We fired together; she rolled over like a hare. But when I

ran, flushed with murderous excitement, to take her up, she turned upon me those eyes, those tender eyes, which were closing fast under a thick gray film. The blood frothed to her lips; her poor little body shook convulsively, and then, with one low womanish wail, her soul—for surely gazelles have souls—left the body, which still shuddered, though the life was gone. We had her cutlets dresssed *à la papillote*. Exquisite as her beauty, I ate them to indigestion.

That Christmas morning I enjoyed a stupendous repast. The mouths of members of the Acclamatization Society will water as they read. It was a collection of gastronomical rarities—a tissue of eccentricities *de cuisine*.

We commenced with snails, brought from France in barrels filled with flour, which had preserved them admirably. They were prepared *au gratin*, and we forked them out of their retreats with instruments unpleasantly resembling toothpicks. We had also oysters torn from trees.

Our fish consisted of African soles, carp, and mullet. Detestable in themselves, they illustrated the skill of the cuisinier.

Then followed the gazelle cutlets *à la papillote*. Two small monkeys served cross-legged and with liver sauce, on toast. Stewed iguana, which was much admired. A dish of roasted crocodile's eggs. Some slices of smoked elephant (from the interior), which none of us could touch. A few agreeable plates of fried locusts, land-crabs (previously flattened), and other crustaceæ. The breasts of a mermaid, or manatee—the grand bonnebouche of the repast. Some boiled alligator, which had a taste between pork and cod, with the addition of a musky flavor. And some hippopotamus steaks *aux pommes de terre*.

We might have obtained a better dessert at Covent Garden, where one can see the bright side of the tropics without the trouble or expense of travelling. But we had pine-apples, oranges, roasted plantains, silver bananas, papaws (which,

when made into a tart with cloves, might be taken for apples), and a variety of fruits which had long native names, curious shapes, and all of them very nasty tastes. But I must not omit the famous palm-cabbage.

It is erroneously supposed that it is peculiar to one tree which is called the cabbage-palm. It is, however, the bud of the tree, so to speak, and is found in all the palms, though in some it is red, in others white. It is a great luxury; indeed, to eat one is like eating a whole tree, for the palm always dies when the cabbage is cut out. Throughout this country, therefore, it is forbidden food; but Europeans may sometimes infringe the law by paying a large sum. When raw it tastes like celery, but when stewed *au sauce blanc*, as upon this occasion, it is not to be compared with any vegetable of mortal growth. It must have been the ambrosia of the gods.

That was certainly a noble Christmas feast, with a wild boar's head grinning on the table, and a bottle of recherché Bordeaux at each man's elbow. Another meal on that day was simply impossible, so my friend and I went out on the river in the evening. It might have served Etty for a painting. The rosy wine had rouged our yellow cheeks, and we lay back on the cushions, and watched the setting sun with languid, half-closed eyes.

Four men, who might have served as models to Apelles, bent slowly to their stroke, and murmured forth a sweet and plaintive song. Their oars, obedient to their voice, rippled the still water, and dropped from their blades pearl-drops, which the sun made rubies with its rays.

Two beautiful girls, who sat before us in the bow, raised their rounded arms, and tinkled their bracelets in the air; then, gliding into the water, they brought us flowers from beneath the dark bushes, and kissed the hands which took them with wet and laughing lips.

Like a dark curtain the warm night fell upon us; strange cries arose from the forest; beasts of the water plunged

around us; and my friend's honest hand pressed mine as he spoke of my departure.

It was my last night in the Casemanche, and such nights as these I love to dwell upon. In Europe they are effaced by brighter ones, but here they are so rare. Do not laugh at me if sometimes I seize some little spark of romance, and try to fan it to a flame; if I try to paint those softer emotions which should not be extinguished in a young man's heart, but which this isolated savage life can so seldom awaken.

And yet these wanderings of mine have taught me lessons in the love of men. How many simple unselfish tokens of affection have I received from those who knew that we should not meet again! Dear friends whom I have known in Africa, whose hearts I could not even claim as a compatriot, believe that your kindness is not forgotten, although it can never be returned!

ELEPHANTS AND LIONS.

At daylight there was a large concourse of Caffres in the camp, all waiting till our travellers were ready for the sport. Having made a hasty breakfast, they, by the advice of the Caffres, did not mount their horses, but started on foot, as the Caffres stated that the elephants were on the other side of the hill. Ascending by an elephant path, in less than half an hour they arrived at the top of the hill, when a grand and magnificent panorama was spread before them. From the crown of the hill they looked down upon a valley studded with clumps of trees, which divided the cleared ground, and the whole face of the valley was covered with elephants. There could not have been less than nine hundred at one time within the scope of their vision.

Every height, every green knoll was dotted with groups of six or seven, some of their vast bodies partly concealed by the trees upon which they were browsing, others walking in the open plain, bearing in their trunks a long branch of a tree, with which they evidently protected themselves from the flies. The huge bodies of the animals, with the corresponding magnitude of the large timber trees which surrounded them, gave an idea of nature on her grandest scale.

After a few minutes' survey, they turned to the party who were collected behind them, and gave notice that they were to commence immediately. The head men of the Caffres gave their orders, and the bands of natives moved silently away in every direction, checking any noise from the dogs which they had brought with them in numerous packs. Our travellers were to leeward of the herd on the hill where they stood, and as it was the intention of the natives to drive the animals toward them, the Caffre warriors as well as the Hottentots all

took up positions on the hill, ready to attack the animals as they were driven that way.

About an hour passed away when the signal was given by some of the native Caffres, who had gained the side of the valley to the westward of the elephants. Perched up at various high spots, they shouted with stentorian lungs, and their shouts were answered by the rest of the Caffres on every side of the valley, so that the elephants found themselves encompassed on all sides, except on that where the hill rose from the valley. As the Caffres closed in, their shouts reverberating from the rocks, and mixed up with the savage howlings of the dogs, became tremendous; and the elephants, alarmed, started first to one side of the valley, then to the other, hastily retreating from the clamor immediately raised as they approached, shaking their long ears and trumpeting loudly as with uplifted trunks they trotted to and fro.

At last, finding no other avenue of escape, the herd commenced the ascent of the hill, cracking the branches and boughs, and rolling the loose stones down into the valley as they made their ascent, and now adding their own horrid shrieks to the din which had been previously created. On they came, bearing every thing down before them, carrying havoc in their rage to such an extent, that the forest appeared to bow down before them; while large masses of loose rock leaped and bounded and thundered down into the valley, raising clouds of dust in their passage.

"This is tremendously grand," whispered Alexander to the Major.

"It is most awfully so; I would not have missed the sight for any thing;—but here they come—look at that tall tree borne down by the weight of the whole mass."

"See the great bull leader," said Swinton; "let us all fire upon him—what a monster!"

"Look out," said the Major, whose rifle was discharged

as he spoke, and was quickly followed by those of Alexander and Swinton.

"He's down, be quick and load again. Omrah, give me the other rifle."

"Take care! take care!" was now cried on all sides, for the fall of the leading elephant and the volleys of musquetry

AN ELEPHANT HUNT.

from the Hottentots had so frightened the herd, that they had begun to separate and break off two or three together, or singly, in every direction. The shrieks and trumpetings, and the crashing of the boughs so near to them, were now deafen-

ing; and the danger was equally great. The Major had but just levelled his other rifle when the dense foliage close to him opened as if by magic, and the head of a large female presented itself within four yards of him.

Fortunately, the Major was a man of great nerve, and his rifle brought her down at his feet, when so near to him that he was compelled to leap away out of the reach of the trunk, for she was not yet dead. Another smaller elephant followed so close, that it tumbled over the carcass of the first, and was shot by Alexander as it was recovering its legs.

"Back sirs, or you will be killed," cried Bremen, running to them; "this way—the whole herd are coming right upon you." They ran for their lives, following the Hottentot, who brought them to a high rock which the elephants could not climb, and where they were safe.

They had hardly gained it when the mass came forward in a cloud of dust, and with a noise almost inconceivable, scrambling and rolling to and fro as they pressed on in a close-wedged body. Many were wounded and tottering, and as they were left behind, the Caffres naked, with their assaguays in their hands, leaping forward and hiding, as required, running with the greatest activity, close up to the rear of the animals, either pierced them with their assaguays, or hamstrung them with their sharp-cutting weapons, crying out in their own tongue, to the elephants, "Great captain! don't kill us—don't tread upon us, mighty chief!"—supplicating, strangely enough, the mercy of those to whom they were showing none. As it was almost impossible to fire without a chance of hitting a Caffre, our travellers contented themselves with looking on, till the whole herd had passed by, and had disappeared in the jungle below.

"They have gone right in the direction of the wagons," said Swinton.

"Yes, sir," replied the Hottentot Bremen; "but we must not interfere with them any more; they are now so scattered

in the jungle that it would be dangerous. We must let them go away as fast as they can."

They remained for a few minutes more, till every elephant and Caffre had disappeared, and then went back cautiously to the spot from whence they had first fired; and where they had such a fine prospect of the valley. Not an elephant was to be seen in it; nothing but the ravages which the herd had committed upon the trees, many of which, of a very large size, had been borne to the ground by the enormous strength of these animals. They then proceeded to the spot where the great bull elephant had fallen by the rifle of Major Henderson.

They found that the ball had entered just under the eye. It was a monster that must have stood sixteen feet high by Bremen's calculation, and it had two very fine tusks. While they were standing by the carcass of the animal, the armed Hottentots returned from the pursuit, and stated that seven elephants had been despatched, and others were so wounded that they could not live. They now set to work to take the teeth out of the animal, and were very busy, when a Hottentot came running up, and reported that the herd of elephants in their retreat had dashed through the camp, and done a great deal of mischief; that a male elephant had charged the wagon of Major Henderson, and had forced his tusk through the side; that the tusk had pierced one of the casks of liquor, which was running out, although not very fast, and that the wagon must be unloaded to get out the cask and save the rest of the liquor.

Several Hottentots immediately hurried back with him to help in unloading the wagon, and by degrees they all slipped away except Bremen, Swanevelt, who was cutting out the tusks, and Omrah, who remained perched upon the huge carcass of the animal, imitating the trumpeting and motions of the elephant, and playing all sorts of antics. A party of Caffres soon afterwards came up and commenced cutting up

the carcass, and then our travellers walked away in the direction of the camp, to ascertain what mischief had been done.

CAPTURE OF THE WILD ELEPHANT.

On their return, which, as they stopped occasionally to examine the other animals that had fallen, must have taken an hour, they found that the Hottentots had not commenced unloading the wagon; although they had put tubs to catch the running liquor, of which they had taken so large a quantity that some were staggering about, and the rest lying down in a state of senseless intoxication.

"I thought they were very officious, in going back to assist," observed the Major; "a pretty mess we should be in, if we were in an enemy's country, and without our Caffre guard."

"Yes, indeed," replied Alexander, turning over the tubs of liquor, and spilling it on the ground, much to the sorrow of the Hottentots who were not yet insensible; "however, we will now let the cask run out, and watch that they get no more."

As the Caffres were busy with the carcasses of the elephants, and most of the Hottentots dead drunk, it was useless to think of proceeding until the following day. Indeed, the oxen and horses were all scattered in every direction, by the elephants breaking into the caravan, and it would be necessary to collect them, which would require some time. Our travellers, therefore, gave up the idea of proceeding further that day, and taking their guns, walked on to the forest, in the direction where most of the elephants killed had fallen. They passed by three carcasses, upon which the Caffres were busily employed, and then they came to a fourth, when a sight presented itself which quite moved their sympathy. It was the carcass of a full-grown female, and close to it was an elephant calf, about three feet and a half high, standing by the side of its dead mother.

The poor little animal ran round and round the body with every demonstration of grief, piping sorrowfully, and trying in vain to raise it up with its tiny trunk. When our travellers arrived, it ran up to them, entwining its little proboscis round

their legs, and showing its delight at finding somebody. On the trees, round the carcass, were perched a number of vultures, waiting to make a meal of the remains, as soon as the hunters had cut it up, for their beaks could not penetrate the tough hide. Our travellers remained there for more than an hour, watching the motions and playing with the young elephant, which made several attempts to induce its prostrate mother to take notice of it. Finding, however, that all its efforts were ineffectual, when our travellers quitted the spot to go back, it voluntarily followed them to the caravans, where it remained, probably quite as much astonished to find all the Hottentots lying about as insensible as its mother.

It may be as well here to observe, that the little animal did not live beyond a very few days after, from want of its necessary food.

In the evening, Bremen and Swanevelt returned with the tusks of the bull elephant, which were very large, and the Caffre warriors also came in; the other Caffres belonging to the country were too busy eating for the present. The chief of the Caffre warriors brought in the tufts of the other elephants' tails and the teeth, and the men were loaded with the flesh. As soon as the Caffres found that the oxen and horses had been frightened away, and perceived that the Hottentots were not in a situation to go after them, they threw down their meat and went in pursuit. Before night, the cattle were all brought back; the fires were lighted, and the Caffres did not give over their repast until near midnight.

Our travellers did not think it advisable, as the Hottentots were now no protection, to go to bed; they made up a large fire, and remained by it, talking over the adventures of the day. While they were conversing, Begum, who had been sitting by her master, showed signs of uneasiness, and at last clung round the Major with an evident strong fear.

"Why, what can be the matter with the Princess?" said the Major; "something has frightened her."

"Yes, that is evident; perhaps there is an elephant near; shall we waken Bremen and Swanevelt, who are close to us?"

Begum chattered, and her teeth also chattered with fear as she clung closer and closer. Little Omrah, who was sitting by, looked very earnestly at the baboon, and at last touching the shoulder of Alexander to attract his attention, he first pointed to the baboon, imitating its fright, and then going on his hands and feet, imitated the motions and growl of an animal.

"I understand," cried the Major, seizing his gun; "the lad means that there is a lion near, and that is what frightens the baboon."

"Lion!" said the Major to Omrah.

But Omrah did not understand him; but pulling out his paper and pencil, in a second, almost, he drew the form of a lion.

"Clever little fellow! Wake them all, and get your guns ready," said the Major, starting on his legs; "it can't be far off; confound the monkey, she won't let go," continued he, tearing off Begum and throwing her away. Begum immediately scampered to the wagon and hid herself.

They had just wakened up the two Hottentots, when a roar was given so loud and tremendous that it appeared like thunder, and was reverberated from the rocks opposite for some seconds.

No one but those who have been in the country, and have fallen in with this animal in its wild and savage state, can have any idea of the appalling effect of a lion's roar. What is heard in a menagerie is weak, and can give but a faint conception of it. In the darkness of the night, it is almost impossible to tell from what quarter the sound proceeds; this arises from the habit which the animal has of placing his mouth close to the ground when he roars, so that his voice rolls over the earth, as it were like a breaker, and the sound is carried along with all its tremendous force. It is indeed a most awful note of

preparation, and so thought Alexander, who had never heard one before.

The Caffres had wakened up at the noise, and our travellers and the Hottentots now fired their guns off in every direction to scare away the animal. Repeated discharges had this effect, and in the course of half an hour every thing was again quiet.

"Well," observed Alexander, "this is the first time that I ever heard the roar of the lion in its wild state, and I can assure you that I shall never forget it as long as I live."

"It is not the first time that I have heard it," replied the Major; "but I must say, what with the darkness and stillness of the night and the reverberation, I never heard it so awful before. But you, Swinton, who have travelled in the Namaqua land, have, of course."

"Yes, I have, but very seldom."

"But it is rather singular that we have not heard the lion before this, is it not?" said Alexander.

"The lion is often very near without giving you notice," replied Swinton; "but I do not think that there are many lions in the country we have traversed; it is too populous. On the other side of the mountains, if we return that way, we shall find them in plenty. Wherever the antelopes are in herds, wherever you find the wild horse, zebra, and giraffe, you will as certainly find the lion, for he preys upon them."

"I know very well, Swinton, that you are closely attentive to the peculiar habits of animals, and that they form a portion of your study. Have you much knowledge of the lion? and if so, suppose you tell us something about him."

"I have certainly studied the habits of the lion, and what I have gathered from my own observation and the information I have received from others, I shall be most happy to communicate. The lion undoubtedly does not kill wantonly—of that I have had repeated instances. I recollect one which is rather remarkable, as it showed the sagacity of the noble brute. A

man who belonged to one of the mission stations, on his return home from a visit to his friends, took a circuitous route to pass by a pool of water, at which he hoped to kill an antelope. The sun had risen to some height when he arrived there, and as he could not perceive any game, he laid his gun down on a low shelving rock, the back part of which was covered with some brushwood. He went down to the pool, and had a hearty drink, returned to the rock, and after smoking his pipe, feeling weary, he laid down and fell fast asleep.

"In a short time, the excessive heat reflected from the rock awoke him, and opening his eyes, he perceived a large lion about a yard from his feet crouched down, with his eyes glaring on his face. For some minutes he remained motionless with fright, expecting every moment that he would be in the jaws of the monster; at last he recovered his presence of mind, and casting his eye toward his gun, moved his hand slowly toward it; upon which the lion raised up his head and gave a tremendous roar, which induced him hastily to withdraw his hand. With this the lion appeared satisfied, and crouched with his head between his fore-paws as before. After a little while, the man made another attempt to possess himself of his gun; the lion raised his head and gave another roar, and the man desisted; another and another attempt were at intervals made, but always with the same anger shown on the part of the lion.

"Why, the lion must have known what he wanted the gun for."

"Most certainly he did, and therefore would not allow the man to touch it. It is to be presumed that the sagacious creature had been fired at before; but you observe, that he did not wish to harm the man. He appeared to say—You are in my power; you shall not go away; you shall not take your musket to shoot me with, or I will tear you to pieces."

"It certainly was very curious. Pray how did it end?"

"Why, the heat of the sun on the rock was so overpower-

ing, that the man was in great agony; his naked feet were so burnt, that he was compelled to keep moving them, by placing one upon the other and changing them every minute. The

LION HUNTING.

day passed and the night also; the lion never moved from the spot. The sun rose again, and the heat became so intense that the poor man's feet were past all feeling. At noon, on that day, the lion rose and walked to the pool, which was only a few yards distant, looking behind him every moment to see if the man moved; the man once more attempted to reach his gun, and the lion perceiving it, turned in a rage, and was on the point of springing upon him; the man withdrew his hand, and the beast was pacified."

"How very strange!"

"The animal went to the water and drank; it then returned and lay down at the same place as before, about a yard from the man's feet. Another night passed away and the lion kept at his post. The next day, in the forenoon, the animal again went to the water, and while there, he looked as if he heard a noise in an opposite quarter, and then disappeared in the bushes.

"Perceiving this, the man made an effort and seized his gun, but in attempting to rise he found it not in his power, as the strength of his ankles was gone. With his gun in his hand he crept to the pool and drank, and looking at his feet, he discovered that his toes had been quite roasted and the skin torn off as he crawled through the grass. He sat at the pool for a few moments, expecting the lion's return, and resolved to send the contents of his gun through his head; but the lion did not return, so the poor fellow tied his gun on his back and crawled away on his hands and knees as well as he could. He was quite exhausted, and could have proceeded no further, when providentially a person fell in with him and assisted him home; but he lost his toes, and was a cripple for life."

"What makes this story more remarkable is," observed the Major, "that the lion, as it is rational to suppose, must have been hungry after watching the man for sixty hours, even admitting that he had taken a meal but a short time before."

"I know many other very curious and well-authenticated anecdotes about this noble animal," observed Swinton, "which I shall be happy to give you; but I must look at my memorandum book, or I may not be quite correct in my story. One fact is very remarkable, and as I had it from Mr. ——, the missionary, who stated that he had several times observed it himself, I have no hesitation in vouching for its correctness, the more so, as I did once perceive a similar fact myself; it is, that the fifth commandment is observed by the lions—they honor their father and mother.

"If an old lion is in company with his children, as the natives call them, although they are in size equal to himself; or if a number of lions meet together in quest of game, there is always one who is admitted by them to be the oldest and ablest, and who leads. If the game is come up with, it is this one who creeps up to it and seizes it, while the others lie crouched upon the grass; if the old lion is successful, which he generally is, he retires from his victim and lies down to breathe himself and rest for perhaps a quarter of an hour. The others in the mean time draw round and lie down at a respectful distance, but never presume to go near the animal which the old lion has killed. As soon as the old lion considers himself sufficiently rested, he goes up to the prey and commences at the breast and stomach, and after eating a considerable portion, he will take a second rest, none of the others presuming to move.

"Having made a second repast, he then retires; the other lions watch his motions, and all rush to the remainder of the carcass, which is soon devoured. I said that I witnessed an instance myself in corroboration of this statement, which I will now mention. I was sitting on a rock after collecting some plants, when below me I saw a young lion seize an antelope; he had his paw upon the dead animal, when the old lion came up—upon which the young one immediately retired till

his superior had dined first, and then came in for the remainder. Mercy on us! what is that?"

"I thought it was the lion again," said Alexander, "but it is thunder; we are about to have a storm."

"Yes, and a fierce one too," said the Major; "I am afraid that we must break up our party and retire under cover. We have some large drops of rain already."

A flash of lightning now dazzled them, and was followed by another, and an instantaneous peal of thunder.

"There is no mistake in this," said Swinton, "and I can tell you that we shall have it upon us in less than a minute, so I am for my wagon."

"At all events it will wash these Hottentots sober," observed the Major, as they all walked away to their separate wagons for shelter.

They had scarcely gained the wagons before the thunder and lightning became incessant, and so loud as to be deafening. It appeared as if they were in the very centre of the contending elements, and the wind rose and blew with terrific force, while the rain poured down as if the floodgates of heaven were indeed opened. The lightning was so vivid, that for the second that it lasted you could see the country round to the horizon almost as clear as day; the next moment all was terrific gloom accompanied by the stunning reports of the thunder, which caused every article in the wagons, and the wagons themselves, to vibrate from the concussion. A large tree, not fifty yards from the caravan, was struck by the lightning and came down with an appalling crash. The Caffres had all roused up, and had sheltered themselves under the wagons.

The Hottentots had also begun to move, but had not yet recovered their senses—indeed, they were again stupefied by the clamor of the elements. The storm lasted about an hour, and then as suddenly it cleared up again; the stars again made their appearance in the sky above, and the red tinge of the horizon announced the approach of daylight. When the storm

ceased, our travellers, who had not taken off their clothes, came out from their shelter, and met each other by the side of the extinguished fire.

"Well," said Alexander, "I have been made wise on two points this night; I now know what an African storm is, and also the roar of an African lion. Have you heard if there is any mischief done, Bremen?" continued Alexander, to the Hottentot, who stood by.

"No, sir; but I am afraid it will take us a long while to collect the cattle; they will be dispersed in all directions, and we may have lost some of them. It will soon be daylight, and then we must set off after them."

"Are those fellows quite sober now?"

"Yes, sir," replied Bremen, laughing; "water has washed all the liquor out of them."

"Well, you may tell them, as a punishment, I shall stop their tobacco for a week."

"Better not now, sir," said Bremen, thoughtfully; the men don't like to go further up the country, and they may be troublesome."

"I think so too," said Swinton; "you must recollect that the cask was running out, and the temptation was too strong. I should overlook it this time. Give them a severe reprimand, and let them off."

"I believe it will be the best way," replied Alexander; "not that I fear their refusing to go on, for if they do, I will dismiss them, and go on with the Caffres; they dare not go back by themselves, that is certain."

"Sir," said Bremen, "that is very true; but must not trust the Caffres too much—Caffres always try to get guns and ammunition: Caffre king, Hinza, very glad to get the wagons, and what is in them; make him rich man, and powerful man, with so many guns. Caffre king will not rob in his own country, because he is afraid of the English; but if the wagon's robbed, and you all killed in this country, which is not his, then

he make excuses, and say, I know nothing about it. Say that their people do it, not his people."

"Bremen talks very sensibly," said the Major; "we must keep the Hottentots as a check to the Caffres, and the Caffres as a check to the Hottentots."

"That is our policy, depend upon it," replied Swinton.

"You are right, and we will do so; but the day is breaking; so, Bremen, collect the people together to search for the cattle; and Omrah, tell Mohammed to come here."

"By the bye, Swinton," said Major Henderson, "those elephants' tusks lying by the wagon remind me of a question I want to put to you:—In Ceylon, where I have often hunted the elephant, they have no tusks; and in India the tusks are not common, and in general very small. How do you account for this variety?"

"It has been observed before; and it is but a fair surmise, that Providence, ever attentive to the wants of the meanest animals, has furnished such large tusks to the African elephant for the necessity which requires them. In Ceylon there is plenty of grass, and an abundant supply of water all the year round: and further, in Ceylon the elephant has no enemy to defend himself against. Here in Africa the rivers are periodical torrents, which dry up, and the only means which an elephant has of obtaining water during the dry season is to dig with his tusks into the bed of the river, till he finds the water, which he draws up with his trunk. Moreover, he has to defend himself against the rhinoceros, which is a formiable antagonist, and often victorious. He requires tusks also for his food in this country, for the elephant digs up the mimosa here with his tusks, that he may feed upon the succulent roots of the tree. Indeed, an elephant in Africa without his tusks could not well exist."

"Thank you for your explanation, which appears very satisfactory and conclusive; and now let us go to breakfast, for Mohammed, I perceive, is ready, and Omrah has displayed

our tea cups, and is very busy blowing into the spout of the tea pot, a Bushman way of ascertaining if it is stopped up. However we must not expect to make a London footman out of a 'Child of the Desert.'"

"Where is his adversary and antagonist, the valiant Big Adam?"

"He was among those who indulged in the liquor yesterday afternoon, and I believe was worse than any one of them. The little Bushman did not fail to take advantage of his defenceless state, and has been torturing him in every way he could imagine during the whole night. I saw him pouring water into the Hottentot's mouth as he lay on his back with his mouth wide open, till he nearly choked him. To get it down faster, Omrah had taken the big tin funnel, and had inserted one end into his mouth, which he filled till the water ran out; after that, he was trying what he could do with fire, for he began putting hot embers between Big Adam's toes—I dare say the fellow cannot walk to-day."

"I fear that, some day, he will kill Omrah, or do him some serious injury; the boy must be cautioned," said Alexander.

"I am afraid it will be of no use, and Omrah must take his chance—he is aware of Big Adam's enmity as well as you are, and is always on his guard; but as for persuading him to leave off his tricks or to reconcile them to each other, it is impossible," said Swinton—"you don't know a Bushman."

"Then pray tell us something about them," said the Major, as soon as you have finished that elephant's steak, which you appear to approve of. Of what race are the Bushmen?"

"I will tell you when I have finished my breakfast," replied Swinton, "and not before—if I begin to talk, you will eat all the steak, and that won't do."

"I suspect that we shall not leave this to-day," said Alexander. "If, as Bremen says, the cattle have strayed very far, it will be too late to go in the afternoon, and to-morrow you

recollect is Sunday, and that, we have agreed, shall be kept as it ought to be."

"Very true," said the Major; "then we must make Swinton entertain us, by telling us more about the lions, for he had not finished when the storm came on."

"No," replied Swinton; "I had a great deal more to say, and I shall be very happy at any seasonable time, Major, to tell you what I know—but not just now."

"My dear fellow," said the Major, putting another piece of elephant's steak upon Swinton's plate, "pray don't entertain the idea that I want you to talk on purpose that I may eat your share and my own too; only ascribe my impatience to the true cause—the delight I have in receiving instruction and amusement from you."

"Well, Swinton, you have extorted a compliment from the Major."

"Yes, and an extra allowance of steak, which is a better thing," replied Swinton, laughing. "Now I have finished my breakfast, I will tell you what I know about Omrah's people.

"The Bushmen are originally a Hottentot race—of that I think there is little doubt; but I believe they are a race of people produced by circumstances, if I may use the expression. The Hottentot on the plains live a nomade life, pasturing and living upon his herds. The Bushman may be considered as the Hottentot driven out of his fertile plains, deprived of his cattle, and compelled to resort to the hills for his safety and subsistence—in short, a Hill Hottentot: impelled by hunger and by injuries, he has committed depredations upon the property of others until he has had a mark set upon him; his hand has been against every man, and he has been hunted like a wild beast, and compelled to hide himself in the caves of almost inaccessible rocks and hills.

"Thus, generation after generation, he has suffered privation and hunger, till the race has dwindled down to the small

size which it is at present. Unable to contend against force, his only weapons have been his cunning and his poisoned arrows, and with them he has obtained his livelihood—or rather, it may be said, has contrived to support life, and no more. There are, however, many races mixed up with the Bushmen; for runaway slaves, brought from Madagascar, Malays, and even those of the mixed white breed, when they have committed murder or other penal crimes, have added to the race and incorporated themselves with them; they are called the Children of the Desert, and they are literally such."

"Have you seen much of them?"

"Yes, when I was in the Namaqua land and in the Bechuana territory I saw a great deal of them. I do not think that they are insensible to kindness, and moreover, I believe that they may often be trusted, but you run a great risk."

"Have they ever shown any gratitude?"

"Yes; when I have killed game for them, they have followed me on purpose to show me the pools of water, without which we should have suffered severely, if we had not perished. We were talking about lions; it is an old received opinion that the jackal is the lion's provider; it would be a more correct one to say that the lion is the Bushman's provider."

"Indeed!"

"I once asked a Bushman, 'How do you live?' His reply was, 'I live by the lions.' I asked him to explain to me. He said, 'I will show what I do: I let the lions follow the game and kill it and eat it till they have their bellies full, then I go up to where the lion is sitting down by the carcass, and I go pretty near to him; I cry out, 'What have you got there, cannot you spare me some of it? Go away and let me have some meat, or I'll do you some harm. Then I dance and jump about and shake my skin dress, and the lion looks at me, and he turns round and walks away; he growls very much, but he don't stay, and then I eat the rest.'"

"And is that true?"

"Yes, I believe it, as I have had it confessed by many others. The fact is, the lion is only dangerous when he is hungry—that is, if he is not attacked; and if, as the Bushman said, the lion has eaten sufficiently, probably not wishing to be disturbed, after his repast, by the presence and shouts of the Bushman, the animal retires to some other spot. I was informed that, a very short time afterwards, this Bushman, who told me what I have detailed to you, was killed by a lioness, when attempting to drive it away from its prey by shouting as he was used to do. The fact was, that he perceived a lioness devouring a wild horse, and went up to her as usual, but he did not observe that she had her whelps with her: he shouted; she growled savagely, and before he had time to retreat, she sprang upon him and tore him to pieces."

"They lion does not prey upon men, then, although he destroys them?"

"Not generally; but the Namaqua people told me that, if a lion once takes a fancy to men's flesh—and they do, after they have in their hunger devoured one or two—they become doubly dangerous, as they will leave all other game and hunt man only; but this I cannot vouch for being the truth, although it is very probable."

"If we judge from analogy, it is," replied the Major. "The Bengal tigers in India, it is well known, if they once taste human flesh, prefer it to all other, and they are well known to the natives, who term them men-eaters. Strange to say, it appears that human flesh is not wholesome for them; for their skins become mangy after they have taken to eating that alone. I have shot a 'man-eater' from the back of an elephant, and I found that the skin was not worth taking."

"The Namaquas," replied Swinton, "told me that a lion, once enamoured of human flesh, would, in order to obtain it, so far overcome his caution, that he would leap through a fire to seize a man. I once went to visit a Namaqua chief, who had been severely wounded by a lion of this description—a

man-eater, as the Major terms them—and he gave me the following dreadful narrative, which certainly corroborates what they assert of the lion who has once taken a fancy to human flesh.

"The chief told me that he had gone out with a party of his men to hunt; they had guns, bows and arrows, and assaguays. On the first day, as they were pursuing an elephant, they came across some lions, who attacked them, and they were obliged to save their lives by abandoning a horse, which the lions devoured. They then made hiding places of thick bushes by a pool, where they knew the elephant and rhinoceros would come to drink.

"As they fired at a rhinoceros, a lion leaped into their inclosure, took up one of the men in his mouth and carried him off, and all that they afterwards could find of him the next day, was one of the bones of his leg. The next night, as they were sitting by a fire inside of their inclosure of bushes, a lion came, seized one of the men, dragged him through the fire, and tore out his back. One of the party fired, but missed; upon which the lion, dropping his dying victim, growled at the men across the fire, and they durst not repeat the shot; the lion then took up his prey in his mouth, and went off with it.

"Alarmed at such disasters, the Namaquas collected together in one strong inclosure, and at night sent out one of the slaves for water. He had no sooner reached the pool than he was seized by a lion; he called in vain for help, but was dragged off through the woods, and the next day his skull only was found, clean licked by the rough tongue of the lion.

"Having now lost three men in three days, the chief and his whole party turned out to hunt and destroy lions only. They followed the spoor or track of the one which had taken the slave, and they soon found two lions, one of which, the smallest, they shot; and then, having taken their breakfast, they went after the other and largest, which was recognized as the one which had devoured the man.

"They followed the animal to a patch of reeds, where it had intrenched itself; they set fire to the reeds and forced it out, and as it was walking off it was severely wounded by one of the party, when it immediately turned back, and, with a loud roar, charged right through the smoke and the burning reeds. The monster dashed in among them and seized the chief's brother by the back, tearing out his ribs and exposing his lungs.

"The chief rushed to the assistance of his expiring brother; his gun burnt priming. He dashed it down, and in his desperation seized the lion by the tail. The lion let go the body, and turned upon the chief, and with a stroke of his fore paw tore a large piece of flesh off the chief's arm; then struck him again and threw him on the ground. The chief rose instantly, but the lion then seized him by the knee, threw him down again, and there held him, mangling his left arm.

"Torn and bleeding, the chief in a feeble voice called to his men to shoot the animal from behind, which was at last done with a ball which passed through the lion's brain. After this destruction of four men in four days, the hunting was given over; the body of the chief's brother was buried, and the party went home bearing with them their wounded chief."

"Well, that is the most horrible lion adventure I have yet heard," said the Major. "Heaven preserve us from a man-eating lion!"

"It really has almost taken away my breath," said Alexander.

"Well, then, I will tell you one more amusing, and not so fatal in its results; I was told it by a Bushman," said Swinton. "A Bushman was following a herd of zebras, and had just succeeded in wounding one with his arrow, when he discovered that he had been interfering with a lion who was also in chase of the same animals. As the lion appeared very angry at this interference with his rights as lord of the manor, and evidently inclined to punish the Bushman as a poacher

upon his preserves, the latter perceiving a tree convenient, climbed up into it as fast as he could. The lion allowed the herd of zebras to go away, and turned his attention to the Bushman. He walked round and round the tree, and every now and then he growled as he looked up at the Bushman.

"At last the lion lay down at the foot of the tree, and there he kept watch all night. The Bushman kept watch also, but toward morning feeling very tired, he was overcome by sleep, and as he slept he dreamed, and what do you think he dreamed?—he dreamed that he fell from the tree into the jaws of the lion. Starting up in horror from the effects of his dream, he lost his hold, and falling from the branch, down he came with all his weight right on the back of the lion. The lion, so unexpectedly saluted, sprang up with a loud roar, tossing off the Bushman, and running away as fast as he could; and the Bushman recovering his legs and senses, also took to his heels, in a different direction; and thus were the 'sleepers awakened,' and the dream became true."

"Besiegers retreating, and fort evacuated both at the same time," cried the Major, laughing.

"Well, I think you have had enough of the lion now," said Swinton.

"No, we had quite enough of him last night, if you choose," replied Alexander. "But your lions are not quite so near as he was."

EGYPTIAN WONDERS.

A GENTLEMAN of the name of Burckhardt had for a long time premeditated the removal of a colossal bust, known by the name of young Memnon, from Egypt to England, and had often tried to persuade Ali to send it as a present to his majesty; however, the Turk did not suppose it worth sending to so great a person. But Belzoni, who had just then com-

menced his Egyptian explorations, knowing how much that gentleman wished it, proposed to undertake its conveyance from Thebes to Alexandria, and with the bashaw's consent, to forward it from thence to England. He therefore prepared to go up the Nile. He was then at Soubra, three miles from

CAIRO.

Cairo. It was intended to present this immense statue to the British Museum, and he was directed to search for it on the southern side of a ruined temple, in the vicinity of a village called Gournou, near Carnac.

Belzoni was requested to spare neither expense nor trouble in getting it as speedily conveyed to the banks of the river as possible. So he hired a boat, with four sailors, a boy, and a captain. Every thing was soon ready for their departure from

Soubra. The whole of the implements, for the operation of removing the bust, consisted of a few poles and ropes of palm leaves. Mrs. Belzoni accompanied her husband, and they agreed to stay and examine any ruins they might pass on the road. In six days they arrived at Siout, the capital of Upper Egypt, and from thence they went to Acmin, where they landed to visit the fathers of a convent: and again proceeded, with curiosity highly raised, toward the noted temple of Tentyra. This is the first Egyptian temple the traveller sees, on ascending the Nile, as well as the most magnificent.

It is two miles from the Nile, and Belzoni and his party having landed, set off on asses, and proceeded to the ruins. Little could be seen of the temple till they were near it, as it is surrounded by high mounds of rubbish.

When he arrived there, he was for some time at a loss to know in what part to begin his examinations. The numerous objects before him struck him with surprise and astonishment —the immense masses of stone employed in the edifice—the majestic appearance of its construction—the variety of its ornaments, and the excellent preservation in which he found it, had such an effect on Belzoni, that he seated himself on the ground, lost in delight and admiration.

This temple is the cabinet of the Egyptian arts, and it is supposed to have been built during the reign of the first Ptolemy. It is not improbable that he who studied to render himself beloved by his people, might erect such an edifice to convince the Egyptians of his superiority of mind over the ancient kings of Egypt, even in religious devotion.

It will take us too long to describe this famous temple minutely. When Mr. and Mrs. Belzoni had gratified their curiosity, they returned to their little boat, and embarked for Thebes. They will soon have reached the end of their voyage, and then for the great colossal bust.

Belzoni says, that it is impossible to imagine the scene displayed by the extensive ruins at Thebes. It appeared to him,

on entering it, like a city of giants, who were all destroyed, leaving only the remains of various temples, as proofs of their former existence. The attention is attracted on one side by towering ruins that project above a noble wood of palm-trees, and there the traveller enters an endless number of temples, columns, obelisks, and portals. On every side he finds himself among wonders. The immense colossal figures in the plains, the number of tombs hollowed in the rocks, those in the great valley of the kings, with their paintings, sculptures, mummies, and figures, are all objects worthy of admiration, and one cannot fail to wonder how a nation, which was once so great as to erect these stupendous edifices, could so far fall into oblivion, that even its language and writing are totally unknown to us.

Having taken a survey of this seat of ancient grandeur, Belzoni crossed the Nile, and bent his way toward the ruined temple, near Gournou. It stands elevated above the plain; he entered the groups of columns, regarding the numerous tombs excavated in the high rock behind them, and his first thought was to examine the bust he had to take away.

He found it on the southern side of the temple, near the remains of its body and chair with the face upwards. It was beautiful, and of immense size.

Belzoni's whole set of implements for the removal of the bust consisted of fourteen poles, eight of which he employed in making a car, four ropes of palm-leaves, and four rollers—they were better than wheels; and he now began to be very busy.

As the bust was some way from the Nile, it would have been too far for them to go to sleep in the boat every night; so a small hut was formed for them with stones among the ruins of the temple. They were not very handsomely lodged, but perhaps they found this little hut as comfortable as the shabby old house at Boolac, which they were always expecting to fall upon their heads, and both our travellers were used to put up with inconvenient things.

The season at which time the Nile usually overflows was fast approaching, and all of the lands which extend from the temple to the water side, would have been covered in the course of a month. The ground between the bust and the river was very uneven, so that unless it had been conveyed over those places before the inundation commenced, it would have been impossible to have effected it. Belzoni, therefore, lost no time. With some difficulty he procured a number of men, and agreed to give them thirty paras a day, which is equal to four pence halfpenny English money, if they would undertake to assist him. A carpenter made a car, and the first operation was to place the bust upon this simple carriage. The people of Gournou, who were familiar with Caphany, as they named it, were persuaded that it could never be removed from the spot where it lay, and when they saw, what to them appeared so impossible, they set up a shout, and could not believe that it was the effect of their own efforts. It was then placed upon the car by the united efforts of a large number of Arabs.

When Belzoni had succeeded in getting it removed some yards from its original place, he sent an Arab to Cairo with the intelligence that the bust had begun its journey to England. When the Arabs found that they received money for the removal of a stone, they fancied that it was filled with gold in the inside, and that a thing of such value ought not to be permitted to be taken away.

However, the next day, and the next, and the next, Caphany advanced slowly forward, and after many delays, owing to the softness of the sand, and to the desertion of some of the workmen, the fear of an inundation, &c., Belzoni had the gratification of seeing his young Memnon arrive on the banks of the Nile, whence it was soon after shipped to England.

Belzoni's next explorations were in one of the great caves near Gournou. Two Arabs and an interpreter accompanied him. Previous to entering the cave, they took off the greater

part of their clothes, and each having a candle, advanced through a cavity in the rock, which extended a considerable length in the mountain, sometimes high, sometimes very narrow, and sometimes so low that Belzoni and his attendants were obliged to creep on their hands and knees. Thus they went on till he perceived that they were at a great distance from the entrance, and the way was so intricate that he depended entirely on the two Arabs to conduct him out again. His situation now was not to be envied—you know Arabs are sometimes treacherous.

At length they arrived at a large place into which many other holes or cavities opened, and after some examination by the Arabs they entered one of them, which was very narrow, and continued downward for a long way, through a craggy passage, till they came where two other apertures led to the interior in a horizontal direction. One of the Arabs then said, "This is the place."

This might well have startled Belzoni, for he was far from the light of day, in a dark craggy passage in the midst of a dismal mummy cave, and attended only by two Arabs and one other man! However, the Arab only intended to point out this spot as being the situation of the sarcophagus, but Belzoni could not conceive how any thing so large as it had been described to him could have been taken through so small an aperture. He had no doubt but these recesses were burial places, as skulls and bones were strewed in all directions; but the sarcophagus could never have entered an aperture which even Belzoni himself could not penetrate. One of the Arabs, however, succeeded, as did the interpreter, and it was agreed that Belzoni and the other Arab should wait their return. They certainly proceeded to a great distance, for the light disappeared, and only a murmuring sound from their voices could be distinguished as they went on. After a few moments a loud noise was heard, and the interpreter distinctly crying, "*O mon Dieu! mon Dieu! Je suis perdu!*"—a solemn silence ensued.

Belzoni asked the Arab whether he had ever been in that place. He replied, "*Never.*"

He judged it to be his best plan to return and procure help from the other Arabs. He wished to do so, but when he desired the man to show him the way out again, he said he did not know the road : he then called—no answer was returned —all was still as death—he watched for a long time—no candle appeared, and his own was almost burnt out.

This was an adventure indeed; he began to think the Arabs had some design on his life, and he endeavored to find his way to the entrance. It was a complete labyrinth; however, he managed to return through some of the passages to that place, where, as I told you just now, there were many cavities. Here again he was puzzled; but at last, seeing one which appeared to be right, they proceeded through it a long way. Their candles appeared likely to leave them in the dark, and in that case their situation would have been yet more deplorable. He did not like to put out one of the candles to save it, for fear the other might be extinguished by some accident.

At this time, supposing themselves near the outside of the tomb, what was their disappointment on finding there was no outlet, and that they must retrace their steps to that place whence they had entered this cavity. They strove to regain it, but were as perplexed as ever, and were both exhausted from the ascents and descents which they were obliged to pass. The Arab seated himself, but every moment of delay was dangerous.

In going in Belzoni had thought to preserve a clue to the passage by putting a mark at the entrance of each cavity as he examined it, but unfortunately their candles were not long enough to last so many researches. However, hope, the cheering star of life, darts a ray of light through the thickest gloom, and, encouraged by it, they began their operations. On the second attempt, when passing before a small aperture, Belzoni fancied he heard something like the roaring of the sea

at a distance. In consequence they entered this opening, and as they advanced the noise increased, till they could distinctly hear a number of voices all at one time.

At last they walked out, and to their no small surprise, the first person who presented himself was the interpreter. How he came to be there seemed astonishing. He told them that, in proceeding with the Arab along the passage below, they came to a pit which they did not see, and that the Arab fell into it, and in falling put out both candles. It was then that he cried out, "*Mon Dieu! je suis perdu!*" as he thought he also should have fallen into the pit; but, on raising his head, he saw at a great distance a glimpse of daylight, toward which he advanced, and thus arrived at a small aperture. He then scraped away some loose sand and stones to widen the place where he came out, and went to give the alarm to the Arabs, who were at the other entrance. Being all concerned for the man who fell to the bottom of the pit, it was their noise Belzoni had heard in the cave. The place by which the interpreter had escaped was instantly widened, and in the confusion the Arabs did not regard letting Belzoni see that they were acquainted with *that* entrance, and that it had lately been shut up. He was not long in detecting their scheme. They had intended to show him the sarcophagus without letting him see the way by which it might be taken out, and then to stipulate a price for the secret, as it was in reality but one hundred yards from the great entrance.

With this view they had taken him that roundabout way. They paid dear for their intended deception. The man was taken out of the well, but so much hurt as to be lame ever after.

In visiting these mummy caves a traveller is generally satisfied when he has seen the large hall, the gallery, the staircase, and as far as he can conveniently go. Besides, his attention is taken up by the paintings he observes on the walls; so that, when he comes to a narrow or difficult passage, or to

have to descend to the bottom of a well or cavity, he declines taking such trouble, naturally supposing that he cannot see in these abysses any thing so magnificent as what he sees above, and on that account deeming it useless to proceed any further.

The air is very close and disagreeable. Many persons could not withstand the suffocating effect it produces; and the enterprising traveller is also annoyed with the immense quantity of fine dust, and the effluvia arising from the mummies: the entry or passage where the bodies are is roughly cut in the rocks, which are of granite; the falling of the sand from the upper part causes the passage to be nearly filled up, so that in some parts there is not more than the vacancy of a foot or two left, which you must contrive to pass through in a creeping posture, regardless of the keen and pointed stones with which the path is strewed. After getting through these passages, some of them two or three hundred yards long, a more commodious place is generally found, perhaps high enough to seat yourselves. But what a place of rest! surrounded by bodies, by heaps of mummies in all directions, which, previous to being accustomed to the sight, would impress upon the mind disgust and horror. The blackness of the wall, the faint light given by the candles or torches for want of air, the different objects that surround the venturous traveller, seeming to converse with each other, and the Arabs, with torches in their hands, naked and covered with dust, themselves resembling living mummies, form a scene that cannot be described.

In such a situation our enterprising Belzoni, whom no difficulties could deter, frequently found himself. At first he generally returned exhausted and fainting, but at length became so inured to the exertion, that he could freely venture into these caves, indifferent to what he suffered. Sometimes, he tells us, after the trouble of entering into such a place, through a passage of fifty, a hundred, three hundred, or six hundred yards, he would seek a resting-place and contrive to sit; but when his weight bore on the body of some decayed

Egyptian, it crushed it immediately. He would then naturally have recourse to his hands to sustain his weight, but they could find no better support, so that he would sink altogether among the broken mummies, with a crash of bones, rags, and wooden cases, which raised such a dust as sometimes left him motionless a quarter of an hour, waiting till it subsided again.

The air in the caves is almost unfit to sustain animal life. Belzoni could not have borne it long at a time; and this same kind of air which often proves fatal to the life of animals, will also extinguish the flame of a torch or candle.

The people of Gournou live in the entrance of such caves as have already been opened; and by making partitions with earthen walls, they form habitations for themselves, as well as for their cows, camels, buffaloes, sheep, goats, and dogs.

It is difficult to account for this choice, as they have plenty of stone from the surrounding tombs, unless it be from their indolence, to save the trouble of building houses, and in hopes of receiving money from travellers.

Belzoni's principal object in entering those caves was to rob the Egyptians of their papyri, of which he found a few hidden in the numerous folds of cloth that enveloped them.

The ancient Egyptians were evidently acquainted with linen manufactures, and in perfection nearly equal to our own. Belzoni observed some of the cloth of which their garments were made, quite as fine as our muslin, of an even texture, and spun so curiously that the threads were scarcely visible.

Their knowledge was not by any means confined to architecture and sculpture. Belzoni was fortunate enough to find many specimens of their manufactures, among which was gold leaf beaten nearly as thin as ours. They had also the art of tanning leather, and of staining it of different colors; and thus they were able to make shoes of various shapes, and as good as those we wear. They fabricated a sort of glass, of which they made beads and other ornaments; and they had also manufactories of pottery ware.

Besides enamelling, the art of gilding was in high perfection among the Egyptians, as Belzoni found several ornaments of that kind. They knew how to cast copper, as well as how to form it into sheets; and had a metallic composition not unlike our lead, but rather softer, resembling the lead we see on paper, in the tea-chests from China, only it was thicker. Carved works were very common and in great perfection, particularly in the proportion of the figures, which were made to preserve that sweet simplicity peculiar to themselves, and which is always pleasing to the beholder. The art of varnishing, and baking the varnish on clay, was carried on in so superior a style, that it would be difficult to surpass it in the present day.

Painting, however, was not in so much perfection among the Egyptians as the other arts. They knew not how to soften from shade to shade, until the last in "purest light was lost." Neither could they spread the glowing tinge across a sable landscape; nor yet pencil a delicate flower unfolding its numerous petals. Their painting was extremely simple, as they possessed no knowledge of shadowing to elevate their figures. Great credit, however, is due to them for their taste in disposing the colors, such as they had, which were only two sorts of blue, red, green, yellow, and black. With these they adorned their temples, tombs, or whatever they wished to have painted.

The Egyptians were a primitive nation: they had to form every thing without a model before them to imitate; yet so fertile was their inventive faculty, that, instead of confining themselves to five orders of architecture, they had so many that new ones might be continually extracted from their ruins. We have reason to believe that our Ionic order originated in Egypt.

During the time that the works at Gournou and Carnac were carried on, Belzoni generally resided at Luxor; but when he had been busier than usual, he took up his lodging at the entrance of some of the tombs; and, far from being

miserable, he was amused with the novelty of his habitation. The dwellings are usually in the passages, between the first and second entrance to a tomb; the walls and the roof are as black as any chimney; the inner door is closed up with mud, except a small aperture sufficient for a man to creep through. Within this place sheep are kept at night.

A small lamp was placed in a niche in the wall, and a mat was spread on the ground; and this formed the grand divan wherever Belzoni was. The people used to assemble around him, and the conversation turned wholly on antiquities. Such a one had found such a thing, and another had discovered a tomb. Various articles were brought for him to purchase, and he had sometimes reason to rejoice at having stayed there.

Belzoni next proceeded to explore the ruins of one of the great temples near Wady Halfa. An immense mass of sand obstructed the entrance. Belzoni judged by calculations that it was not less than thirty-five feet in thickness. This sand was a mass, accumulated by the winds for many centuries; and perhaps the phenomena so common in Egypt had added to it. I mean the whirlwinds, which occur all the year round, but especially at the time of the poisonous wind. This wind generally blows from the southwest, and lasts several days; so very strong that it raises the sands to a great height, forming a thick cloud in the air. The caravans cannot proceed in the deserts; the boats cannot continue their voyages; the whole is like a chaos. Frequently a quantity of sand and small stones gradually ascend to a great height, and form a column sixty or seventy feet in diameter, and so thick, that, were it steady on one spot, it would appear a solid mass. This not only revolves within its own circumference, but runs in a circular direction over a great space of ground, sometimes maintaining itself in motion for half an hour; and where it falls, it accumulates a hill of sand. It is in this way only that I can account for the prodigious quantity accumulated before the door of the temple.

It was Belzoni's principal object to reach that door, as the most speedy means of entering it. He divided the men into two parties, and stationed one on each side of the colossus that stood over the entrance. They worked pretty well, but were so few that the little sand they removed could scarcely be perceived. They rose every morning at the dawn of day, and left off two hours and a half after sunrise. After continuing their operation regularly for some days, they perceived a rough projection from the wall, which apparently indicated that the work was unfinished, and no door to be found there.

The hopes of some of the party began to fail; but three days afterwards they discovered a broken cornice, the following day the torus, and of course the frieze under, which made them almost sure of finding the door the next day. Accordingly Belzoni erected a palisade to keep the sand up, and to his great satisfaction saw the upper part of the door as the evening approached. They dug away enough sand to be able to enter that night; but supposing the air in the cavity might be unpleasant they deferred this till the following day.

Early in the morning of the first of August they went to the temple, in high spirits at the idea of entering a newly-discovered place. They endeavored to enlarge the entrance as much as they could, and, soon making the passage wider, they entered the finest and most extensive excavation in Nubia: one that can stand a competition with any in Egypt, except the tomb more recently discovered in Beban el Malook.

From what they could perceive at the first view, it was evidently a very large place; but their astonishment increased when they found it to be one of the most magnificent of temples, enriched with statues, paintings, and figures! They entered at first into a very long portico, supported by two rows of enormous square pillars. Both these and the walls were covered with beautiful hieroglyphics, which exhibited battles, storming of castles, triumphs over Ethiopians, and various sacrifices.

I will explain to you the meaning of *hieroglyphics*.

The Egyptians, before the invention of letters, from their observations on the various properties of animals and plants, and from their knowledge of the uses of different instruments also, had, with their accustomed ingenuity, derived a variety of devices or emblems; and by these, disposed in certain attitudes, they could make historical records, which would be very intelligible to those who were acquainted with their system; and such devices or emblems are called *hieroglyphics*.

The characters now used for the signs of the zodiac and the planets are specimens of hieroglyphics; and so is a circle, or snake with its tail in its mouth, when used to signify eternity. Flames, which are ever moving, represent light and life; the lion or bull, indicates strength; the hawk, swiftness; and so on.

The second hall into which they entered was very extensive, containing four large pillars. Beyond this was a shorter chamber, in which was the entrance into the sanctuary: the sanctuary contained a pedestal in the centre, and at the end were four colossal figures. On the right side of the great hall, entering into the temple, were two doors at a short distance from each other, which led into two long separate rooms, and other rooms and galleries opened out of them: so you may imagine what a fund of amusement and astonishment Belzoni met with at last.

The outside of the temple was as magnificent as the interior. Only fancy it three times the height of our house—the immense colossi—the figure of Osiris twenty feet high, on the top of the door—the cornice enriched with hieroglyphics, and the frieze beneath; and then think that this stupendous place was nearly two-thirds buried under the sand, and you cannot fail to admire the labor and perseverance which must have been exerted to obtain an entrance.

Belzoni now experienced the truth of my motto, "LABOR OMNIA VINCIT." He was well compensated for all his toil and

anxiety; he no longer regarded the selfishness of the workmen: he no longer regretted the want of mechanical powers; he had attained his wish; he had entered the famous temple of Ybsambul excavated in the solid rock; and in the course of a few weeks he returned, completely satisfied, to the little island of Philoe, where Mrs. Belzoni joined the party, and accompanied them to Thebes.

Belzoni was furnished with twenty men, and began in good spirits to search for the tombs of the monarchs of Thebes.

His only guide was the knowledge he had acquired in his many researches among the tombs of Gournou. He was a gentleman of great observation, and he found that the Egyptians had a particular manner of forming the entrances into their tombs, which gave him many leading ideas to the discovery of them. Three days after the excavations had commenced, the first tomb was discovered; the entrance indicated it to be a very large one, but it proved to be only the passage of one that was never finished. However, this partial success gave him encouragement, as it assured him that his idea respecting their situation was correct. In the evening of the same day another tomb was discovered, but nothing particularly remarkable was observed in it. The next morning an entrance was made into another, containing many chambers and passages. But it was not till some days after this that Belzoni pointed out the fortunate spot which repaid him for all his trouble, and compensated him for all the mortification he had received from the operations of the Piedmontese. He says that this day gave him more pleasure and more gratification than wealth could purchase, arising from the discovery of what had long been sought in vain, and of presenting the world with a new and perfect monument of Egyptian antiquity, which can be recorded as superior to any other in point of grandeur, style, and preservation, appearing as if just finished on the day they entered it; indeed, what was found in it will show its superiority to the others.

Not fifteen yards from the last tomb, Belzoni caused the earth to be opened at the foot of a steep hill and under a torrent, which, when it rains in the desert, pours a great quantity of water over the very spot he had caused to be dug.

One could hardly imagine that the ancient Egyptians would make the entrance into such an immense and superb excavation just under a torrent of water, but Belzoni had strong reasons for supposing it from indications he had observed. The Fellahs, who were accustomed to dig, were all of opinion that there was nothing in that spot, as the situation of this tomb differed from that of any other. He continued the work, however, and the next day he perceived the part of the rock that was cut and formed the entrance. Early on the following morning the task was resumed, and about noon the workmen reached the entrance, which was eighteen feet below the surface of the ground. The appearance indicated that the tomb was of the first rate, but Belzoni did not expect to find so magnificent a one as it really proved to be.

The workmen possessed but a small portion of their employer's resolution and perseverance; and they advanced till they saw it was probably a large tomb, when they protested they could go no further, because it was so much choked up with large stones, which they could not get out of the passage. Belzoni descended and examined the place, pointing out to them where they might dig, and in the course of an hour there was room enough for him to enter through a passage that the earth had left under the ceiling of the first corridor; at the end of this corridor he came to a long staircase, at the foot of which a door opened into a still longer passage, each side of which was sculptured with hieroglyphics in basso relievo.

The more Belzoni saw, the more he wished to see, which was very natural; when our curiosity is excited, it is quite right to gratify it, especially if the object be laudable.

His anxiety was, however, checked for a time, for at the end of this long corridor he reached a large pit, which inter-

cepted his progress. On the opposite side of the pit, facing the entrance, Belzoni perceived a small aperture, only two feet wide and two feet high, and at the bottom of the wall a quantity of rubbish. A rope fastened to a piece of wood that was laid across the passage against the projections which formed a kind of door, appeared to have been used by the ancients for descending into the pit; and from the small aperture on the opposite side hung another, which reached the bottom, no doubt for the purpose of ascending. They could clearly perceive that the water that entered these passages from the torrents of rain ran into this pit, and the wood and rope fastened to it crumbled to dust on touching them. At the bottom of the pit were several pieces of wood, placed against the side of it, so as to assist the person who was to ascend by the rope into the aperture.

Belzoni saw the impossibility of advancing at the moment, and Mr. Beechey, who was with him, was also disappointed of advancing any further. However, the next day, by means of a long beam, they succeeded in sending a man up into the aperture, and having contrived to make a little bridge of two beams, they crossed the pit, which was fourteen feet wide, twelve feet long, and thirty feet deep.

Belzoni and his friend entered this narrow aperture. When they had passed through it, they found themselves in a large and beautiful hall, in which were four square pillars. At the end of this entrance hall was a large door, from which three steps led down into a chamber with two pillars. Belzoni gave this room the name of the drawing-room, to distinguish it from the others; it was covered with figures, which though only outlined, were so fine and perfect that one might think they had been drawn only the day before. Returning into the entrance hall, they found a large staircase descending into a corridor, which they entered. They perceived that the paintings became more perfect as they advanced further into the interior; the varnish that was laid over the colors had a

fine effect, and it was astonishing that they were in such good preservation. This corridor led them to a smaller chamber, which they called the room of beauties.

They named it so, I suppose, because it was adorned with such beautiful figures in basso relievo and painted; when standing in the centre of this chamber, the traveller is surrounded by an assembly of Egyptian gods and goddesses. Proceeding onward they entered a large hall, in which there were two rows of square pillars. Belzoni named this the hall of pillars.

A step at the end of this hall of pillars led into a large saloon, with an arched roof or ceiling, and there were entrances from this saloon into many other large rooms and chambers; but what Belzoni found in the centre of the saloon delighted him more than any thing else, and sufficiently compensated for the danger he had undergone in crossing the little bridge over the great pit, and creeping through the narrow aperture.

It was a sarcophagus of the finest oriental alabaster, nine feet long and three feet wide, transparent, and minutely sculptured within and without with several hundred figures, representing, I suppose, the whole of the funeral processions and ceremonies relating to the deceased king, united with emblems and other devices.

The Arabs made great report of Belzoni's discovery; it came at last to the ears of Hamed Aga of Kenneh, and he was told that great treasure was found in the tomb.

This was sufficient to excite his curiosity, but not enough to gratify it. When the important news reached him, he collected his soldiers together and departed immediately for Thebes, which is generally a journey of two days, but he travelled with such rapidity as to arrive in the valley of Beban el Malook in thirty-six hours.

When Hamed Aga was introduced to Belzoni he smiled and saluted him very cordially; perhaps a little self-interest induced him to do so. They caused several lights to be

brought, and descended together into the tomb. The symbolical representations on the walls of this extraordinary place did not attract his attention in the least; all the striking figures and lively paintings were lost upon him; his views were directed to the *treasure* alone, and his attendants, equally regardless of real beauties, sought in every hole and corner in hopes of finding the wished-for prize. Nothing, however, appearing, to satisfy their master or themselves, after a long and minute survey, the Aga ordered the soldiers to retire, and whispered to Belzoni in a cautious manner, "Pray, where have you put the treasure?" "What treasure?" said Belzoni. "The treasure you found in this place," replied Hamed. Our friend smiled, as well he might do, at the question, and assured him that he had found no treasure there; but this only confirmed the troublesome Aga in his supposition. He laughed, and still continued to entreat that it might be shown him, adding, "I have been told by a person to whom I can give credit, that you have found in this place a large golden cock filled with diamonds and pearls. I must see it. Where is it?"

Belzoni could scarcely refrain from laughing, whilst he assured him that nothing of the kind had been found there. Seeming quite disappointed, Hamed seated himself before the beautiful sarcophagus, to Belzoni's great dismay, who dreaded that he would take it into his head that this was the treasure, and break it to pieces, to see whether it contained any gold; and, as their notions of treasure are confined to gold and jewels, I own there seemed some danger of it. At last, however, he gave up the idea of the expected riches, and rose to go out of the tomb. Belzoni asked him what he thought of the beautiful figures painted all around. He just gave an indifferent glance at them, saying, "this would be a good place for a harem, as the women would have something to look at." And though only half persuaded that there was no treasure, he set off with an appearance of disappointment and vexation.

Belzoni having embarked all that was found this season, left Thebes with another accumulation of antiquities, and arrived at Boolac after ten months' absence.

He there engaged Signor Ricci, a young man from Italy, to return with him to Thebes, and to make drawings and imitations of the hieroglyphics. Mrs. Belzoni resolved to visit the Holy Land in the mean time, and to wait for Belzoni at Jerusalem, whither he intended going when the model of the tomb was completed. She did not admire the inhabitants of Luxor and Thebes; and the idea of visiting the Holy Land had first induced her to accompany Mr. Belzoni into Egypt; therefore thinking this a good opportunity, she left Cairo attended by the Irish boy and a janizary.

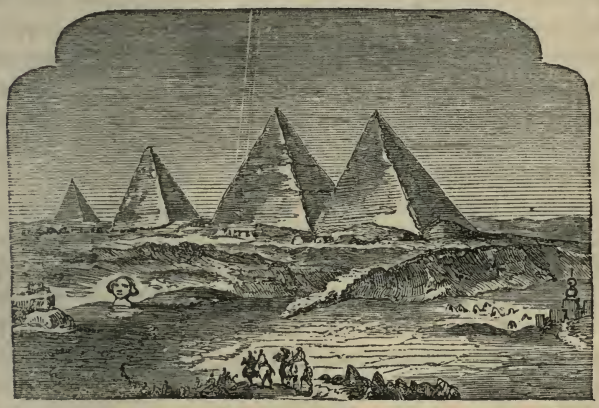
Belzoni however, before he returned to Thebes, determined to visit the Pyramids in company with two other Europeans.

There is so little agreement upon the subject of the builders of the Pyramids, either among the natives or historians, that we, like Pliny, must consider this uncertainty as a just reward of the vanity of those by whom they were actually erected, and of course, as we cannot determine who were the builders of them, we should only mis-spend our time by attempting to fix the period of their erection. I believe that their *least* antiquity must be near three thousand years, as Herodotus, who you know was one of our first historians, and who lived above two thousand years ago, found so little satisfaction in his inquiries after them; and Diodorus, who also lived before the birth of our Saviour, supposes the great Pyramid to have been built one thousand years before his time.

Some of the pyramids had an entrance, and were known to be hollow, and others had not. Whilst Belzoni's friends went into the first pyramid, which is nearly the height of St. Paul's Cathedral in London, he seated himself on a large stone near the second pyramid, which is about the same height, and fixed his eyes on that enormous mass, which for so many ages has baffled the conjectures of ancient and modern writers.

The sight of this amazing work astonished him, as much as the total obscurity in which we are of its origin, its interior, and its construction. One of the greatest wonders of the world stood before him, without his knowing whether it had any cavity within, or whether it was only one solid mass.

Various attempts had been made by numerous travellers to find an entrance into this pyramid, but so ineffectually that there seemed little probability that even our enterprising Belzoni could succeed. However, experience had taught him to



THE PYRAMIDS.

anticipate success! and he knew very well that the greatest difficulties may be overcome by patience and perseverance.

He rose at length, and by an involuntary impulse walked round the pyramid, surveying every part, and almost every stone. When he came on the north side he observed indications that induced him to attempt searching there for an entrance. He perceived an accumulation of huge stones; consequently he had some hopes of finding a passage under this heap of ruins.

The following day he resolved to make a closer examination,

without communicating his secret to any one. This review encouraged him in the attempt, and he applied without loss of time to the Bey for men to assist him in penetrating one of the great pyramids of Egypt—one of the wonders of the world!

Accordingly he left Cairo, having provided himself with a small tent and some provisions, that he might not be obliged to return to the city. He found eighty Arabs ready to work, and immediately set about the operation. They were daily paid one piastre (or sixpence) each. Several boys and girls were also employed to carry away the earth as the men dug it. Belzoni contrived to insure their good-will by trifles and presents, and by pointing out to them the advantage they would gain if they succeeded in penetrating into the pyramid, as many strangers would come to see it, and they would get bakshis from them.

Belzoni knew that nothing has so much influence on the mind of an Arab as reasoning with him about his own interest, and showing him the right way to benefit himself. He does not seem to understand any thing else.

These Arabs worked with earnestness for some days; but after many vain expectations, and much labor in removing the mortar, which was so hard that their hatchets, which were the only instruments that could be procured, were nearly all broken, they began to flag in their prospect of finding any thing; and Belzoni seemed about to become an object of ridicule, for making the attempt to penetrate into a place which appeared to them, as well as to more civilized people, a mere mass of stone!

The cause of the pyramid appearing like a solid rock was, that the mortar which fell from the upper part of it had been moistened by the dew (for in spring and summer very heavy dews fall in Egypt at night), and had gradually formed itself into one mass with the stones.

Belzoni's hopes did not forsake him, notwithstanding so

many difficulties presented themselves; and the Arabs, although their zeal was somewhat lessened, did not cease to work as long as they received a daily piastre. At last, after sixteen days of fruitless toil, one of the Arabian workmen perceived a small chink between two stones of the pyramid. Belzoni could just thrust a long palm stick into it, which he did upwards of two yards; and the Arab was equally delighted with himself, thinking that *he* had found the entrance so eagerly sought for.

Encouraged by this circumstance, the people resumed their former vigor, and the work went on rapidly. After removing one of these stones, and a great quantity of sand and rubbish, they came to an opening inwards. Having made it wide enough to enter, Belzoni took a candle in his hand, and, looking in, perceived a spacious cavity, of which he could form no conjecture. The size of the entrance was increased, and he found that it was a forced passage, probably intended to find a way to the centre of the pyramid. But the hope that this would lead to the real entrance was in vain: it gave him none, and after much trouble in enlarging it, he remained as ignorant as he was before he began.

He gave a day's rest to the Arabs after this disappointment, and dedicated the interim of their repose to a closer inspection of the stupendous pile; for he was determined on the accomplishment of his intended purpose.

The result of this day of researches was, that it would be better to begin in another part; and accordingly the Arabs were again set to work. They liked to receive their money, but they had no expectation that an entrance would ever be found! and Belzoni often heard them uttering in a low voice, "*magnoon!*" which is, in plain English, madman! However, they went on with their excavations, and in a few days Belzoni discovered a large block of granite: this gave him much pleasure. The next day three large blocks of granite were uncovered. His expectation and hope increased; as, to all appear-

ance, he was near attaining the object of his search. Happily he was not mistaken; for on the next day, the 2d of March, 1818, at noon, they came to the right entrance into the pyramid. It proved to be a passage only four feet high, and it was almost filled up with large stones which had fallen from the upper part. With some difficulty the stones were drawn out of this passage; and it was not until the evening of the next day that they reached solid rock.

At first sight it appeared to be a fixed block of stone, and said *ne plus ultra*, as if ready to put an end to all Belzoni's projects. On a close inspection, however, Mr. Belzoni perceived that, at the bottom, this immense block was raised about eight inches from the groove cut to receive it, and that it formed in fact a portcullis, or sliding door of granite, one foot three inches thick. To raise it was a work of immense difficulty, but it obeyed Mr. Belzoni's talisman, perseverance; and it was raised high enough for a man to pass. An Arab entered with a torch, and returned, saying the place within was very fine.

They continued by unwearied efforts to raise the portcullis, and at last made the opening large enough for Belzoni to enter it; and, after thirty days' exertion, he had the pleasure of finding himself in the way to the central chamber of one of the two mighty pyramids of Egypt. Having passed through several long passages cut out of the solid rock, he reached a door at the centre of a large chamber, and, walking two or three steps, stood still to contemplate the place where he was. It was a striking scene. He was in the centre of that pyramid which, from time immemorial, has been the subject of the obscure conjectures of many hundred travellers, both ancient and modern, and against whose hollow sides the sound of a human voice had not re-echoed for more than a thousand years!

Belzoni's torch, formed of a few wax candles, but faintly glimmered; and he looked round the spot where not a ray of light had penetrated for more than eleven centuries! He was in the middle of one of those stupendous pyramids, which, in

defiance of the ravages of time, still remain as monuments of ancient magnificence, and of the evanescent glory of those by whom they were erected.

In the central chamber, which is cut out of the solid rock, except the roof, which is built of blocks of stone, he found, buried on a level with the floor, a sarcophagus eight feet long, three feet six inches wide, and two feet three inches deep. It was surrounded with large blocks of granite, apparently intended to prevent its removal. Its lid was partly off, and it contained a quantity of earth, stones, and some bones. From an Arabic inscription on the wall of this chamber, it appears that some of the Arab rulers of Egypt had opened this pyramid, and closed it again.

When Belzoni had examined, and entered and reëntered the many chambers and passages within the pyramid, he returned to open daylight, highly gratified with the result of his researches.

In a few days, Belzoni, having settled his affairs, became anxious to return to the valley of Beban el Malook; and not omitting to provide himself with every thing necessary for forming models and impressions of the figures, emblems, and hieroglyphics in the tomb of Psammuthis, he set off for his old habitation among the sepulchres of Thebes.

Belzoni's most remarkable exploit was the removal of the obelisk of Philoe (made of granite, twenty-two feet long) to England. He went to the island of Philoe, accompanied by a number of men, to take a view of the bank where he had to embark the obelisk. In a few days he set the men to work, and procured a boat to put it in. The greatest difficulty seemed to be to persuade the captain to have the boat launched down the cataract of the Nile, which it necessarily must be, with the obelisk on board. However, the promise of a handsome present procured an assurance that he would accomplish the undertaking. He had some little trouble to procure a few sticks or small poles from Assouan, as there is no wood in

these places, except what they procure from Cairo. He had also some difficulty in removing the obelisk from its situation; but once put on its way, it soon came to the water side.

Belzoni gave orders for a sort of temporary pier to be made of large blocks of stone. When finished, no doubt arose

GRAND TEMPLE AT CAIRO.

of its being strong enough for the weight it had to support. But, alas! when the obelisk came gradually on from the sloping bank, and the heavy mass rested on it, the pier, with

the obelisk and some of the men, took a slow movement, and, to Belzoni's dismay, descended majestically into the river.

The laborers were of various humors: some were sorry, not for the obelisk, which was no loss to them, but for the loss of what they might have gained in future operations, by passing it down the cataract: others were laughing, probably at the evident disappointment expressed in the countenance of our friend. Some went one way, and some another; and Belzoni remained alone, absorbed in thought, contemplating the little part that projected out of the water, and meditating upon the possibility of once more placing it upon the dry land.

The laborers were excellent watermen, and could bear the water the whole day without difficulty; so Belzoni had the advantage in this respect. The following morning the work commenced. Several men entered the river, and made a great heap of stones on the side of the obelisk opposite to the shore, so as to form a bed for the levers to rest upon. He then placed the levers under the obelisk, so that by their pressure it was forced to turn round upon its axis, or, to be more particular, one end of the long poles, called the levers, passed under the obelisk, and a short distance from that end they rested upon the rock of stones which thus formed a fulcrum for the levers to turn upon; the men seated themselves on the other extremity, and their weight caused the obelisk to turn gently round and round, until it reached the dry ground. Two ropes were also passed under it, and the men on shore pulled the two ends of these ropes with all their might. At the side where the levers were, some good divers were stationed, who were ready to put large stones under the obelisk as it rose, that it might not return to its former situation.

You can fancy how busy they all looked. The men at the ropes were pulling with all their strength; those on the rocks were rising and sitting, to make the levers act; and the divers were placing stone after stone, whilst the obelisk was gradually

rising and moving round at each turn by its own weight. So they go on, until, to Belzoni's great joy, he beholds it once more on *terra firma*, where it was in the course of two days; but another difficulty awaits it before it reaches Alexandria, and that is descending the cataract.

It was yet to be embarked, and this time the operation was performed by means of a bridge of palm-trees, thrown from across the boat to the land under the obelisk, which was then turned on the bridge, and placed on board; when in the centre of the boat the trees were moved from under it; and no sooner was this done than the party set off with the obelisk, to have it ready to be launched down the cataract the next morning.

It had to descend the greatest fall of water in the cataract. When the inundation is half high in the Nile, it is a column of water about three hundred yards in length, which falls among rocks and stones projecting in various directions. The boat was brought to the margin of the cascade; a strong rope, or rather a small cable, was fastened to a large tree, the end of which was passed through the beams of the boat, so as to be slackened or stopped at pleasure. In the boat there were only five men; and on the rocks on each side of the cascade a number of others in various places, with ropes attached to the boat, so as to put it either to one side or other, as it required, to prevent its running against the stones; for you know if it had been touched ever so slightly, with such a weight on board, and in such a rapid stream, the boat would probably have been dashed to pieces.

The rope Belzoni had got from Assouan was only sufficient to check its course; and when the boat was moving so rapidly, any attempt to *stop* its progress would have made the water run in and sink it in a moment. Under these circumstances, all depended upon the dexterity of the men who were posted in various parts to pull or slacken as necessity required. Belzoni did not fail to use all the persuasion possible, and the wild

people, as he calls them, were upon this occasion as careful as so many pilots.

The reis, or owner of the boat, was in great distress, thinking it would certainly be lost. He had engaged his vessel merely because it happened that his trade failed; but when he saw the danger it was in, he cried like a child, and begged Belzoni would relinquish his project and return his boat to him in safety.

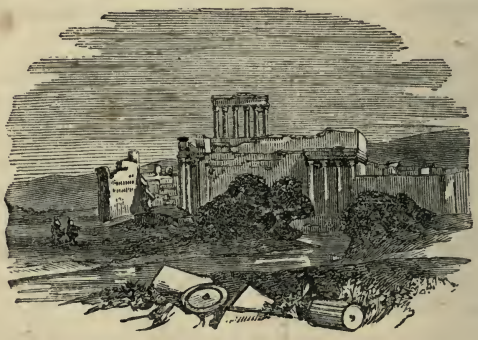
Tears were certainly useless and not very manly, but we must remember that his livelihood, poor fellow, depended on his boat. When he saw it on the point of being launched, he threw himself with his face to the ground, and did not rise till it was out of danger. When all was ready, Belzoni gave the signal to slacken the cable.

The boat moved forward with great rapidity. The men on land slackened the rope, and it continued its course till it reached the end of the cataract.

The poor reis was delighted; he did not lie on the ground any longer, but went full of joy to congratulate himself and Belzoni. The workmen altogether seemed pleased at the good success of the attempt, even independently of the interest they might derive from it. This was gratifying to our antiquary, for it is not very often that such feelings enter the bosoms of the Arabs. Having only two or three places of little danger to pass, they arrived safely at Assouan on the same day.

Our traveller was now about to bid a final adieu to Egypt. Before he embarked he retraced the scenes which had yielded him so much delight; he paid a melancholy visit to the magnificent remains of ancient grandeur; gazed for the last time upon the temples and columns which have triumphed over the corroding influence of the universal ravager; and beheld the valley, the place in which his labors had been crowned with so much success, with painful feelings and mingled emotions of pleasure and regret. He left the spot so long known, and so long endeared to him, in January, 1819, and arrived in

Cairo the following month. At this place they stopped only a few days, and continued their voyage to Rosetta, where, taking the obelisk with them, they rëembarked on board a djerm, and arrived in the course of a short time at Alexandria, whence they took passage for Europe.



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